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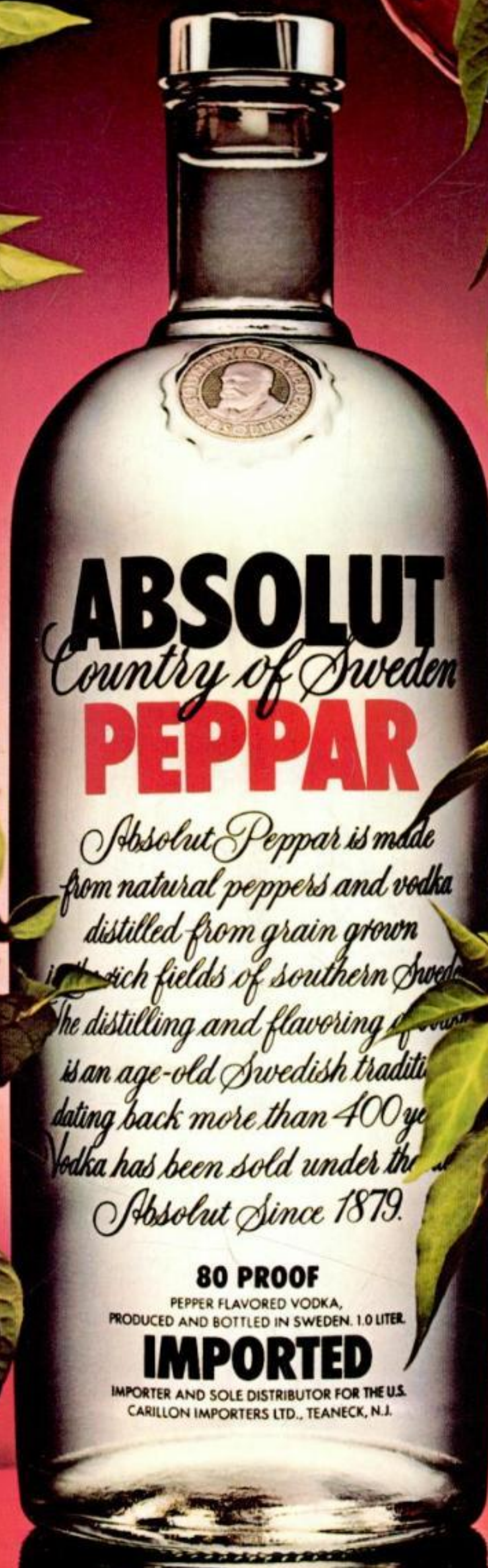
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*Ed Begley Jr. as That Overleveraged Guy*

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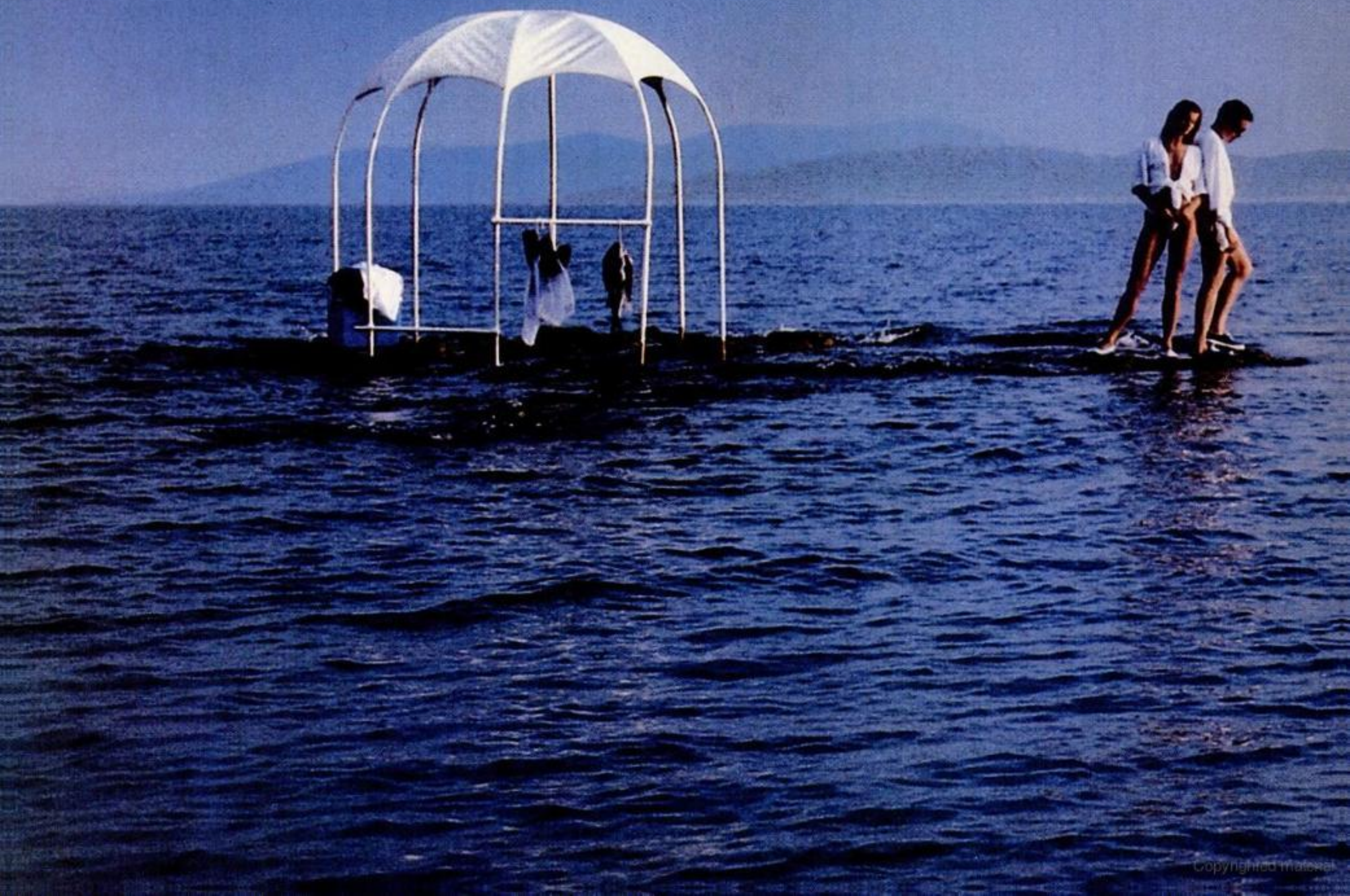


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Ed Begley Jr. photographed by Reudi Hoffman. Styled by Barbara Frank. Clothing and briefcase courtesy of Barneys New York. (Further information on page 94.)

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SPY (ISSN 0890-1759) is published monthly by Spy Publishing Partners, The SPY Building, 5 Union Square West, New York, N.Y. 10003. Submissions: Send with SASE to same address. For advertising sales, call 212-633-6550. © 1990 by Spy Publishing Partners, L.P. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices. Annual subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, \$19.95; Canada, U.S.\$30; foreign, U.S.\$40. Postmaster: Please send address changes to SPY, P.O. Box 359139, Palm Coast, FL 32035-9139. For subscription information, call: 1-800-423-1780. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations.



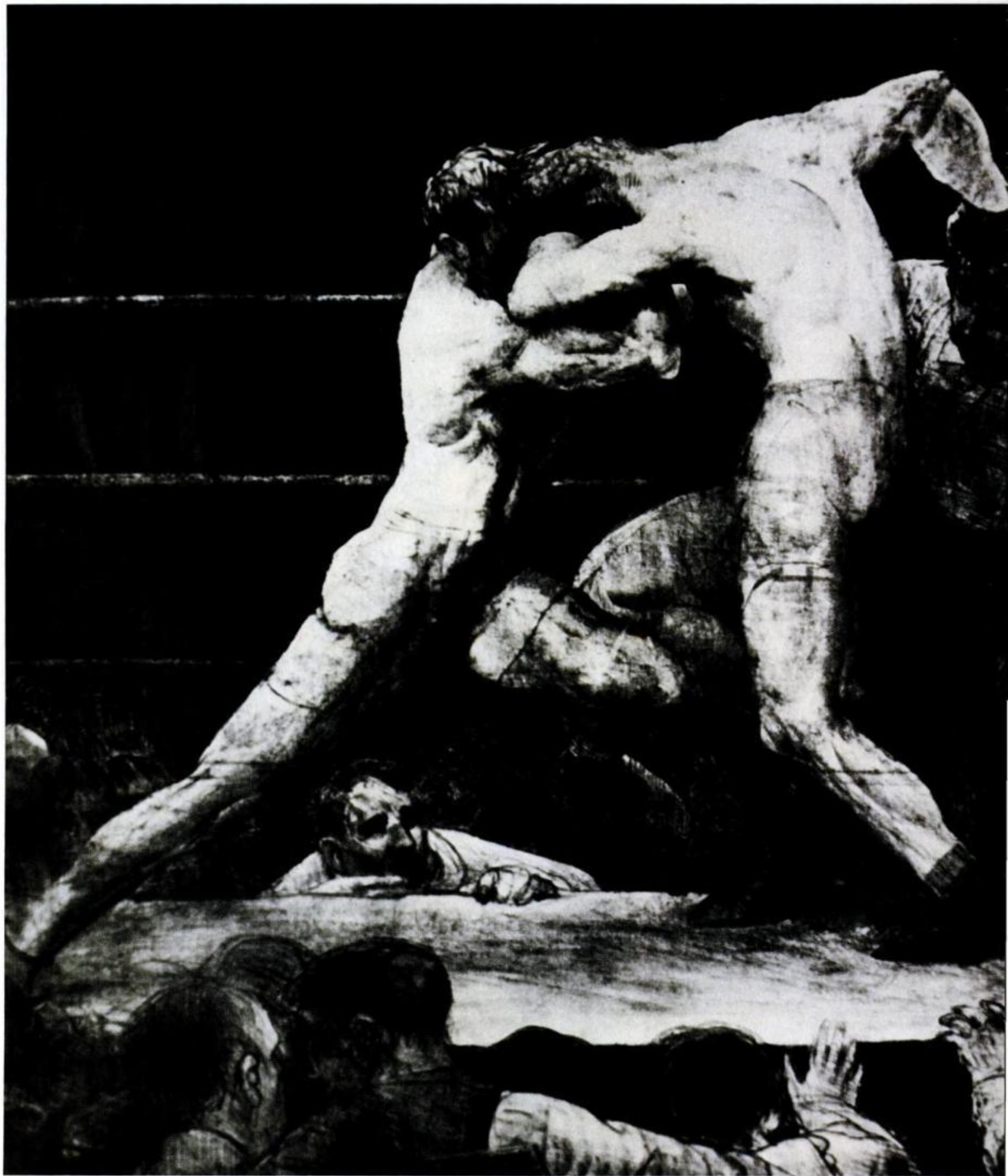


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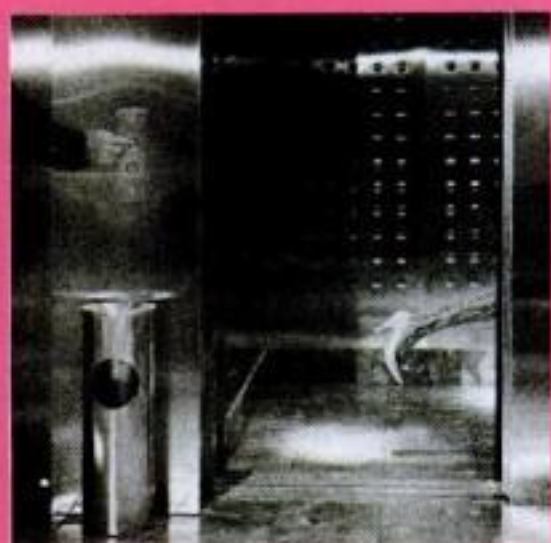
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WE LIKE TO THINK OF FEBRUARY—A STRING OF FAKEY, PASSIONLESS HOLIDAYS (Groundhog Day, Presidents' Day, Valentine's Day) and weather so awful that there are moments you'd actually rather be in a haphazardly run apartment complex outside Cocoa Beach, Florida, than here—as the Henry Kravis of months: too short, too cold, overcommercial-

ized and about four weeks shy of being over. Sure, this February there are lots of new babies to toss in the air and new Eastern European governments to wish well, new decades to overanalyze prematurely and new Pynchon novels to be disappointed by, but otherwise this grisly fuck-you heart of winter is perfect only for baking yeasty breads, drinking brown beverages and watching Sunday-morning public-affairs shows on TV. 🦔 So for now the slush just becomes grayer and a good deal of elective reading gets done. Unless you're Robert Heilbroner, the economist and author who chaired the National Book Awards' non-fiction jury. Last year Heilbroner took it easy: with some nominees, he admits happily, he read just the first and last pages, with others the indexes or jacket blurbs—that's how he eliminated 155 of the 190 books in 3 days, 1 book every few minutes. He may be sloppy, he may approximate, but *he does the job*. 🦔 Just like the Colt pro-



# We like to think of February



M-16. Colt's new gun can fire cartridges that contain two bullets, one shooting where it was aimed, the other a little off. The idea is to increase the odds of hitting something—the gun (which, by the way, we're almost positive we saw either Yosemite Sam use on Bugs Bunny or Wile E. Coyote use on the Road Runner) shrewdly assumes, in other words, that the soldier pulling the trigger may not know what he's doing. 🦔 Why do mass murderers never seem to miss? The pre-Christmas Morton Downey-esque avenger in Mon-NRA dream: dead and 9 Hey, mister, that's We'll never again



treal was an 13 women shot more wounded. some fine shootin'! think of our



northern neighbor merely as the birthplace of Rich Little; for the first time in memory, Canada seems dark, weird, almost interesting. As the boyfriend of one of the wounded women said, "It's the kind of thing you expected to happen in the United States."

Like in Chicago, where they are just weeks into the first season of their new basketball league for 150 young male residents of public-housing projects. The idea (which, by the way, we think we remember seeing in a 1975 movie-of-the-week starring Robert Blake and Greg Morris) is to give otherwise crack-and-violence-prone ghetto youths a wholesome outlet for their competitive passions.

"Sports transcends gang feuding," says the commissioner of the league. "I've seen them lay their pistols down, play basketball, then pick up their pistols and leave." Is he saying they play the whole four quarters *unarmed*? Maybe our dire social problems aren't irremediable.

In other words, it's the 1990s, and idealism is back in style: Blue Collins, an anti-pollution activist in Vermont who participated in a lawsuit against International Paper Company, has righteously refused the \$12,000 the company offered her to settle her suit (by the way, we vaguely remember seeing this on *Lou Grant* around the time *Silkwood* came out). Who is Blue Collins? It turns out she used to be Sandra Good, one of Charles Manson's "family" members, and has spent half of the two decades since the Manson killings in prison for threatening corporate executives. Collins still thinks the world of Charlie: "Charles Manson is the most enlightened human being I've ever met. He never lies. That's the big attraction of Manson. He never lies." (Finally: we're beginning to understand why Jimmy Carter always gave us the creeps.) "The Manson family's issue," she says, "has *always* been pollution." The actress-killing, the hallucinogenic-drug-taking—all some sort of hep protest against fluorocarbons and ozone depletion; the kind of thing, after all, you expect to happen in the United States.

In the 1990s, of course, we're all trying to understand one another better, so now we have a better handle on Dan Rather's what's-the-frequency episode, on why

Dan is so...intense: the guy is having flashbacks. "I've tried everything," the acid-head anchorman told an interviewer of his drug experiences. "I can say with confidence I know a fair amount about LSD."

Now federal judge Robert Sweet and former secretary of State George Shultz, men even more august than Dan Rather, if that's possible, have suggested that maybe



all drugs should be legalized. (*Judge Sweet* and *Sandra Good*—real nineties names.) "If our society can learn to stop using butter, it should be able to cut down on cocaine," Sweet argues, ignoring the lack of any diet Mazola equivalent for crack. Shultz, who now teaches at Stanford, is merely proposing that the U.S. debate legalization. When White House spokesman Marlin Fitzwater heard Shultz's remarks, he did what any important Washington official would do—he ridiculed his former colleague. "Whoa," Fitzwater said, "he's been out on the West Coast too long, hasn't he?" But not George Bush: he's fighting the drug war in the trenches, and to demonstrate his seriousness, he just named 27 street-savvy substance-abuse experts to a Presidential Drug Advisory Council, among them former Dallas Cowboys coach Tom Landry, former attorney general William French Smith and NBC president Robert Wright. This is the kind of thing you expect to happen in...Canada.

Bush hits his stride only when attending anticlimactic European summit meetings, where he seems happy to be nothing special, just one more gray-suited, Helmut Kohl-ish head of state. When he returned from his December encounter with Mikhail Gorbachev, a reporter accused the president of "hotdogging" by riding in a tiny launch in the dangerously stormy Maltese Mediterranean. "Hotdogging?" Bush said. "No." Then he thought, *Okay, now, make 'em smile a little, make 'em like me.* "Well, you know these charismatic, macho, visionary guys—they'll do anything,"

Bush said, suggesting he knows he is in fact a stiff, a wimp and a bureaucrat.

Former FBI agent Richard Miller, a half-bright, altogether Bush-like man who also has a special Soviet pal, is about to be tried for espionage. Miller is accused of passing government documents to Svetlana, his Soviet mistress (by the way, we almost definitely remember seeing this in an early episode of *Scarecrow and Mrs. King*). "I've always tried to be a moral person," Miller said, sounding like his commander in chief. "Five affairs in two years isn't very [darn] moral. I just got caught up in the sexual revolution of the eighties." Wasn't that the sexual revolution of the *sixties and seventies*? And the sexual *counter*revolution of the eighties? As exemplified by Polk County, Florida, where for the last decade or so, it now comes out, the county jail has tried to segregate homosexual prisoners and have them wear pink ID bracelets. It's the kind of thing you expect to happen in the United States, or else in *Stir Crazy*, or maybe in southern Poland around 1943.

Prison comedies? With Leona gone, Ivana rules alone. Recently she was on *Oprah* with Lauren Hutton, talking about how to look stylish, or at least how to look like the wife of Donald Trump. "You go to the department stores," she said, "Bloomingdale's, Saks. If you go for your wardrobe, there are a lot of consultants."

Hutton: "Did she say *Bloomingdale's sex*?"

"No," Ivana said. "*Bloomingdale's and Saks*... What a dirty mind... She has a dirty mind. Forget it."

If we had our way, there'd be a Trump Channel, nothing but the couple talking and swaggering, talking and swaggering, 24 hours a day. In fact, Donald Trump has just got a Q Score, the rating used by broadcasters to measure the fame and popularity of TV performers. Trump, whose name is attached to a forthcoming game show (wasn't that a subplot in some unreleased early-1980s Robert Altman film?), is more widely known than any quizmaster except Pat Sajak, Alex Trebek and Dick Clark. The Q people reckon his favorable rating at 16, his unfavorable rating at 40—Dick Clark, by contrast, is rated 26 positive and only 21 negative. So in the 1990s, Donald Trump is almost singularly loathed by the general, game-show-watching public. That's really not the kind of thing you expect to happen in the United States. ☹



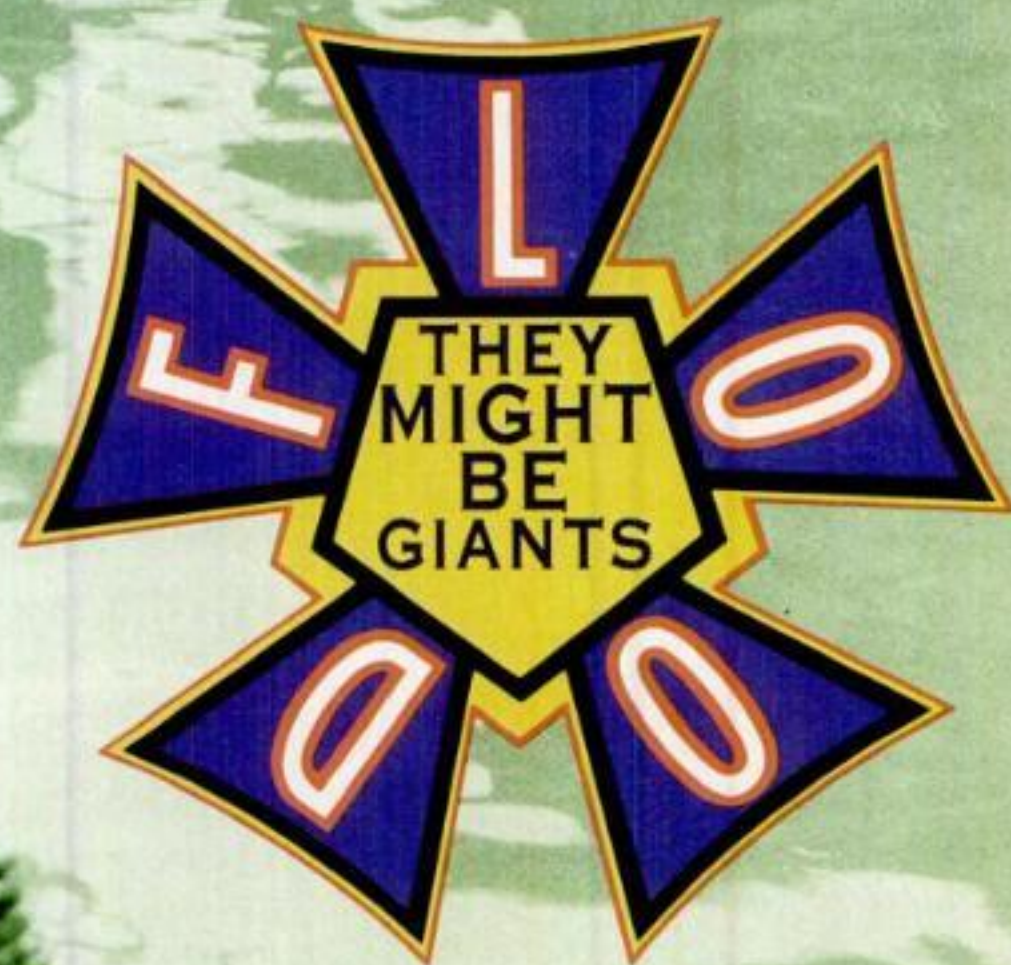
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From the SPY mailroom: What possesses a successful magazine, one with seven subscribers in Guam alone, one that can count on five copies of every issue leaping off the newsstands on Kwajalein, to hound the incarcerated in its own



country into buying subscriptions? Is that what it takes to make us happy — creating a demographic group of hapless prisoner-

subscribers whose \$19.95 would probably be better spent on cigarettes or protection? Last month we confessed in this space to having mailed an escape decal to prisoner 35060-066 at Allenwood Federal Prison Camp in Pennsylvania. Now we've sunk to billing inmates whether they've subscribed or not! This note came from John Havrilesko, temporarily of the State Correctional Facility of Huntingdon, Pennsylvania: "I never ordered your magazine... You see, I'm currently serving a prison sentence, and another of the inmates must have ordered your magazine using my name and number."

It occurs to us that not enough has been written about *Humor Behind Bars*, but never mind that now. We're just outraged at being unwitting accessories to some prank, and we're embarrassed by our zeal in billing Mr. Havrilesko, a man who—in *this* episode, at least—was an innocent bystander. We feel even more guilty because he liked the issue we sent him: "I had no idea what [SPY] was about.... I must tell you I think it's great and I'm sorry I won't be receiving it in the future. Let me thank you for the few hours of escape it brought to me." We should be blushing in gratitude, not alerting our collection agency. Nearly 16 subscribers in Saskatchewan, and we resort to this?

"While in New York on business, I bought the paper of record and found the attached constellation chart," writes Jonathan Robbins of Framingham, Massachusetts. "So I went out at 11:30 a.m. to look in the sky for the river Eridanus meandering near a whale, a boy named Aquarius and the 'southern fish.' All I saw was a gray sky and skyscrapers. Please explain the apparent disparity between the *Times* and reality." We have no adequate explanation, Mr. Robbins, but then, the scales fell from our eyes ▶

DEAR EDITORS In response to Michael Walker's article on interior decorators/designers ["But Was the \$18,000 Curtain Beautiful? And Other True Tales from Inside the High-End, High-Profile, High-strung World of Interior Decorating," October 1989], I want you to know that there are actually interior decorators outside New York City. Though your piece mentions "multimillionaire social climbers turning over their homes to millionaire social climbers with swatches," SPY also reaches decorators and their clients who do not fit into this category.

I am a business manager for 14 interior decorators in Atlanta. Their affluent clients are not always sophisticated enough, unfortunately, to recognize the difference between the elitist designers you discussed and the talented designers struggling to make a living outside New York. Therefore, it is no surprise to me that an affluent client referred to his Atlantan designer as being "like the designers in SPY." I will grant you that there are thousands of inferior designers who merely obtain a tax number and business license and probably have no more talent than putting themselves together in the wardrobe department of Neiman Marcus.

The designers I'm associated with are talented, creative and well respected. Their work has been published in national magazines. Having access to their financial records, I only wish that each and every one of them could have the financial success shared by Mario Buatta, John Saladino, Parish-Hadley, etc. It is more likely that designers make little money, if any, after attempting to please their clients and give in to their many unrealistic demands. Clients complain and attempt to reduce the charges for merchandise and labor, which are usually too low in the first place.

A creative designer usually strives

York City so we can get a more accurate indication.

Sue Kasten  
Atlanta, Georgia

DEAR EDITORS Tonight my mother and I were discussing how recovering alcoholic Eric Clapton had sold his name and music for beer commercials. I commented that Hemingway did Ballantine Ale ads ["What Becomes a Legend Most?," October]. My mom said, "Really? How do you know?" I said I'd read it in SPY. "Well," she said, "how do you know they weren't joking?"

How the hell *did* I know? I've never figured myself to be a *hip* guy or with the In Crowd, but I thought I knew the difference between reality and satire!

Should I allow paranoia to take over and doubt myself and act indifferent when I'm not sure if something is *supposed* to be funny? (I mean, my mom didn't even believe it was really Merv on your November 1989 cover. It *was*, wasn't it?)

Jessen Nichols  
Pawtucket, Rhode Island

The Hemingway ad was real. The Griffin cover was realistic. Should you allow paranoia to take over and doubt yourself and act indifferent? It's your call.

DEAR EDITORS Thank you for putting me on the cover, but isn't that Ann-Margret's body?

Merv Griffin  
Hollywood, California

DEAR EDITORS Philip Weiss's piece "Inside Bohemian Grove: Masters of the Universe Go to Camp" [November] scared the shit out of me. For a long time now I've suspected that all

## LETTERS TO SPY

first for aesthetic success and, unfortunately, thinks too little about financial compensation.

Designers want to make money, as do doctors, lawyers and businessmen. I would like to know, dear editor, what your own salary is. Then let's do an article on editors, publishers, doctors, lawyers and other professionals and see if designers are the only ones you think are overpaid. Please conduct this survey outside of New

those politicians, bureaucrats, military leaders and other men of power were just little boys playing with toy soldiers. Weiss has confirmed my worst fears. These revolting, infantile slimeballs are running the world? Playing with their pee-pees and marching around in hooded elf costumes? William F. Buckley and Kissinger I can see, but Cronkite? Et tu, Walter?

Debra Tillar  
Portsmouth, New Hampshire ➡





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regarding the *Times* years ago. By the way, we think we remember that constellation chart. It exhorted us to "notice that the 'sloshing water' is running down to Fomalhaut"—which sounds less like astronomy than like a plumbing emergency affecting the German gentleman in the apartment below.

The Kitty Litter<sup>®</sup> people have been in touch, the Styrofoam<sup>®</sup> people have been in touch, and now it's Velcro's turn. Sorry: Velcro<sup>®</sup>. We mentioned the "fastening system" in a piece and didn't include the little R, prompting a letter from the company's trademark administrator in Manchester, New Hampshire. "Although I appreciate the fine press," wrote Jean Velasquez, "Velcro<sup>®</sup>...is not a proper substitute for generic names such as 'hook and loop fasteners' or 'touch fasteners.'" This must come up often—Velasquez enclosed a pamphlet that includes a "short history lesson" on the story of Velcro<sup>®</sup>: "In the 1940s, the Swiss inventor George de Mestral was hiking and came home with cockleburs on his trousers...." Unfortunately, at that moment lunch arrived, or we surely would have read on and perhaps learned what happened to De Mestral, his trousers and the cockleburs. Maybe even whether he was hiking throughout the 1950s as well.

Now that we've left The Puck Building behind, maybe this sort of thing won't be happening anymore: we received a postcard from a young man in Pardeeville, Wisconsin, addressed to "STEAMHAMMER, A Division of SPV, 225 Lafayette Street..." We can understand why it was forwarded to us. We used to be at 295 Lafayette, the V looks a bit like a Y, and STEAMHAMMER could, we suppose, be construed by the postal service as the name of, say, a muckraking blacksmithery-industry columnist for SPY. But somehow we think the letter isn't meant for us. "I was wondering how I could get a Sodom shirt," the fellow writes, elaborating, "I hope you can send me some information on how to get a Sodom shirt." Why? "Because they are a kick ass band and [I] would like to own a Sodom Shirt. So please," he concludes, driving the point home, "send me some info on how to get a Sodom shirts." Oh, so now it's shirts, is it? We've forwarded the epistle. STEAMHAMMER, SPV, Sodom—get on it. Man wants a shirt. Or possibly ►



DEAR EDITORS Isn't it better that those limp, vulgar and silly old piss-bags practice their hypocrisy and fascism amongst themselves and against the trees rather than upon the rest of us? And consider what a juicy target they present to some lucky natural disaster.

Gary Raduziner  
Providence, Rhode Island

DEAR EDITORS **W**hat crack research staff at *The New Yorker*? Yours is so proficient in dehermeticization in the name of socially conscious humor that no other compares! Who else could continue to bring us such incisive material? One little thing you neglected to mention: has Mr. Weiss been able to get a peek at the club's waiting list? If he ever does, I daresay he'd find that that gleeful paranoid and right-wing flake George Gilder has been supplicating the Bohos for some time. I'm surprised his patron Buckley hasn't ushered Conservative Authoritarianism's answer to Pee-wee Herman through the doors. I can just picture the sheer unbridled joy he would have at being able to urinate at will as

part of his role in establishing territory so intimate to second-circuit-oriented male bonding!

In gratitude, please accept these anagrams: **REVEREND AL SHARPTON—LARD NEVER HAS PR TONE. ARSENIO HALL—ALL NOSE HAIR. CINEPLEX ODEON—NO NICE, DO EXPEL.**

Thomas Izaguirre  
Edgewater, Maryland

DEAR EDITORS **I**f those boys went to winter camp instead of summer camp, what a lovely time they'd have writing their names in the snow!

Thank you, Mr. Weiss, for your brave adventure in journalism, for which I hope you wore rubber boots.

Patricia J. Thomson  
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

DEAR EDITORS **P**hilip Weiss describes a tranquilizer that he refers to as "Interol." No such drug exists. Perhaps he is referring to Inderal (generic, propranolol), a drug in the beta-blocker class indicated not for ill-tranquillity but

for hypertension, angina, certain arrhythmias, myocardial infarction (heart attack), migraine headache, essential tremor, hypertrophic sub-aortic stenosis and pheochromocytoma. True, this drug is used, although not FDA-approved, for the symptoms of stage fright (e.g., racing heart, shortness of breath), but not for the anxiety that Mr. Weiss was anticipating—that is, unless he was planning a cameo as a lip-synching Bohemian Bimbo and didn't tell us. Valium—or, even better, Xanax, with its shorter half-life—would have served him far better in the situation he described.

I fear that if Mr. Weiss is so poor an investigator that he is unable to properly report the name of this commonly prescribed medication, I, and surely other readers, will be forced to accept the "facts" of his mildly entertaining exposé with a large grain of salt.

Edward S. Goldberg, M.D.  
Highland Park, New Jersey

*Our researchers had verified that a product called Interol existed; unfortunately, it was indeed Inderal that Mr. Weiss was referring to. He regrets the error, and assures us that everything else in the piece is completely accurate. We*

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shirts. And Pardeeville wouldn't be a pun, would it?

Speaking of readers—or Sodom fans, anyway—in Pardeeville, Wisconsin, we've received a curious bit of research courtesy of Nancy Roberts of Little Ferry, New Jersey. She claims that most of the mail we print is from out of town. In fact, she *knows* it. She's been counting. "Final tally from September–November: 70 letters from out-of-towners, only 24 from New Yorkers!" she reports. "Either you guys are trying to prove something or most of your New York readers are illiterate and/or apathetic!" Her "evidence"—accompanying charts, lists and carefully worked out ratios—is hard to refute (and to read: *Bic pen and loose-leaf paper, Nancy?*). As for an explanation, well, maybe our out-of-town readers write us more because they need more references explained, things like "subway," "Donald Trump," "the Cloisters." Or maybe we just have lots of enthusiastic out-of-town readers. Total newsstand sales in Brazil, after all, recently hit 68.

The nubbins mail (see this space, September and October 1989 and January 1990, and Eating, by Henry Alford, May 1989) continues to trickle in. Dr. Denise M. Leclair of Washington, D.C., reports that according to a conversation "overheard in an orthopedic surgeon's office," nubbins are "congenital extra bits of digits (i.e., fingers or toes) but only if they're small and, well, nubbinlike." A reader from Toronto says that nubbins "have been spotted north of the border" and sends along an article in *Chatelaine* in which Margaret Atwood uses the word. And David A. Roth of San Francisco knew exactly where to look. "It took me five minutes," he writes, "to find two mentions of the word *nubbin* in the works of S. J. Perelman." Any further mail on nubbins will be forwarded to STEAM-HAMMER (A Division of SPV).

"The prospect of writing to SPY fills me with dread" is how Wood Foster of Minneapolis begins a letter that he ends with the valediction "Cautiously, Wood Foster." In between, he gingerly alludes to SPY's exaggerated reputation for "publicly humiliating" readers who make even "one slip, one tiny misstep" when they write us. You did fine, Wood—no "horribly scathing editorial reply" is forthcoming. Foster detected ▶



are inclined to believe him despite your admonition—just as we are inclined to believe the first part of your letter despite your recommendation of Valium and Xanax, two highly addictive prescription drugs whose casual use has been cautioned against by the medical community.

DEAR EDITORS **Y**our Bohemian Grove article brought back memories of my youth in warm, pre-condo-ized Sonoma County. Every summer I would trek over to the small airport that normally housed Pipers and Beechcraft and the occasional firefighting C-47, to see it bursting with Learjets and small airliners. The suited personages would scurry out of the planes and into waiting limos, the drivers fighting boredom by yelling at me, "Get the hell away from here!" Was the squat guy in the crew cut running to the Lincoln Henry Kissinger? Possibly; I didn't recognize most of the VIPs. Neither did the local sheriff's department recognize some other summer vacationers who came along with the encampments—local Russian River inhabitants grumbled about the professional ladies who appeared, ready for business

and remarkably unharassed by the law.

Is it some sort of curious coincidence that your 1964 debut reprint ["SPY's 25th-Anniversary Commemorative Keepsake Issue: A Facsimile Reprint of the Very First Issue of SPY," November] features a poem by a "Faun Rosenberg," the same name as the spooky, turtleneck-clad poetess in *National Lampoon's* 1964 high school yearbook parody? Would that be explained by the editorial assistants listed? Doug Kenney as intern?

Ian R. Beste

Montrose, California

*An early and eager contributor to SPY, Faun Rosenberg eventually joined our staff as a senior editor and played an important, albeit brief, role in our so-called Golden Era (when SPY, as we are frequently told, was "still funny"). Tragically, Rosenberg's life was cut short in a freak 1967 boating accident. Doug Kenney, meanwhile, built on his invaluable training as an unpaid SPY intern to become a founding editor of National Lampoon in 1970 and co-creator of its legendary yearbook parody several years later. Rosenberg's "appearance" in the parody was thus no coincidence at all but, as you surmised, a sort of sly memorial to a woman Kenney had known and liked and whom one or two*

*of our older staffers still remember fondly. (Eerily, Kenney's life was cut short as well, in a 1980 hiking accident.)*

DEAR EDITORS

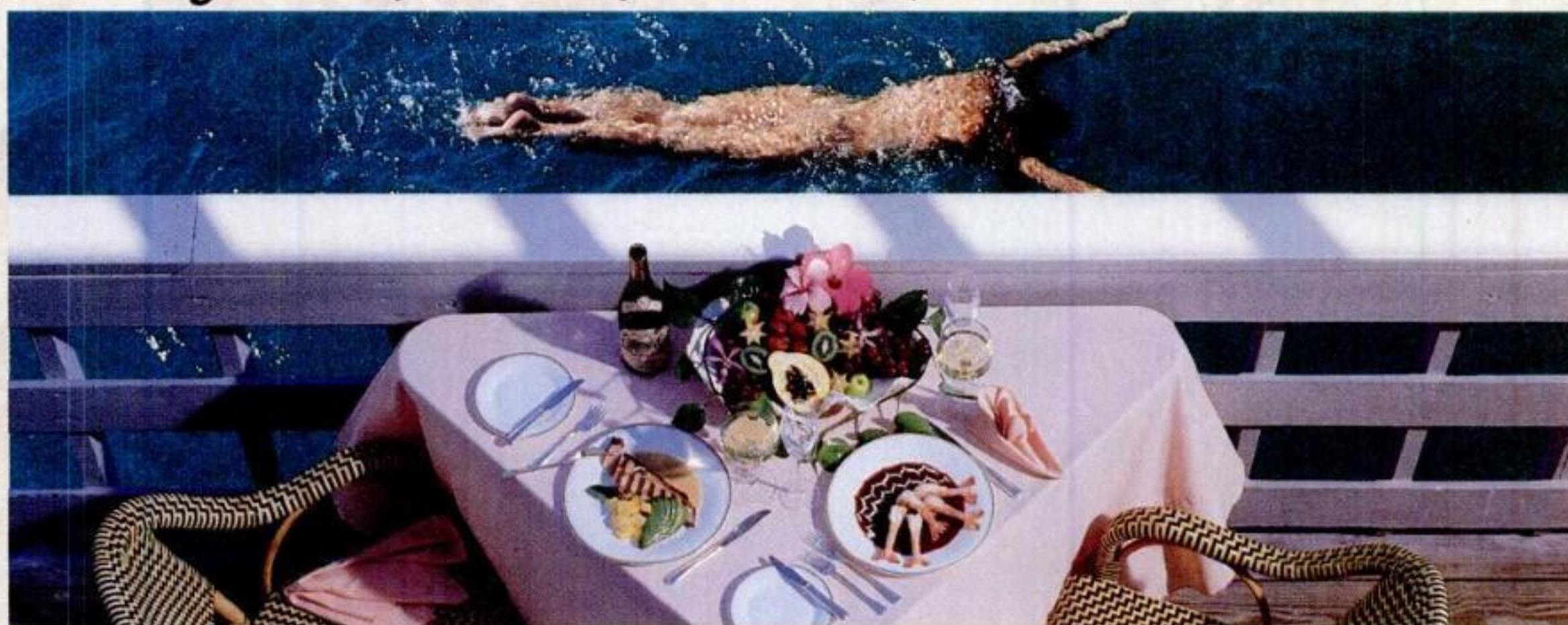
**K**udos for "Inside Bohemian Grove," and loved the map!

Some additional info—the old pissers are not only militarist (murderist) malechauvinist classist pigs (insult to *Sus scrofa*) but also sufferers, no doubt, from BPH: benign prostatic hyperplasia (enlarged prostate gland), which means that their enlarged glands are squeezing (and smallifying) their urinary bladders, causing their valves to want to open and empty their small-content bladders very often.

According to Dr. P. C. Walsh (via Cecil & Loeb), by age 50, 50 percent to 75 percent of all males will have this condition. Why? We don't know. We do know the condition is testosterone-level-related, and a sure cure is to cut your balls off!

The condition is universal. A cross-cultural study revealed "no cases among New Guinea natives"! A return to New Guinea showed that men piss there wherever they want whenever they want.

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BPH? A real social(ly defined) disease!

Well, but what is the survival potential of such a trait? I have a theory.

Since old men (and also women) are less attractive and *this* (beauty) corresponds according to another wonderful theory (not mine) with their fecundity and potential parenting ability and value, this need to pee more often causes a compensatory more frequent display of the active penis and therefore a more frequent stimulation and invitation to fuck (both sexes) but especially I suppose (egoist) to the female. Think about it!

Nature jerks in strange ways.

*Tuli Kupferberg*

*New York*

*It sure does! Mr. Kupferberg is, of course, being characteristically modest in limiting his remarks to the Bohemian Grove story; it was apparently just such lively contributions to the early SPY that earned him his spot on the masthead back in 1964.*

DEAR EDITORS **S**eeing that first issue of SPY made me long for a "Tour de SPY"—a look at *all* the great SPY covers through the years. It

would be a real treat, and quite unique, to see them all. Like that one with Nixon and Rosemary Woods erasing tape, or the one with Timothy Leary and Cary Grant mixing a batch of LSD for Tom Wolfe.

*Troy Torrison*

*Chicago, Illinois*

DEAR EDITORS **W**hile I was flattered to be offered the top position on your masthead, the noncompete clause in my contract with *Monocle* requires me to decline the honor. *Monocle*, which began in 1957 as "a leisurely quarterly of political satire" (we came out twice a year), by 1964 had turned into "a radical sporadical" (we came out like the UN police force—whenever there was an emergency, and whenever we could solve our continuing financial crisis). Our final subscription offer, sometime in the mid-1960s, was "\$7.50 for 10 issues" or "\$5 for a lifetime subscription." So as you can see, although our last issue came out 25 years ago, we are still very much in business. As a matter of fact, since we stopped publishing, our losses have gone down to where, aside from the stamps for this let-

SPY's pervasive influence in a chart that appeared in the *Twin Cities Reader*, but we don't really mind what they did. Not as much, anyway, as we mind the University of Michigan's *Michigan Daily's* running a pair of look-alikes under SPY's "Separated at Birth?" heading (thanks to Eric Wakin of Ann Arbor for that clipping). And not *nearly* as much as we mind the shameless, recidivist *Boston Herald's* doing four look-alike pairs under the headline SEPARATED AT BIRTH IN THE BAY STATE (that was sent to us by two Boston readers with surnames ending in double r's, Susan M. Marr and C. Hylen Smurr).

On the other hand, we liked the San Antonio *Express-News* clip Heather Wood sent us from that city, and not just because SPY was actually credited. The photos, of Drew Barrymore and Leo Gorcey (which appeared in the October 1989 issue of SPY), were accompanied by an actual explanation of the joke. "The old saying says you usually can find someone who could pass for your twin," reports the *Express-News*, leading its readers by the nose, "which may make some people wonder if the two of you were sepa- ▶

## MARY JANE SHADY HAS A SECRET...

A secret so frightening she has not gone home for twenty years.

Home is Uncertain, Texas, where Aunt Lottie and Mary Jane's mother Irene run the Uncertain Chapel of Memories Funeral Parlor. Where Siamese twins Verona and Morona are running for homecoming queen. Where Baby Flowers, an Ava Gardner look-alike, takes her daily walk out on Highway 158—au natural.

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Victor Navasky  
Editor and publisher  
Monocle (1957-)  
New York

Adult male human who plays a percussion instrument with a tightened diaphragm and small circular appurtenances, male human.

Condensation on the grass in the early hours

A short simple song

*Bob Lapidés and Glenn Estersohn*  
New York

Could Messrs. Yazbek and Korder have inadvertently revealed one of their sources? Certainly Mr. Yazbek had access to such material via BITnet during his pre-Emmy years at Brown, or is he merely recycling old *Philtrum Press* columns?

*Boston, Massachusetts*


*The logical response would be "Yes, Mr. Yazbek went to Brown, but he didn't know anything about 'Mr. Spock's Proverbs' on a computer bulletin board there and he didn't spend his time at college playing games with computers." The illogical response would be "Leave us alone, geek."*

*SPY welcomes letters from its readers. Address correspondence to SPY, The SPY Building, 5 Union Square West, New York, N.Y. 10003. Please include your daytime telephone number. Typewritten letters are preferred. Letters may be edited for length or clarity. D*

But enough. There's too much to do. Nancy Roberts will be needing to add this month's tally to her running total (Nancy: it's 3 New York letters, 11 from out of town, but do double-check our math); Bic's trademark police will want to be drafting us a letter explaining why Bic is not an acceptable substitute for *ballpoint*; and poor Fomalhaut's apartment, flooded with sloshing water by now, will certainly require a mop. ☺

**The photography credit for "SPY's New and Improved Proposed Anti-Flag-Destruction Constitutional Amendment" (by**

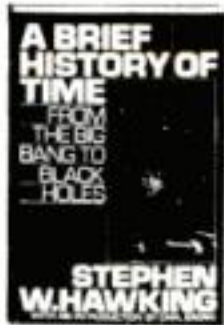
**Bruce Handy, December 1989)** was inadvertently omitted; the portfolio was photographed by Jenny Lynn.

In one of last December's Usual Suspects, the ownership of the Pace Gallery in New York was incorrectly stated. The gallery is owned by Arnold Glimcher. 

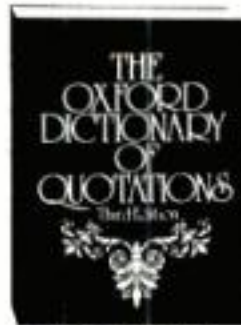




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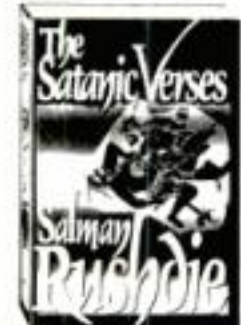
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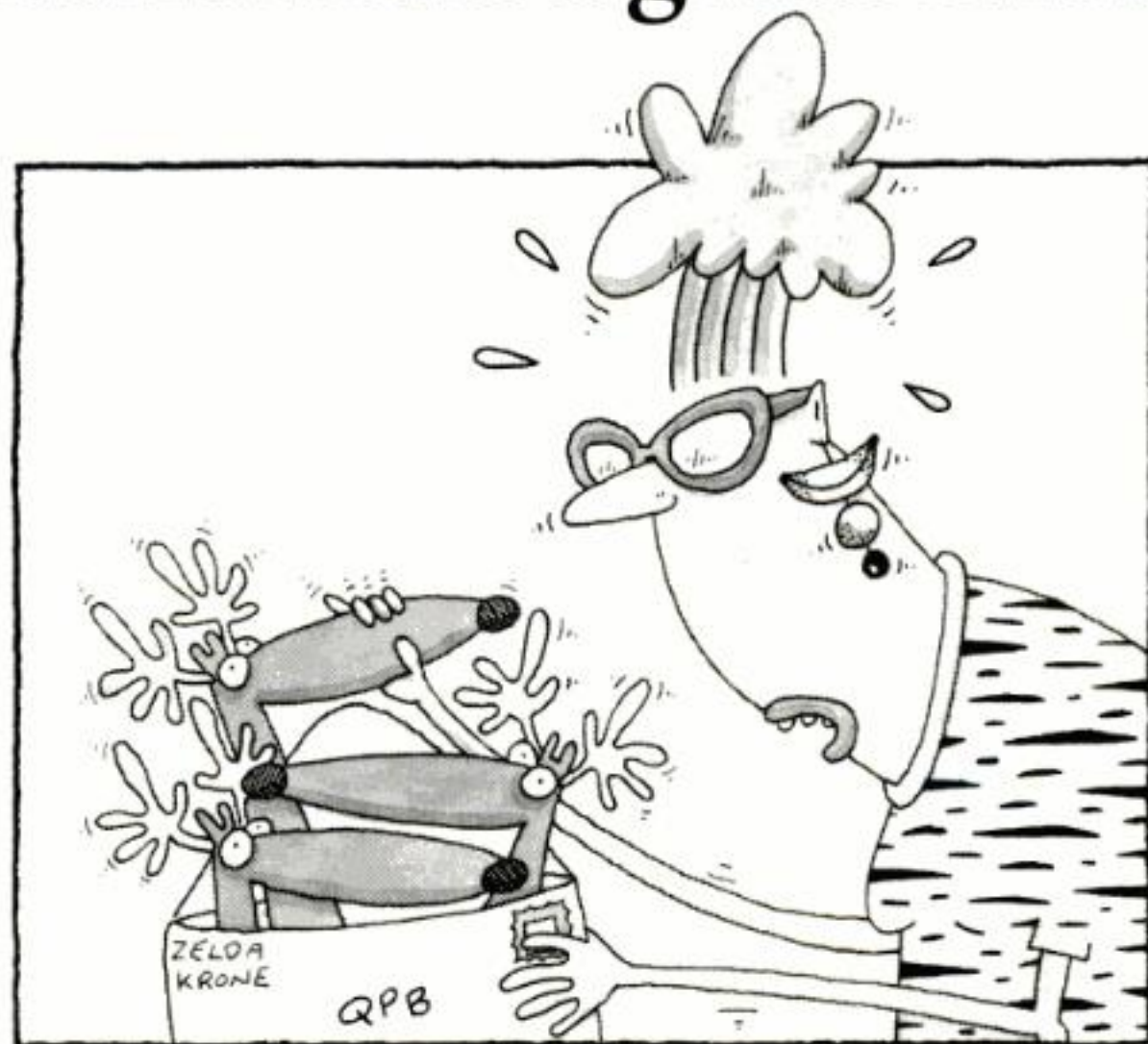
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\*447. A hilarious new collection from the author of Lake Wobegon Days.  
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QPB: \$9.50



\*406. "A rollercoaster ride over a vast landscape of the imagination"—London Guardian.  
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Choosing three books was easy, but getting the three bucks into the envelope proved to be beyond Zelda Krone's capabilities.

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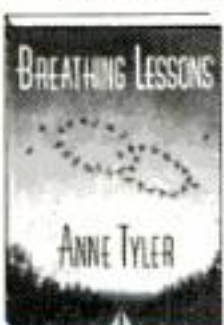
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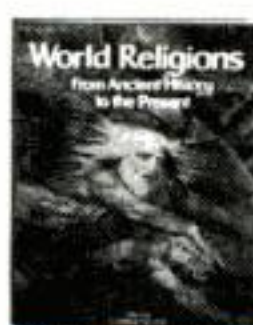
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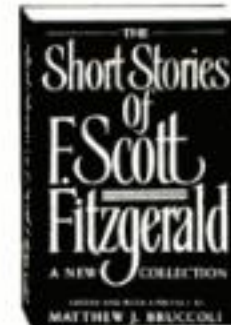
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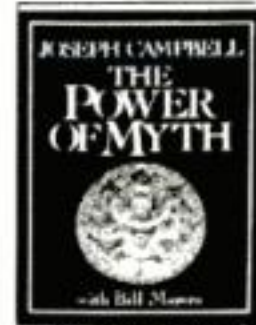
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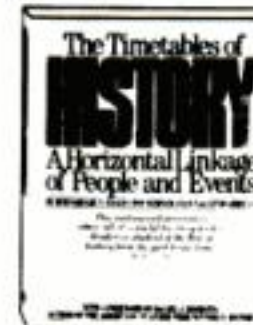
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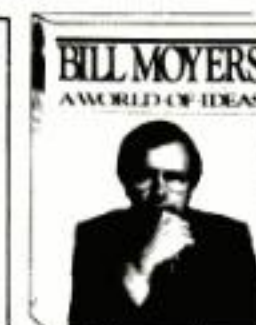
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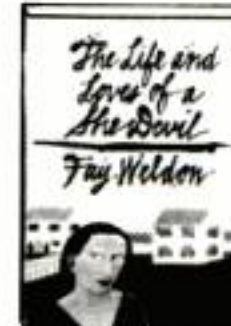
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## THE USUAL SUSPECTS



S. PENN



P. LUPONE



D. HANNAH

# f

THE FINE PRINT

by Jamie Malanowski

## MORE FROM THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF FINE DINING

Last month we were able to bring you reports of restaurants that had been cited for violations by the Department of Health last winter and spring. Here are some popular eating establishments that were cited as recently as last summer. Bon appétit!

### GOOD ENOUGH TO EAT

424 Amsterdam Avenue  
Inspectors found that the kitchen floors and walls were grease-, dirt- and food-encrusted, that the basement door wasn't rodentproof, that the dishwasher temperature was too low and the hood ventilation motor too noisy, and that a cat lived on the premises. At an inspection two months later there were flies.

### LOTUS BLOSSOM

317 Greenwich Street  
Fresh and old mouse droppings and fresh and old rat droppings.



### TABAQ

101 Lexington Avenue  
Inspectors found the walls and ceiling in the kitchen and walk-in refrigerator dirty and discolored, "dishes not being sanitized" and "street clothes hung in kitchen (No locker room provided)."

### CAFE GEIGER

206 East 86th Street

LIKE MANY OTHER HOLLYWOOD SPOUSES, **LYNDA GUBER**, the wife of Sony's unconscionably overpaid Columbia Pictures hireling **PETER GUBER**, has discovered that conjugal proximity to an entertainment-industry Pooh-Bah can stir powerful creative urges. Feeling acutely artistic not long ago, Lynda and a girlfriend decided to write and produce an autobiographical made-for-television movie about traveling through India, to be titled *Spiritual Girls on the March*. As opposed to less advantaged spouses who, like optimistic amateurs everywhere, must work off of someone's coffee table, Lynda and her pal set up shop in the Guber-Peters boardroom, where, as Spiritual Girls Productions, they worked with the latest in cyber-inspirational equipment: a pair of word processors outfitted with suede-sheathed good-vibe-inducing crystals.

PATHOLOGICAL METHOD ACTOR **SEAN PENN** raised his art to new heights while filming his forthcoming Irish-mob emote-o-rama, *State of Grace*. Eager to deliver a heartfelt performance for boy director **PHIL JOANOU** (*U2: Rattle and Hum*), Penn apparently readied himself for action scenes by pointing guns at the heads of crew members and, one time, smashing his own head through a glass window. When another scene required Penn to show his romantic side, he nestled in bed with actress **ROBIN WRIGHT** (Buttercup in *The Princess Bride*) and began his actor's preparations, looking deep inside himself and coming up with some unexpected improvisations. Which is to say, he vomited all over the sheets.

THAT STRANGE, SUDDEN GUST OF WIND you felt a few months ago? That was Broadway's collective sigh of relief as **PATTI LUPONE** left to flex her ego on prime-time television. It seems that the talented but generally histrionic star simply will not coun-

tenance being upstaged. During the run of *Anything Goes* at Lincoln Center, LuPone evidently dreaded the threat posed by costar **LINDA HART**'s breasts. First she lobbied for the redesign of Hart's skimpy costume. Later, after one dance sequence that required Hart (and her breasts) to bounce up and down, Patti muttered backstage, *Goddamn it, I just want to cut them off with a butcher knife*. One night **JIMMY STEWART** came backstage at the Vivian Beaumont Theater after the performance to congratulate his old pal **HOWARD MCGILLIN**, one of the show's male leads. The paparazzi swarmed. The chorus girls giggled. LuPone fumed. The very next day a new policy was announced at the theater: any backstage visitor who happened to be famous would thenceforth be escorted *directly* to LuPone's dressing room. The lucky, lucky celebrity would then be obliged to sit and talk to Patti while she dispatched an underling to fetch the performer the caller was actually there to see—if, that is, Patti consented to the meeting.

EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT *Steel Magnolias*, the undisputed champion of last Christmas's doggerel-emotion derby, was a modest Off-Broadway production before feared-and-loathed old-timer **RAY STARK** transmogrified it into a hammy **SHIRLEY MACLAINE-SALLY FIELD-DOLLY PARTON-DARYL HANNAH-JULIA ROBERTS-OLYMPIA DUKAKIS** vehicle. But not everybody knows that **ROBERT HARLING**, the play's author and screen adapter, intended the work as a eulogy for his sister, who died of complications from diabetes in 1985. Harling met with an on-set film crew that was shooting footage for a "Making of *Steel Magnolias*" promotional film. *It would be a great idea*, Harling told the crew, *to get a shot of me laying a magnolia at my sister's grave*. The filmmakers agreed, and they followed Harling out to the Natchitoches, Louisiana, cemetery where his sister is buried. Two hours later the crew was still following Harling, who for the life of him couldn't figure out where his sister's tomb was located.



## ASK NOT WHAT YOUR COUNTRY CAN DO FOR YOU

SPY Comes to the Rescue of a U.S. Senator in Trouble



## Naked City

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

It isn't often that a satirical monthly gets to lend a hand to a prominent elected official. But an earnest call for help came our way from the office of Senator Jim Sasser (D-Tenn.), chairman of the Senate Budget Committee. Sasser was about to give a speech to 2,000 airline executives and needed a few jokes to punch up his remarks—specifically, jokes about airline owner Donald Trump. The aide who called gave this explanation: "He's such a lampoonable guy." As loyal Americans, we decided to help. We pick up our talk with John Cestar of the senator's office in mid-conversation.

**SPY:** You know, it's not easy to come up with these things.

**Cestar:** I know; we've been sitting here for a week. Well, I have a couple that I managed to dig up... Why is Donald Trump such a good tennis player? Why?

*Because he swings both ways.*

[Giggles] Very funny... Let me write this down. What did Donald Trump's girlfriend say when she went to the sperm bank?

Ha ha ha ha. What?

*{Comically slurred} I'd mlike to mlake a deponsit. Heh heh heh...*

*Why does Trump's wife have a gold diaphragm?*

Ha ha ha heh heh. Why?

*Because Donald likes to come into money.*

That's great, that's a great joke, that's a great joke.

*I'm glad you liked that one. It's a little racy.*

Yes it is, but that's great.

*Why is Trump's wife always on top? Because Trump can only screw up.*

HA HA HA HA HA. That's great!

*What's the definition of skyjacking?*

What?

*Masturbating in the Trump Shuttle.*

Heh heh heh. Okay... tell me the first one again?

*The first one?*

Yeah, I wonder if I could adapt that somehow...

As it turned out, Sasser did not use any of our really great jokes. "[The senator] has a private and a public persona," the aide explained later, "although he loved the blowjob joke."

—Joe Mastrianni

Fresh and old mouse droppings.



### PASTA VICCI

294 Third Avenue

The food-preparation area was under a pipe whose insulation was shredding. Also, low dishwasher temperature and mouse excreta. On an inspection three months later, food was not being kept sufficiently cold, and the floors and walls were dirty and greasy.



### RATNERS

138 Delancey Street

Dirty floors, a leak in the ceiling, mouse excreta.



### VESELKA

144 Second Avenue

Live mouse noted on glue board in basement.



### HUNAN COTTAGE

57 West 76th Street

Old and fresh mouse droppings, flies, low dishwasher temperature, corroded water-heater flue.



### HUNAN PARK II

721 Columbus Avenue

Inspectors found grease- and dust-laden floors, low dishwasher temperature and plastic jars of juice cooling in the ice used for drinks.



### THE RITZ

254 West 54th Street

Inspectors found no Health Department permit, no food-protection certificate, no choking-prevention poster, no sign instructing employees to wash hands. There were holes in the walls, floor and ceiling; the floors were dirty and littered throughout; and the toilet was stopped up. Bottles of soda were chilling in the ice used for drinks.

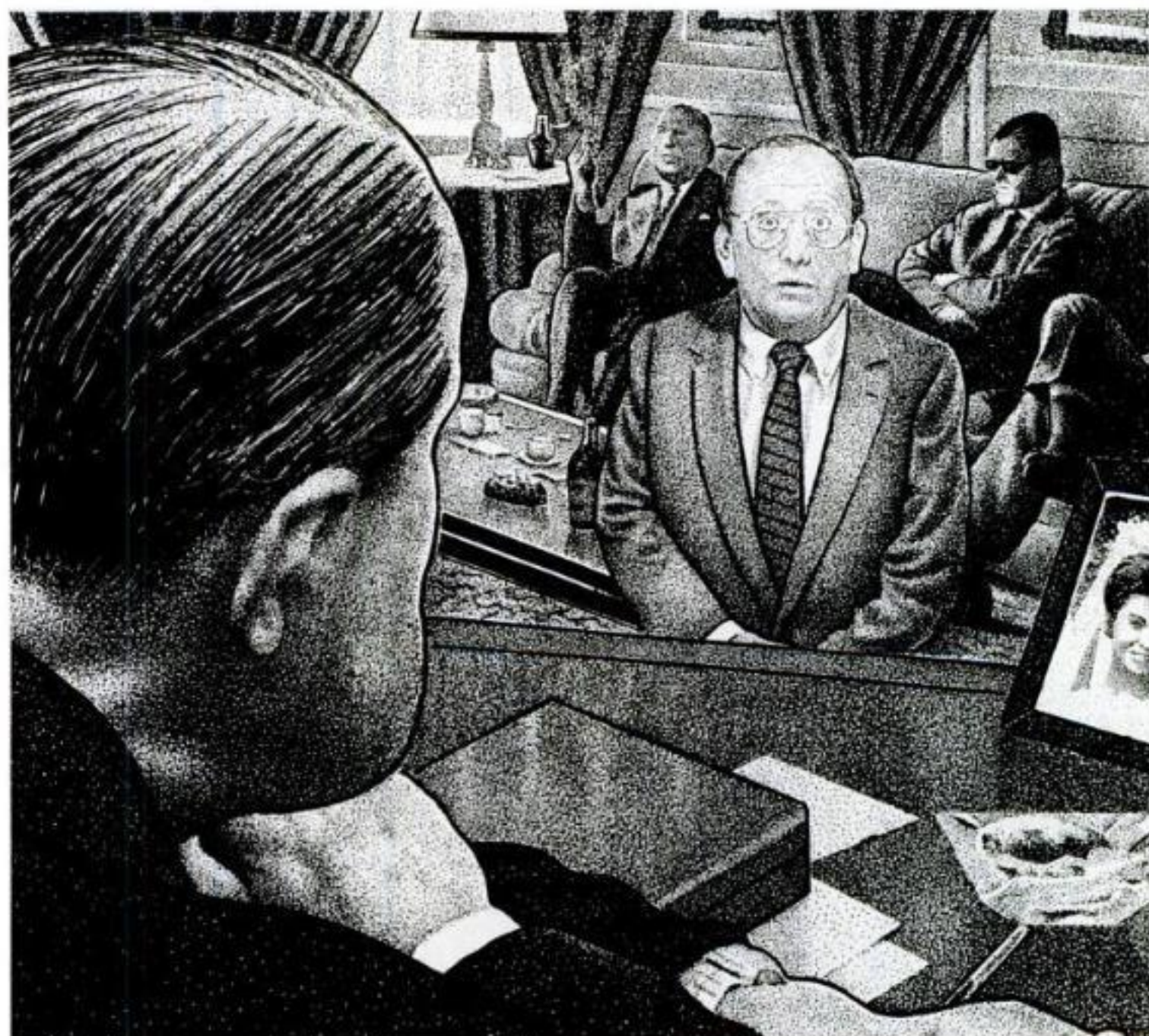


### CHELSEA FOODS

198 Eighth Avenue

Inspectors arrived one day in May and found old and fresh mouse excreta, a grease-

## PRIVATE LIVES OF PUBLIC FIGURES



Senator Alfonse D'Amato confers with a cochairman of his campaign steering committee.

ILLUSTRATION BY DREW FRIEDMAN

## THE SPY LIST

Ben Bova

Nadia Comaneci

Bo Derek

Ann Jillian

Billy Joel

Jake LaMotta

Cyndi Lauper

Bette Midler

Judd Nelson

Thomas Pynchon

Randy "Macho King" Savage

Dorothy Stratten

Jean-Claude Tramont

Manny Trillo

Dianne Wiest



## "IZZY WOULD GET HOPPED UP ON THE PAPERS, THEN READ THE CONGRESSIONAL RECORD TO BRING HIMSELF DOWN"

America Has a Bad Linguistic Habit on Its Back

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

spattered kitchen, low dishwasher temperature, a pint of paint remover in the food-preparation area and flies. They also found, stored at a balmy 64 degrees, spinach-tortellini salad that they "condemned as unfit for human consumption." They also found uncovered bakery goods and salads, and a cat.



### PASSAGE TO INDIA

308 East 6th Street  
Inspectors found food uncovered or improperly covered and dirty refrigerators and walls.

### CARAMBA II

684 Broadway  
Inspectors found trash improperly stored in the basement, creating "a harbor-age condition for rodents"; also, pressurized gas cylinders weren't chained to a wall.



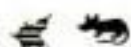
### KALINKA'S

1067 Madison Avenue  
Old and fresh mouse droppings in kitchen, missing ceiling tiles, holes in the wall and dishwasher temperature too low.



### SHERIDAN SQUARE RESTAURANT

72 Grove Street  
The door frame of the walk-in refrigerator box had a large, open seam, and the basement floor was "littered with rodent bedding paper chewed up." A rat was seen running into a hole in the ceiling.



### THE DECLINE OF THE WEST, ACCORDING TO STEVERINO

Just because former television giant Steve Allen has been reduced to touting a bran-based breakfast cereal (one day we will all no doubt be touting bran-based breakfast cereals), he ought not be denied his perquisites when he's on the road. At least, *he* doesn't think so. SPY has obtained an unsigned memo, printed on Allen letterhead and written in an implausible third-person

*he news media are filled these days with stories about the dire consequences of drugs. Their toll on public health and the social fabric is well known, but one unexamined effect of drugs is on the language—drug abuse has become a pernicious source of addictive metaphors. Consider: once we were fans and enthusiasts with passions and hobbies and pastimes; now we have joneses and habits and fixes.*

"I'm a **news junkie**," says **Don Henley**, who, like many musicians, credits his habit for his creativity. "I watch CNN, network TV news, read newsmagazines, read the papers, and [the music] just comes out."

**Liz Smith** shares his fixation. "The similarities and differences in newscasts is [*sic*] compelling to all **news junkies**," she says, explaining her voracious need for a daily dosage of all three networks' news shows. Similarly afflicted are NBC executive producer **Dick Ebersol**, who once described himself as a "**news junkie**" [who] reads eight newspapers every morning"; *The New Republic's* **Martin Peretz**, who said in a recent column that "Paris is a good place for an American **newspaper addict**"; and Egg man **Hal Rubenstein**, who said of the entire clientele at 150 Wooster, "We're all such **media junkies**."

Another news user was the great journalist **I. F. Stone**. "He has been a **news junkie** since...age 14," *The Washington Post* revealed in 1988. When he died a year later, the *Post's* obituary labeled him a "**political junkie**...[who] never got an even break from the folks who described him." Clearly, Stone's was a classic case of multiple dependencies.

Others hooked on governmental maneuvering include former mayor Koch ("**Edward I. Koch**—attorney, raconteur, author, **political junkie**, gour-

mand..."—*Newsday*); Republican spear-carrier **Robert Dole** and his more successful wife, **Elizabeth** ("[He] married a woman just like him: a career-oriented **political junkie**"—Gannett News Service); **Maureen Reagan** ("Became a **political junkie** when she was a pre-teen"—Gannett); and, astonishingly, **Bob Ley**, a sportscaster on ESPN ("Bob Ley, a **political junkie** at heart, approaches [the] seven-hour NFL draft show as if he were covering one of the national party conventions"—*USA Today*).

There are others with more singular tastes. "I'm a **basketball junkie**," says sports commentator **Dick Vitale**. "I [am] a **weather junkie**," says *Washington Post* columnist **Jonathan Yardley**. "[I'm] a certified **gossip junkie**," admits *Washington Post* literary guy **Charles Monaghan**. *Newsday* columnist **Murray Kempton** says he's "a **junkie** for trials." "I don't mean to insult McDonald's or anything," says tennis player **Michael Chang**, ruing the loss of a match to cheeseburger-linked cramps, "but I was just a bit of a [**junk food**] **junkie**." **William Safire**, employing an *everybody-does-it* rationalization of his problem, says, "We are all **linguistic junkies**."

Recovery is possible. **Mandy Patinkin**, the bathetic singer-actor, is able to say, "I'm less of a **stress junkie**," though he's undoubtedly still taking it one day at a time. But the toughest addiction to kick, apparently, is group therapy. "I was a **support-group addict**," confesses *Washington Post* contributor **Mariflo Stephens**. "I have had to give up smoking. I have had to give up drinking. But nothing compares to giving up support groups."

—Larry Hettleman and Eddie Stern



At Home with the Modeling Clay People





ROCK CZAR.

FOR OVER A CENTURY  
THE REIGNING VODKA.



THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

voice, that very precisely spells out his wants and needs.

## "HOSPITALITY GUIDELINES

1. Mr. Allen has an allergy to cigarette and cigar smoke. I mention this in case it might have some relevance to the individuals who will be working with him. If there are any heavy smokers in the group, it would be well to advise them to do their smoking as far away from Mr. Allen as possible. He is extremely grateful for this consideration and courtesy.

"2. Although Mr. Allen's hosts are generally known for the hospitality they extend, he does not wish anyone to go to the expense of setting up in his hotel suite any kind of hospitality bar.

"Mr. Allen prefers fruit juices—orange juice,\*\* grape juice—and perhaps a supply of grapes, bananas, oranges—that sort of thing. Also, it should be in his suite when he arrives, not sent up hours later, as sometimes happens.

"\*\*I know that Mr. Allen is NOT particularly fond of orange juice made from concentrate. If they have only that kind of orange juice in your town, well, of course, I'm sure he'd rather have that than none at all. But you can get real juice just about anyplace these days, so please do that if you can, and buy the concentrate type only as a last resort.

"Special Note: As may have already come to your attention, there has been a serious collapse of efficiency in America across the board in recent years. We see this reflected in Mr. Allen's personal experience, particularly when he travels. For example, the simple instructions above—having fruit juice and fruit available in his hotel room when he arrives—has [sic], in recent years, only rarely been properly attended to.

"At the risk of sounding dramatic, therefore, I must emphasize the importance of this detail.

"Formerly, employers were able to attend to it by simply giving instructions to a hotel staff, usually the Room

## YOU ARE THERE

SPY's Exclusive Monthly Behind-the-Scenes Celebrity Vignette



SAY "CHEESECLOTH"! It's checkout day at an ultraexclusive southern California clinic and the traffic is a mess! Caught at the side exit after their special checkups, the usually chummy Mr. and Mrs. Motown, Michael Jackson and Diana Ross, go head-to-head in a frenzied battle for limos in their eagerness to escape the flash of the paparazzo bulb. Not many steps behind, tight-as-a-drum Cher, while frantically catching her driver's attention, risks popping a surgeon's stitch.

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEPHEN FRAILEY

## THE SPY TRIP TIP

Visiting the Exxon Valdez



Want to recapture some of the excitement of America's greatest environmental disaster, but don't relish the shallows of Prince William Sound in wintertime? The Exxon Corporation has thoughtfully brought a souvenir of that man-made hell to southern California, already home to the Queen Mary and Howard Hughes's Spruce Goose. Yes, the 211,000-ton Valdez has been floated down from Alaska and stationed in the San

Diego harbor, on the beautiful Pacific coast.

Exxon considerably kept the ship well offshore for two weeks until it had confirmed the discharge of its remaining oil, then anchored it not far from San Diego's ersatz-quaint Seaport Village. Surrounded by a colorful panorama of friendly pleasure craft and naval vessels, the Valdez doesn't seem out of place—if you ignore the 500-foot rupture along her starboard side.

To get a look at the former supertanker, you might try one of the old-fashioned, 25-cent telescopes installed on the harbor—right near the entrepreneur doing brisk business in FUCK EXXON buttons. But to get a better view, drive over to Gate 14 of the National Steel and Shipbuilding Company. Greet the guard and ask him where the best place is to take the kids to see the Valdez; if he's anything like our guard (P. B. Bedford), he'll probably

tell you to back it on out of there. If he does, go one block up the hill to the Burger King; from the parking lot you can see the 987-foot black hulk now surrounded by cranes. (The view from the roof of the Cop-Out topless bar at 30th and Main is also pretty good, and a trip downstairs affords the traveler an opportunity to view members of the U.S. Navy enjoying some traditional shore-leave leisure activity.)

—Hank Rosenfeld





CALVIN KLEIN

HORSE BREEDER, KLEIN, TEXAS

WE'RE TOLD OUR BOOTS ARE PREFERRED BY ROCKERS, CELEBRITIES, MOVIE STARS,  
EVEN PRESIDENTS. THAT NOTION ALWAYS BRINGS A CHUCKLE TO CALVIN.



WORLD FAMOUS HANDCRAFTED BOOTS. EL PASO, TEXAS.  
FOR THE STORE NEAREST YOU, CALL 1-800-44T-LAMA.



## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR OF *THE NEW YORKER*

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

Service department. The day when that sort of instruction could be depended upon is—as I say—apparently long past.

"Accordingly, it will be necessary for you—or someone you designate—to personally supervise this one detail. This means, obviously, that the hotel management office will have to be called—on the day of Mr. Allen's arrival—to make sure that more than one person on the hotel staff is assuming personal responsibility for following up this simple-enough instruction.

"If there is the slightest question in your mind about this, please feel free to discuss the matter with me by phone. Naturally, neither Mr. Allen—or [sic] any other entertainer—ought to have to be personally concerned about making inquiries about such things when he arrives in your city, so I would really appreciate it if you could just arrange to have the juice and fruit waiting in his room, the way it was for many years. Thanks for your attention to this detail.

"3. Mr. Allen prefers his hotel suite to be just a few stories up so that he's out of the sound of traffic, but not up in the top of the hotel. Between the 3rd and 6th floors is preferable. He also asks that the suite be located in a quiet area of the building, away from elevators and ice machines....

"4. A small refrigerator should be placed in Mr. Allen's hotel suite—BEFORE HE ARRIVES—not an hour or two later. So could you please stress that this item should be in the room before he gets there. "THANK YOU!"

### TRANSPORTATION OF THE DAMNED

Most New Yorkers will agree that riding the subways can be depressing. While dirt, noise, crowds and crime no doubt contribute to public dissatisfaction, one element that has been overlooked is the nature of subway advertising. Almost without exception, the placards placed in the trains describe a

SPY periodically publishes Letters to the Editor of The New Yorker because The New Yorker doesn't. Still. Address correspondence to "Dear Bob," c/o SPY, The SPY Building, 5 Union Square West, New York, N.Y. 10003.

DEAR BOB,

Anachronism Alert in Pauline Kael stand-in Terrence Rafferty's review of *Sea of Love*: paragraph four, dedicated initially to ruminations on an AIDS-generation sexual motif, ends with the false, unfortunately expressed assertion that if the character Helen married the character Frank Keller her name "would be" Helen Keller. Fact is, it *could be* so (if this were real life, of course, and not a movie). Though the insight is truly appreciated, Rafferty should get hip to the big picture: *women don't gotta change their names when they get married anymore.*

Hollis Robbins  
Cambridge, Massachusetts

## CELESTIAL HINDSIGHT

SPY's Horoscope for Skeptics



**Subject:** RUDOLPH GIULIANI  
**Sign:** Gemini (b. 5/28/44)  
**Date:** November 7, 1989  
**Notable Activity:** Lost the New York mayoral election

**Horoscope:** "Avoid seeking others' approval."—Usha, *USA Today*

**Subject:** JIM BAKKER

**Sign:** Capricorn (b. 1/2/40)  
**Date:** October 24, 1989

**Notable Activity:** Was sentenced to 45 years in jail for fraud and conspiracy  
**Horoscope:** "Use caution concerning financial investments....Your inner stability will see you through."—Usha, *USA Today*



**Subject:** ZSA ZSA GABOR

**Sign:** Aquarius (b. 2/6/17)

**Date:** October 24, 1989

**Notable Activity:** Was sentenced to three days in jail, fined and ordered to do community service after slapping an L.A. policeman

**Horoscope:** "A delightful week in that not only are you the center of attention...but you are praised and admired for your good works. You're in an opinionated mood, but no one seems to mind."—Wendy Hawks, *National Examiner* —George Mannes



THE  
LIZ SMITH  
TOTE BOARD  
A Monthly Tally

mentioned once every...

Mike Ovitz	4.8
Liz herself	6
Roseanne Barr	6
Malcolm Forbes	6
The Plaza	6
Nancy Reagan	6
Kathleen Turner	6
Tom Brokaw	8
Steve Ross	8
Diane Sawyer	8
Elizabeth Taylor	8
Donald Trump	8
Oprah Winfrey	8
Barry Diller	12
Billy Norwich	12
Jon Bon Jovi	24
Carol Channing	24
Lewis Grossberger	24

...days

## TEN YEARS AGO IN SPY

"Henderson and I then headed over into Oakland to take a look at the neighborhood where he grew up. As we tooled along on the lower deck of I-880, he told me about the kids he used to play sandlot ball with. I don't remember much of what he said, though, because I couldn't stop thinking about all the concrete over my head. When the next big quake hits San Francisco, one thing you definitely don't want to be doing is tooling along on the lower deck of I-880, with or without Rickey Henderson.

One big shake and, man, it's pancake time."

—from "Waiting for Spring Training," by David Owen, SPY, February 1980







# Marlboro

© Philip Morris Inc. 1990

**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING:** Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

17 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

world that is painful, diseased, unemployed, tawdry and desperately delusional. Tour with us a typical car on the IND:

"DRUGS AGAIN! FIRED AGAIN! HOW CAN I ASK MY FAMILY TO UNDERSTAND... AGAIN!" THE DRUG/ALCOHOL HELPLINE (212) 262-2000

"I CAN'T PAY MY DOCTOR BILLS. HOW DO I GET MEDICAID?" CALL THE HRA INFOLINE (718) 291-1900

HAS OWING MONEY BECOME A BAD HABIT? CALL BUDGET & CREDIT COUNSELING SERVICE 677-3066

TOOTH SAVERS DENTAL CENTER OF N.Y.—COMPARE OUR FEES 753-0123

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NO QUERÍA CORRER NINGÚN RIESGO CON MI CARRERA DE BELLEZA—WILFRED BEAUTY ACADEMY 997-0500

IF YOU KNOW OF CORRUPTION IN OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS, RAISE YOUR HAND. CALL 566-7378

INJURED IN AN ACCIDENT? CALL (212) 292-HURT

DO YOU SUFFER FROM FOOT PAIN? FREE CONSULTATION—LASER SURGERY AVAILABLE WORLD TRADE, UPTOWN, MIDTOWN, DOWNTOWN, WALL STREET, BRONX

## FEBRUARY DATEBOOK

### Enchanting and Alarming Events Upcoming

**1 Canned Food Month**—held one month before National Frozen Food Month—aims to "dispel some of the myths about canned foods," according to a spokesperson. "People forget that canned foods can be part of today's life-style." So

the next time your life-style needs a pick-me-up... say yes to canned yams.

**5** On this date in 1951 General Grow, the febrile U.S. military attaché in



Moscow, wrote in his diary, "War! As soon as possible! Now!... Communism must be destroyed!"

**9** The penultimate day of National Cork Board Week, and thus your next-to-last chance to celebrate the

excitement that is the innermost layer of the bark of the *Quercus suber*. A spokesperson for the celebration would not

describe any of the events scheduled to take place, saying, "We are keeping a cork on this year's festivities"—a comment that took off like a rocket ship to the world

of laughter.

**14 Valentine's Day.** This year, play Cupid. Send cards to all your colleagues, but sign someone else's name—and watch those office inhibitions dissolve.

**15** The opening of the Museum of American Folk Art's "Beneath the Ice: The Art of Spearfishing Decoys." Prepare for the rush—try carpooling, or take public transit.

**21-25** The Greater New York Apartment and Home Show at the Jacob K. Javits Convention Center will include an exhibition of "high-end kitchen and bath products"—your chance to see expensive

appliances with which you might use the very cans that you earlier altered your life-style to accommodate.

**26 Bun Day** in Iceland. "Children invade homes in the morning with colorful sticks and receive gifts of whipped cream buns."

**28** The 457th birthday of sixteenth-century French essayist Michel de Montaigne. In Book One of his *Essays*, Montaigne wrote, "And if you have lived a day, you have seen everything. One day is equal to all days." A tired man, that Montaigne, and clearly one who never had access to cable TV. ☷

Walter Monheit's  
**BLURB-O-MAT**

Capsule Movie Reviews by Walter "Dateline: The Copa" Monheit™, the Movie Publicist's Friend



**THE HUNT FOR RED OCTOBER**, starring Alec Baldwin, Sean Connery (Paramount) ☺☺☺

Walter Monheit says, "All hands on deck—the hunt for Alec Baldwin is on, and Oscar's got him in the cross hairs! Anchors aweigh!"

**STANLEY AND IRIS**, starring Jane Fonda, Robert De Niro (MGM/UA) ☺☺☺☺

Walter Monheit says, "A triumph of love, understanding and nitty-gritty, keep-the-dream-alive, you-and-me spirit! De Niro and Fonda teach us a lot about Stanley and Iris—but even more about ourselves!"

**VITAL SIGNS**, starring Adrian Pasdar, Diane Lane (20th Century Fox) ☺☺☺

Walter Monheit says, "Steamy, seamy and hubba-hubba dreamy! If Clara Bow was the 'It' Girl, then Diane Lane is something else altogether—the 'Oooof' girl!"

**MILLER'S CROSSING**, starring Gabriel Byrne (20th Century Fox) ☺☺☺☺

Walter Monheit says, "Begorra, lads and lassies, Gabriel Byrne is the Emerald Isle's most potent export since Guinness Stout! Get the podium ready for Byrne's Crossing—to kiss the Blarney Oscar!" ☷

What the monacles mean: ☺☺☺—excellent; ☺☺☺☺—indisputably a classic



"How come the Irish  
never got  
a salad dressing?"  
MIKE REYNOLDS

"I've always been  
a liar. Well,  
that's not true."

"My parents forced me  
to go to confession  
every week  
and I hated it,  
because we're Jewish."  
HUGH FINK

J.J. WALL

"Having a baby  
is like  
living with a vampire.  
They sleep by day  
and suck the life  
out of you  
at night."  
BOBBY SLAYTON

Sponsored in part  
by Volkswagen.

"My car's so bad  
that when I want to stop,  
I don't need  
to use the brakes.  
I just put the  
air conditioner on."  
PETER FOGEL



**A&E's  
An Evening  
At  
the Improv**



Every Weeknight  
at 11:00 PM ET



## LOGROLLING IN OUR TIME

### THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

"SOME PEOPLE TELL US THEY DIDN'T REALIZE THAT WE TREAT SEXUALLY TRANSMITTED DISEASE..." THE PEOPLE AT PLANNED PARENTHOOD.

PREGNANT? WE CAN HELP. LINCOLN WOMEN'S SERVICES—OBSTETRICS, GYNECOLOGY, ABORTION

LA VIDA NO TERMINA CUANDO COMIENZA EL CÁNCER. HASTA QUE LLEGUE LA CURA NOSOTROS OFRECEMOS EL CUIDADO. 302-2400

TALK TO US ABOUT HIV (AIDS) TESTING NEAR YOU. 1-718-485-8111. THE AIDS HOTLINE

970-2468 HOT CLASSIFIEDS  
540-SOAP SOAP OPERA UPDATES  
540-2121 BLACKJACK

9 RACES A DAY PUT YOU ON CLOUD 9—AQUEDUCT

"I'D PRODUCE A BROADWAY SHOW. STARRING ME." NEW YORK LOTTO—ALL YOU NEED IS A DOLLAR AND A DREAM

By contrast, the placards in a typical car on one of the commuter trains that run up the Hudson advertise a condominium complex, a mutual fund, the Trump Shuttle, the Pan Am Shuttle, Famous Grouse scotch and the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

### CONGRESSIONAL PRIVILEGE

Here are a few more items available at the Capitol stationery stores, whose clientele is limited to our insulated elected officials and staff. The figure on the left is the price of the item at the Capitol stores; on the right, the price at stores where regular folk shop:

Legal pad . . . . .	\$1.60/\$2.29
Ball of twine . . . . .	\$1.60/\$3.79
Frozen yogurt . . . . .	\$.65/\$1.80
Mont Blanc Rollerball pen . . . . .	\$75.00/\$99.00
Kodacolor Gold 100 film . . . . .	\$3.37/\$5.19
Pack of Tums . . . . .	\$.50/\$.87
Webster's thesaurus . . . . .	\$8.50/\$12.95
Large Elmer's glue . . . . .	\$.85/\$1.13
Manicure . . . . .	\$5.00/\$13.00
Women's haircut . . . . .	\$12.00/\$17.00

"Kellerman is also unusually good at making his characters genuine humans."

—Tony Hillerman on Jonathan Kellerman's *Silent Partner*

"Tight, elegant writing, vivid characters, a hauntingly beautiful sense of place."

—Kellerman on Hillerman's *Skinwalkers*

"There have been many biographies of Winston Churchill but this...strikes me as the best."

—William L. Shirer on William Manchester's *The Last Lion*

"Absolutely superb.... A penetrating insight into one of the most complex men in world history."

—Manchester on Shirer's *Gandhi*

"At the age of 84, Graham Greene remains, as V. S. Pritchett said, 'one of the two or three living novelists who really count.'"

—Brian Moore on Graham Greene's *The Captain and the Enemy*

"I was delighted to get the proofs of Brian Moore's novel. He is my favorite living novelist."

—Greene on Moore's *The Great Victorian Collection*  
—Howard Kaplan

## SEPARATED AT BIRTH?



Abe Rosenthal...



and Joe Flynn?



Book publisher Howard Kaminsky...



and Yogi Berra?



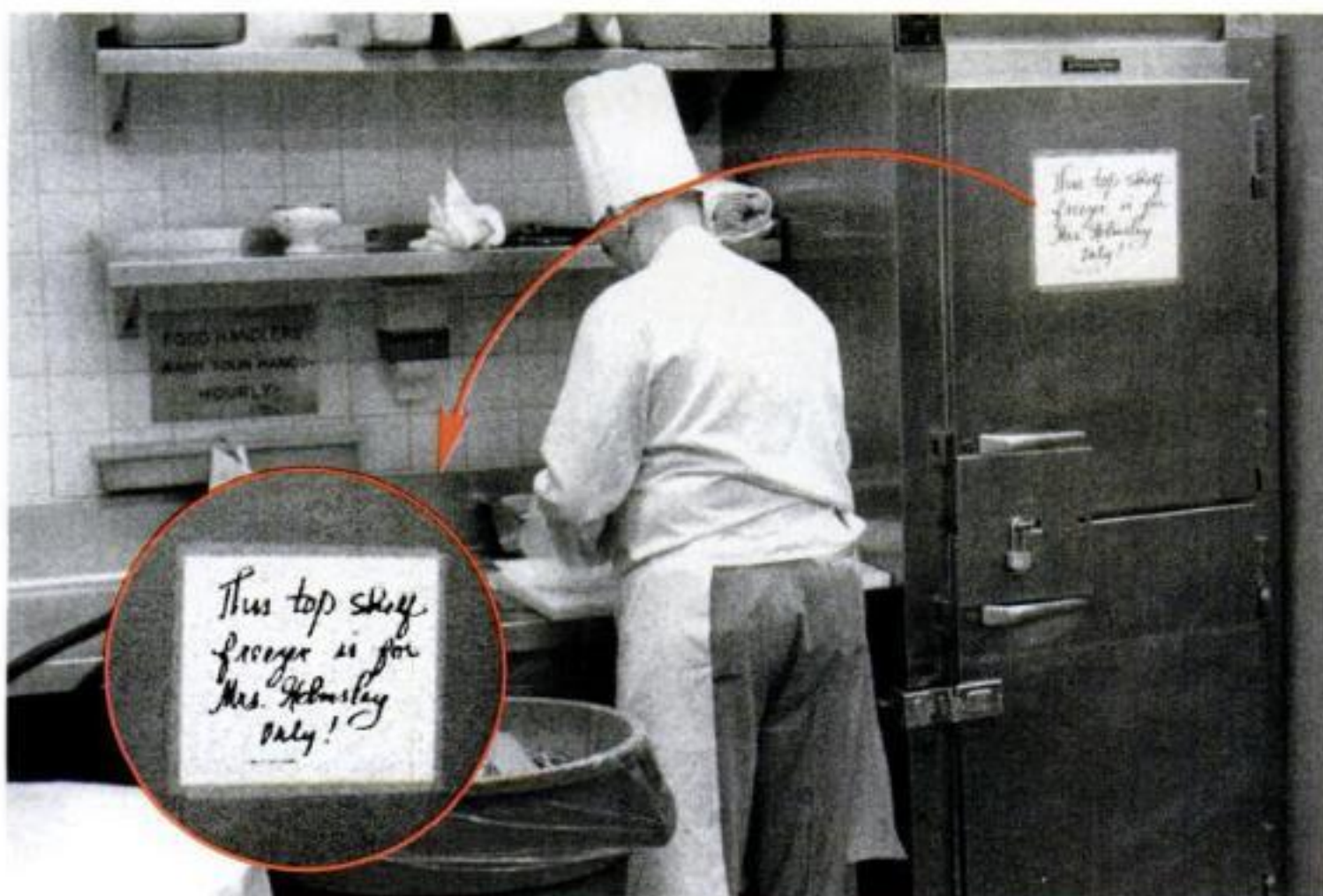
Zubin Mehta...



and Howie Mandel?

## WHO WILL STAND GUARD OVER THE QUEEN'S REFRIGERATOR WHEN A FEDERAL BUREAU OF PRISONS EMPLOYEE IS STANDING GUARD OVER THE QUEEN?

A glimpse of the Helmsley Palace's kitchen, circa November 1989



## WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Our Monthly Anagram Analysis

VICE PRESIDENT  
ISN'T PERCEIVED

DANIEL ORTEGA  
LIED TO REAGAN

SENATOR JESSE HELMS  
ASSHOLE MEN'S JESTER

SHIRLEY LORD  
DRY EROS HILL

THE REVEREND  
AL SHARPTON  
OH, DAN RATHER  
NEVER SLEPT

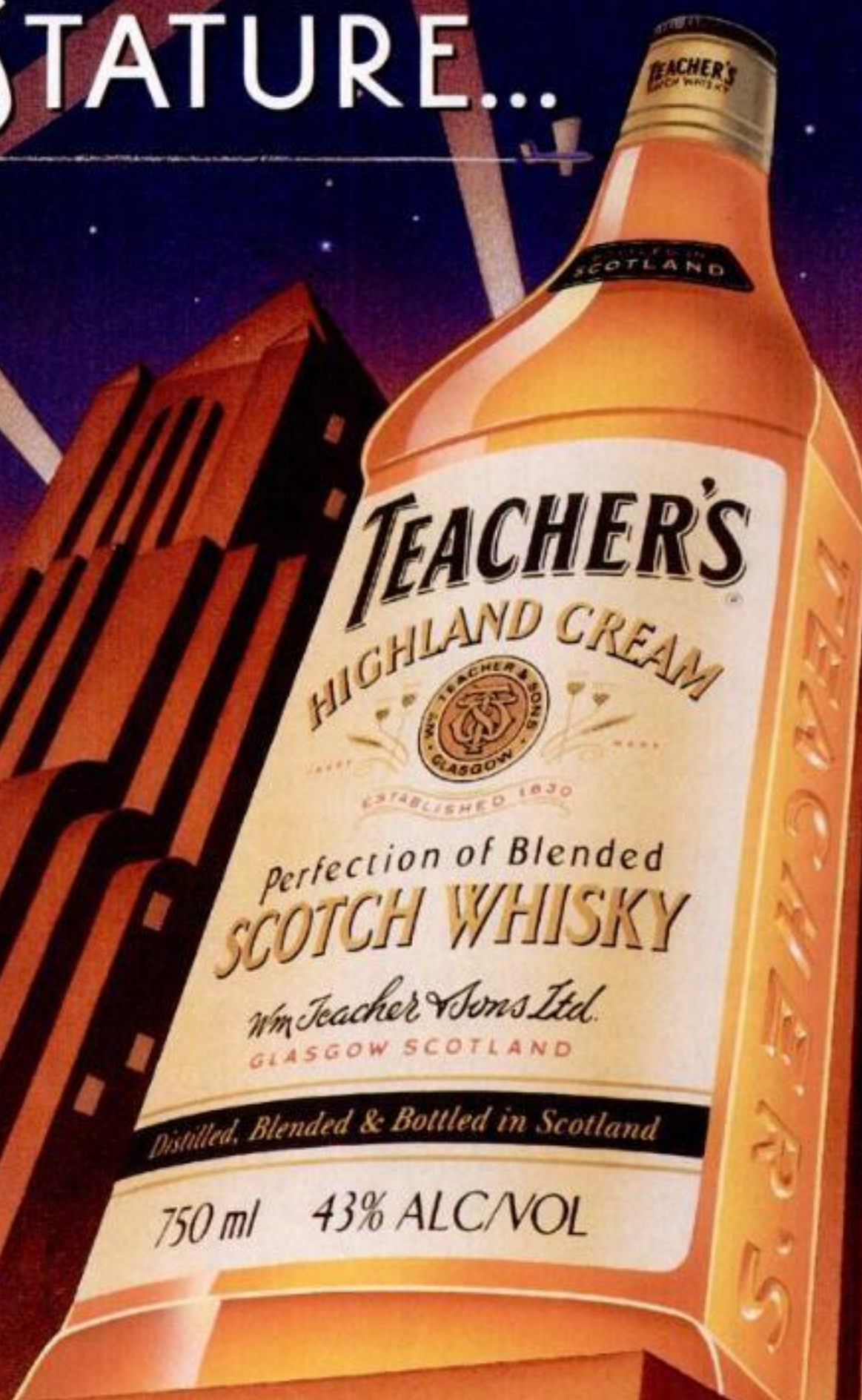
—Andy Aaron



ORDINARY PROPORTION OF SINGLE MALT WHISKIES ASSURES ITS EXCEPTIONAL SCOTCH CHARACTER

CONTAINS 45% SINGLE MALT WHISKIES • THIS EXTRAORDINARY

THE SCOTCH  
WITH STATURE...



TEACHER'S  
SCOTCH



## BORN TO RUN UP ONSTAGE AND JOIN US FOR THIS LAST NUMBER

A Brief History of Bruce Springsteen's Compulsive Stage Hogging—as Chronicled Compulsively in Rolling Stone



Over the years, *Rolling Stone* and Bruce Springsteen have developed a cozy relationship. Indeed, prior to becoming the Boss's producer and manager, Jon Landau was an editor at the magazine for many years—as was Springsteen's official hagiographer, Dave Marsh, whose wife, Barbara Carr, is Landau's assistant. But nothing has been quite so consistently intimate as the magazine's coverage (in its Random Notes section) of those entirely spontaneous, supersurprising guest appearances that the Boss is fond of making at other people's concerts. At the Stone Pony, for instance—the club is Springsteen's favorite Jersey shore venue—the Boss has been good-naturedly upstaging other acts for years (in fact, one of the shore clubs he used to play was actually called the Upstage). And yet the novelty of impromptu Springsteen concerts has not worn thin, for as a Stone Pony spokesman points out, "It's always kind of magic when he gets up there." Perhaps that's why, out of a total of 133 such appearances since 1974 (plus 2 with street musicians in Denmark),\* Random Notes editors have seen fit to write about 29—or roughly 21 percent. (Note: comparative figures weren't available for Random Notes' coverage of Donovan's surprise concert appearances.) *Even more fascinating*, however, is the richness of descriptive language evoked by these singular events:

### Sometimes Bruce Just "Joins" In

10/2/80: "Springsteen...recently...*joined*\*\* Jackson Browne onstage...Afterward, Browne tried to lead the crowd in [a] 'Bruuuuce!' chant....The L.A. crowd, however, didn't catch on."

9/1/83: "Springsteen *joined* a bar band, Diamonds, at the Stone Pony...for an impromptu set of rock & roll standards."

5/9/85: During a Neil Young concert, Bruce "*joined in* on a twenty-minute version of Neil's 'Down by the River.'"

9/10/87: "Bruce Springsteen was recently back...with an unannounced blitz....He *joined* the band Jah Love for a reggae version of 'Born in the U.S.A.'"

8/10/89: "Bruce Springsteen is back to his old stage-hopping tricks...*joining* Killer Joe Delia's band...."

8/24/89: "You'd hardly expect to find Jackson Browne...in Atlantic City....For his encore of 'Stay,' Browne was *joined* by Bruce Springsteen, who remained onstage."

11/2/89: "Bruce Springsteen celebrated his fortieth birthday at the Stone Pony....He *joined* Jimmy Cliff onstage....Cliff then led the crowd...in singing 'Happy Birthday.'"

11/16/89: "On the eve of his fortieth birthday, Bruce Springsteen...*joined* Jimmy Cliff...onstage to sing Cliff's 'Trapped.'"

### Other Times, He More Spontaneously "Pops," "Turns," "Shows" or Simply "Comes" Up Onstage

5/9/85: "Bruce Springsteen often *turns up* onstage to jam with new acts, but this time he *popped up*...during a Neil Young concert."

7/3/86: "After John [Eddie]...started gigging in Jersey-shore clubs, Springsteen started *showing up*, often doing a number or two with him."

9/10/87: "Bruce...jammed with Marshall Crenshaw....'Some guy from the Stone Pony asked us if we were planning on having Bruce *come up* and play. I didn't know what to do.' Crenshaw eventually marshaled the courage....'It was really cool.'"

1/28/88: "[Paul] Simon had *shown up* unannounced...at the [Harry] Chapin tribute [where Bruce also played]. A week later, Springsteen *did the same* at Simon's Madison Square Garden concert....Turns out Simon had recruited him...."

### Occasionally, However, the Situation Demands That Bruce Actually "Take the Stage"

5/24/84: "Springsteen recently *took to the stage* of his favorite Jersey club, the Stone Pony, where he reeled off an unusual assortment of cover tunes."

4/20/89: "Bruce Springsteen...brought Patti Scialfa to a party for boxer Ray 'Boom Boom' Mancini at [Mickey] Rourke's club, Rubber. Springsteen *took the stage* with the house band to sing 'C.C. Rider.'"

5/4/89: "Bruce Springsteen, who recently *took the stage* at the L.A. club Rubber to sing 'C.C. Rider' with the house band, the Mighty Hornets, is on the West Coast with Patti Scialfa."

8/10/89: "Bruce Springsteen is back to his old stage-hopping tricks...*taking the stage* with Bobby Bandiera."

### Once Bruce Even "Got Up" Onstage

12/11/80: "[Phil] Hamilton invited [Bruce] down to catch [Hamilton's band] that night...and to Hamilton's utter astonishment, the Boss showed....Finally, Springsteen *got up onstage*."

### And on One Occasion, Bruce Actually Found Himself the Object, Rather Than the Subject, of the Very Carefully Selected Verb

11/20/86: "Neil Young...told the crowd..., 'I'd like to *bring out my friend Bruce* to do one with me.'"

### But Whatever the Case, Whether Bruce is "Joining" a Fellow Superstar Onstage or Simply "Showing Up" for a Song or Two With Some Lucky Second-Stringer, You Can Be Sure That the Event Is Always Completely Spur-of-the-Moment

9/21/89: "During Ringo Starr's recent show...Starr announced that there were some friends waiting in the wings. With that, Bruce Springsteen appeared onstage."

—David Kamp and Bob Mack

ADDENDUM: *Rolling Stone's* Springsteen coverage recently reached a new level of intensity with a full-page recapitulation of the star's 1989 year-in-stage-hogging. The photo-packed article rereported Springsteen's appearances with Delia, Young, Bandiera and Browne ("joined," "turned up onstage with," "join[ed]" and "joined," respectively) while offering belated, never-before-published accounts of Bossian jams with Nils Lofgren; Gary U.S. Bonds, La Bamba and the Hubcaps and Cats on a Smooth Surface; and the Fabulous Greaseband ("showed up during [Lofgren's] gig," "played with," and "played...with"). Employing a sort of wistful coda, the magazine tacked on an account of a rare, unrealized Springsteen cameo: "Rumors he *would join* New Kids on the Block for a set of Creedence covers proved false."

\*As listed in the recently published *Backstreets: Springsteen: The Man and His Music*, by Charles R. Cross and the editors of *Backstreets* magazine. \*\*Italics ours throughout.



## THERE'S A KIND OF HUSH

Treatments for Four Short Films About Mimes

I. A tired woman is trudging past the Metropolitan Museum of Art. As she lights a cigarette, she notices a jauntily self-assured mime "moonwalking" backward toward her, getting nearer with every step. A sprinkling of smiling spectators are watching him from the museum steps. When the mime reaches the woman, he stops, pulls the cigarette out of her mouth and, pantomiming an I-told-you-about-this-before lecture, throws it to the ground with elaborate gestures of distaste. The spectators laugh and applaud, whereupon the mime breaks into a huge grin and takes a lengthy bow. The woman draws a large handgun from deep within her purse and shoots the mime dead.

II. A mime standing in front of a construction site stumbles upon a startlingly original gambit: he gets directly behind passersby and copies their every gesture and movement, to comic effect. At lunch-

time some of the construction workers head across the street for sandwiches and coffee, and the mime seizes upon this opportunity to mirror *them*. Later that afternoon a power tool, previously unseen by the mime, jumps to fiery life and cleaves the little performer in two.

III. A harried businessman, clearly late for an appointment, hurries down a street in midtown. A mime who has been imitating him for half a block grabs the man's briefcase and, walking along briskly beside him, opens it. He then starts to pull items out of it and make loopy, exaggerated expressions. The businessman runs 50 feet directly ahead and removes the cover of a manhole at the crossing. The businessman grabs his briefcase just as the mime plunges to his death.

IV. A young woman watches a mime whose repertoire consists entirely of ap-

proaching people in the crowd, pulling imaginary objects out of their ears, enacting an elaborate series of vague and incomprehensible gestures and then pantomiming *Voilà!* She stays after the crowd disperses and asks the mime politely what on *earth* he has been doing; his only response is to pull an imaginary object out of her ear, enact an elaborate series of vague and incomprehensible gestures and then pantomime *Voilà!* The young woman asks again about the meaning of his performance; the mime goes into his routine once more, this time pulling the object out of his *own* ear. The woman starts to sob. The mime talks, telling her not to worry, that she must learn to trust the silences, that what makes us sad is often what makes us happy, and that that is the magic of mime. But he uses the French pronunciation, *meem*. Just then a piano plummets from the sky and crushes his fragile skull.

—Henry Alford



## TORCH SINGERS AFTER COUNSELING



"...Yeah, he done me wrong, but I got over it....I had it bad, but I'm better now...."

## SPY SALUTES THE STARS OF TOMORROW TODAY



PETER MELTON  
869-3050



**SPY:** What is your greatest strength as a performer?

**Peter Melton, Star of Tomorrow:** My incredible eyes. They pop. Sometimes I'll be singing an aria and they'll pop without my wanting them to. ☺



## GO EAST, OLD ACTORS

The Rising Sun Welcomes Falling Stars



We all know that the American character is blissfully ethnocentric. Consider the willingness of Hollywood stars to do things for money in such out-of-the-way places as Japan that they would never deign to do here in the States—like make commercial endorsements. High-integrity artists such as George Lucas and Mickey Rourke, for example, happily advertise merchandise in Japan (Lucas, Panasonic electronics; Rourke, Suntory Reserve whiskey). An even cheesier career move, however, is to act. More and more, fading Hollywood stars, like aging baseball players who prolong their careers by playing in the less demanding Japanese leagues, are finding work in second- and third-rate Japanese films.

Among those who have journeyed east are the late Vic Morrow, Troy Donahue and Peter Fonda. Morrow was paid \$40,000 (plus, as in nearly all deals discussed here, very generous expenses) to star in the 1978 *Star Wars* knockoff *Uchu Kara No Messeji* (*Message from Space*). Donahue earned \$47,000 for his role in the 1987 feature *Hyoryu Kyoshitsu* (*The Drifting Classroom*), in which he plays a teacher who is transported, along with his students, to a future world of sand dunes and what appear to be seven-foot-tall cockroaches. Fonda, always the least blessed of his acting family, starred in the 1983 movie *Daijobu, Mai Fureendo* (*All Right, My Friend*) as an extraterrestrial, Gonzy Traumerai, a creature who can destroy a spacecraft by masturbating on it. Gonzy can do this, he explains in the film, because his ejaculate moves at speeds that can blow the head off any earthwoman with whom he has sex. In the climactic scene, power-mad earthlings have captured Gonzy—whose superhuman strength they have temporarily sapped by exposing him to tomatoes—and are eager to clone him in order to create a master race. Gonzy's captors grant him a last request. He opts for a self-administered handjob, the havoc-wreaking consequences of which allow him and his confederates to escape. Fonda was paid \$315,000 for his work,

but his star-powered onanism did not prove much of a draw, and the film earned only \$1.3 million.

Realizing a much better return on his investment was Haruki Kadokawa, the producer of films based on best-selling novels published by a book company he inherited from his father. In 1977 Kadokawa paid George Kennedy \$40,000 to star as a New York City police detective in *Ningen No Shomei* (*Proof of the Man*). In the film, Kennedy teams up with a Japanese detective who, it turns out, is the son of

a man who a quarter of a century before was beaten to death and then urinated upon by American soldiers in occupied Japan, one of whom—

get this—was Kennedy. As though this weren't enough, Kennedy ends up getting stabbed to death by

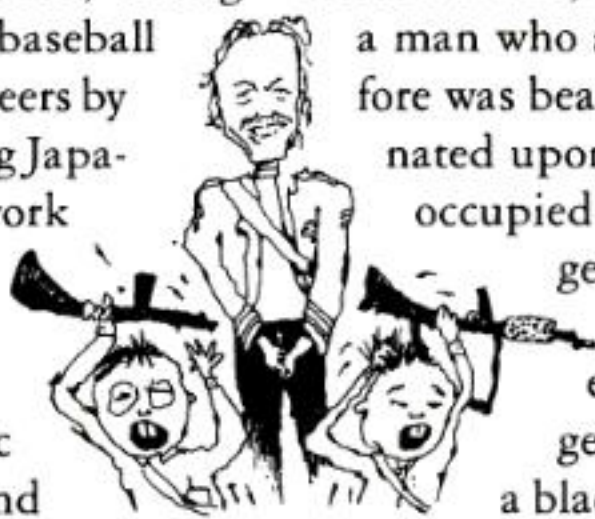
a black man who shouts, "Japanese-lover!" (there being few sights more inflammatory to a resident of Harlem, of course, than a white and an Asian working together to solve a murder case). The success of *Ningen No Shomei*—with \$17.3-million in earnings, it still ranks as one of the 20 biggest Japanese-made money-makers ever—is variously attributed to the desire of Japanese filmgoers to see Academy Award winner Kennedy (actually, his double) urinate on one of their countrymen; to Academy Award winner Broderick Crawford's cameo as Kennedy's Jap-hating superior; and to a saturation ad campaign that featured the English sentence "Kiss me, Mammy."

Kadokawa hired Kennedy again, in 1980, to appear in *Fukkatsu No Hi* (*Virus*), a box office smash that held the record until 1988 as the country's most expensive production (\$18.8 million) and is still generally regarded as the most "star"-studded, with performances by Chuck Connors, Robert Vaughn, Bo Svenson, Glenn Ford, Olivia Hussey and Henry Silva. (But Kadokawa is no prisoner of the star mentality; in 1979 he gave the relatively unknown Edward James Olmos about \$20,000 and an equally generous

33rd-place billing in *Hakuchu No Shikaku* [*Showdown in Broad Daylight*], in which the subsequently Emmy-winning and Oscar-nominated Olmos got to play the money-hungry secretary of a Salvadoran diplomat.) Though *Fukkatsu No Hi* shows Earth being devastated by both deadly germs and nuclear weapons, the film manages to impart a sense of hope with Janis Ian's theme song, "Toujours Gai, Mon Cher," and the frequently repeated line of dialogue "Life is wonderful."

Although that sentiment seems tailor-made for delivery by the star of *It's a Wonderful Life*, James Stewart was already busy acting in another 1980 production, *Afuri-ka Monogatari* (*A Tale of Africa*). Living in Dr. Doolittle-ish harmony with a horde of animals in Kenya, Stewart and his granddaughter are visited by an amnesiac pilot who falls in love with the young woman and eventually begins a new life with her. This curiously *Out of Africa*-like romance is unfortunately interrupted by a surprise visit from the pilot's long-forgotten fiancée, who shoots him in the back with a tranquilizer gun. Stewart, grizzled and manifestly ill at ease around his animal costars, earned \$275,000 for the film.

Somewhat incongruously, two down-on-their-luck performers noted for erotically daring films of the 1970s found employment in an industry prohibited by law from showing full frontal nudity. *Yoroppa Tokkyu* (*Trans-Europe Express*), a loose remake of *Roman Holiday*, features a dispirited Maria Schneider not in the Audrey Hepburn role of the runaway princess but as a friend—a *Parisian* friend, to be sure—of the film's hero. Harry Reems (*Deep Throat*, *The Devil in Miss Jones*) received \$55,000—\$12,000 more than Schneider—to star in the frothy *Ikenie No Onnatachi* (*Sacrificed Women*) as Mr. Harry, a U.S. Department of Defense employee who, implausibly, goes to Japan for a penis-enlarging operation. Things did not work out; the film was a box office disappointment, and Reems complained that cultural hang-ups about large penises kept him from meeting Japanese women. —James Bailey







# *Mexican Magic*

The classic Equipale furniture made by craftsmen in Mexico for over 600 years, takes on a new life of its own with the application of the colors and designs of the Great Southwest. Twenty seven colors to choose from. Chairs range from \$240 to \$390, tables from \$440 to \$620. Other furniture pieces are available. Bring the colors and the feelings of "THE NEW WEST" into your home or office. Custom colors and designs are our speciality. To order, or for more information and a free color brochure, call 1-214-943-9102

*Red Dog  
Trading Company*

1341 PLOWMAN DALLAS, TEXAS 75203



## ONLY THE SLIGHTLY IMPERFECT NEED APPLY

*A Scientific Look at the Deeply Self-Satisfied World of Personal Ads*

In the early days of personal classified advertising, editors may have puzzled over whether to put the ads in the For Sale or the Help Wanted section. In the last decade or so, though, personal ads have become a publishing institution. Which suggests that there has been an explosion in the number of self-described "witty," "smart," "original," "creative" people who unfortunately don't have the time to be witty, smart, original or creative, at least in the personal ads they write.

The vast personal-ad landscape is like Lake Wobegon—where all the women are strong and the men good-looking. But the specific nature of the superiority varies from publication to publication. To simplify the process of finding a mate while checking the movie listings, we fed 60 ads seeking men and 60 ads seeking women into a powerful computer and came up with the archetypal personal ad for each of three publications we intend to look at when we begin to feel "hungry for commitment."\*

### **New York Magazine**

**SUCCESSFUL MD**—35, handsome, fit, gentle, likes theater and fine dining, seeks attractive, intelligent, caring woman for serious relationship. Photo, please.

**FUN-LOVING, SLIM, BRIGHT**—Female professional, 42, very pretty, loves good music, seeks warm Jewish man, 39–53, with sense of humor, for a committed relationship. Photo.

### **The New York Review of Books**

**HANDSOME PROFESSOR**—DWM, 47, NYC area, warm, enjoys classical music and ballet. I seek a bright, loving, very attractive woman, 35–45, for a sincere, evolving relationship.

**ATTRACTIVE, SMART PROFESSIONAL**—SWF, 43, loves life and the arts, seeks divorced or widowed man, 45–55, with a good sense of humor who enjoys music. For mutual support through life's daily struggles.

### **The Village Voice**

**SWM businessman**, 38, 5'10", handsome, sincere, enjoys traveling. Seeks warm F, 25–35, for intimate encounters. Photo, please.

**SWF, 32, tall, attractive, bright and affectionate**. Seeks sincere, intelligent SM for growing & challenging relationship. Photo, please.

—Seth Roberts

\*Each average is based on 20 randomly selected ads. First, the contents of each ad were reduced to five categories: Me, You, Age, Us (what we will do together) and Reply (the type of reply desired). Then the contents of these categories were sorted into narrower subcategories. The Me and You categories, for instance, were each sorted into Résumé, Looks, Personality, Likes and Other. Then, wherever possible, the subcategories were divided. The contents of Résumé were sorted into Marital Status, Religion, Race, Job, Income, Smoking Status, Education and so on; Looks was divided into Overall Attractiveness, Shape, Height and so on; Personality was divided into Intelligence, Sense of Humor, Confidence, Psychiatric Status, Treatment of Others, Energy, Social Intelligence, Politics and Other. When the sorting was finished, the average number of items in each of the broadest categories (Me, You, etc.) was determined. Then, the average number of items in each subcategory (Résumé, etc.) was determined. Then, for each subcategory, the most popular subsubcategories were chosen, based on the average number of items per ad in the subcategory. For each of the chosen subsubcategories, the most frequent or the median item was determined. Warning: Doing such calculations in a café may be embarrassing.

## 'GLENN CLOSE LOOK-ALIKE SEEKS MICHAEL DOUGLAS TYPE'

*Lines from Actual New York Personal Ads We Never Answered*

"[I'm a] Prince Charles look-alike"

"[I have a] Roseanne Barr type of body"

"[I'm a] Charles Bronson look-alike"

"[I'm] supposedly a cuter Donald Sutherland type"

"Punch... seeks Manhattan Judy"

"[I have] MTV's Mark Goodman's looks"

"[I'm] compared frequently with Liza Minnelli"

"Jewish 'Ken'... looking for 'Barbie'"

"Cerebral Italian Tarzan... seeks intellectual Jane"

"Goldilox seeks Beardless Jewish Bear"

"Sweet Potato seeks Couch Potato"

"[I'm a] Herman Munster look-alike"

"Cybill Shepherd look-alike... seeks her Addison"

"Loni Anderson look-alike—looking for my Burt Reynolds"

"Totie Fields is back"

"[I'm a] Dustin Hoffman clone (only taller)"

"I'm an aggressive, body-building Bette Midler"

"Female Robinson Crusoe—seeks her man Friday"

"[I have] Billy Joel looks"

"[I'm a] Garry Shandling clone"

"Popeye looking for Olive"

"[I'm an] Arthur Miller look-alike"

"[I'm a] Female Malcolm Forbes"

—Charles Kadoo



## TODAY I MET THE PR

Unpleasant things happen when you start placing personal ads. Just look at the example of Ellen Barkin and Al Pacino in

<b>Name, address</b>	Together—The Happy Dating Service, 51 East 42nd Street
<b>Year company started</b>	1974
<b>Slogan or motto</b>	"The simple solution for selective people"
<b>Ambience</b>	LITE-FM and cigarette smoke permeating a cramped one-room office
<b>Client age</b>	18–80
<b>Client pool</b>	10,000
<b>Cost of service</b>	\$250
<b>What you get</b>	Two-month membership, during which you meet 4–12 people; monthly newsletter, <i>Get Together</i> , containing personals and restaurant business cards
<b>Criteria for making a match</b>	How compatible people are, how well personalities mix
<b>Prior to the first date, what does the client know about the other person?</b>	Everything
<b>Company success rate</b>	"Sixty percent love us, 20 percent like us a lot, 10 percent could take us or leave us and 10 percent hate us"
<b>Annual profits</b>	"We don't know"
<b>Has AIDS helped business?/Do you test for sexually transmitted diseases?</b>	Yes/No, "but we do ask"
<b>Who are your competitors?</b>	"There's not really a dating service we compete with. We're not in competition. We do our own thing"
<b>Keys to a successful date</b>	Be enthusiastic, have an open mind, be expressive, don't talk long-term
<b>Favorite euphemism or quirky phrase</b>	"I don't know, there are so many little things. I mean, I guess there are, like, personal jokes, but not really like, like a phrase"
<b>What they aren't</b>	Live-in moms; an escort service



# GREENED, INTUITIVELY CORRECT, COMPATIBLE CONNECTION I'M GOING TO MARRY



*Sea of Love*, or Caroline Aaron in *Crimes and Misdemeanors*. Not wishing to put RICHARD THAU through a similar expe-

rience for the sake of a story, we sent him around to some of Manhattan's professional yentas to see what they had to offer

the unattached public. Then we reined him in before any business resulted so that he could compile this guide.

People Resources, 119 West 57th Street	Field's Exclusive Service, 41 East 42nd Street	Helena V.I.P., 400 Madison Avenue (at 47th Street)	Brunch Buddies for Gay Men & Women, 22 East 17th Street	Godmothers, 25 Central Park West (at 63rd Street)
1981	1920	1967	1984	1978
"We are remarkable single people"	"Field is the old-fashioned matchmaker"	"The Rolls-Royce of her profession" and "The bottom line is marriage"	"All you have to pick up is the phone"	"What is success without romance?"
A library furnished by an early-eighties interior decorator	Probably the same as it was 30 years ago	Impeccably decorated office tainted only by Orwellian portraits of proprietor Helena	Dimly lit, prewar-looking single room located at the end of a labyrinthine hallway	Teddy Roosevelt's Oyster Bay living room if he were alive to decorate it today
25-65	"Age is a number. Okay, 18-100"	20-70	18-68	28-55
3,000	60,000	25,000 worldwide	2,000 men; 1,200 women	350
"Affordable"	\$25-\$250	\$5,500	\$150	\$2,000
Access to self-selection process of choosing a mate; museum tours; clothes-painting parties; wine-and-cheese gatherings; videotape of self	As many introductions as you need until you meet the right person	Personal profile; handwriting analysis; interview by a psychologist; unlimited introductions; exclusive parties thrown on Helena's office terrace	Four months' worth of call-ins that provide you with the numbers of at least three people each time you call; invitations to get-togethers at comedy clubs	Five introductions in one year; four seminars (previous ones included "Relationships," "Fitness," "New Tax Laws" and "Learning Languages Over the Phone")
Self-selection: clients look through color-coded books for their ideal companion (blue books for men, pink for women)	"They tell me what they want and I use my own common sense"	Similar education, profession, religion	"Mostly intuition"; physical traits and common interests taken into account	Age, background, previous marital status, religion, interests, qualities they want in the other person, similar looks
Three pages of autobiographical text; three to five minutes' worth of "lighthearted" video; knowledge of the other's likes and dislikes	All details	Everything, basically	First name, telephone number and a brief description	Everything, but client can't see a photograph first
"We get a lot of wedding invitations"; 25 percent growth last year	"People are getting married all over"	More than 8,000 marriages	"The vast majority have met one person they're interested in"	"A couple hundred weddings, but that is not our goal. Our goal is for terrific people to meet one another"
Can't give that out	"I eat"	"Ask my accountant"	"Not a fortune"	Not for public knowledge
Yes; more people do not want to take a chance/No; "We don't promote sexual relationships"	Yes/No; "I don't run a hospital"	Yes/Sort of; a doctor's clean bill of health is required	Runs a special service for HIV-positives/No; "We take people at their word"	Yes/No; "These are adults. I hope they're responsible"
Helena V.I.P., One-to-One; "I don't think we have a competitor similar to us"	"I have no competitors. I am unique in this business, and the public knows it"	"I have no competition"	"Buddies, in Connecticut, which is not really a competitor because they charge a phenomenal amount of money"	"I don't see us being in competition with anyone else"
"What is a successful date?"	"Let nature do the work"	Communication	Be open-minded, think of the first encounter as a meeting and not a date, meet during the day	Openness, relaxation; "Don't be so serious on the first date"
"Remarkable single people"	"Marriageable commodities"	"V.I.P. marriage material"	"Take a deep breath"	"We put you in the presence of someone wonderful in your precious free time"
A dating service	A business	A dating service	A sex service or an escort service	A psychic





Arthur



Max



Abe

**T**ruth be told, the faceless timeservers who operate the levers at the paper of record are given to taking themselves mighty darn seriously. And when they decant themselves into their workday worsteds and head down to the paper's gray West 43rd Street fortress each morning, they do so with the comforting knowledge that their cowed underlings are paid to take them mighty darn seriously, too. History has demonstrated that those willing to subject themselves to a lifetime of mortification and bum-kissing rise swiftly through the ranks. How else to explain the careers of Arthur "O'Neill" Gelb and his chief bum-kissee, former executive editor Abe Rosenthal?

*Times* reporters and editors who are simply unable or unwilling to spend much of their day brownnosing their supposed betters find themselves, regardless of their talents, shunted off to do-nothing tasks on the Metropolitan News desk, or writing arts-coverage filler, or just stagnating in the jobs they were ostensibly hired for. There was, for instance, Albert Scardino, a Pulitzer winner prior to joining the *Times* and by most accounts charming, funny, clever, principled and talented—qualities, in other words, that set him well apart from the people he was working for. Scardino unfortunately had a fatal flaw, one that would forever doom him in the eyes of his superiors: he recognized many of them for the bland nincompoops they are and was unable to mask his contempt.

As a result, Scardino never quite fit in at the paper, and for the last couple of years of his four-year tenure his editors, led by assistant managing editor John Lee, encouraged his departure. Scardino talked to the editors of *Time*, among other potential employers, meanwhile turning

out serviceable stories on the media for the *Times*. One such piece led to a telling and inadvertently funny Editors' Note that served only to further sour Scardino's relationship with his employers. In a story on the Janet Malcolm-Joe McGinniss mess of last year, Scardino had included the following sentence: "Given [most reporters'] financial and social status, few of them would ever be invited to participate in the councils of government or big business; but because they operate the spotlights, they are invited to the big events."

Precisely the sort of spirited, insightful prose one would expect from a newspaper with plans of becoming a feature-driven national daily, as executive editor Max Frankel explained to staff members in two endless meetings last year. (When, at one of these meetings, Ari Goldman, a religion reporter, asked how the *Times* was going to handle actual news, Frankel grew sullen and silent and drifted off to a corner of the room while one of his deputies fielded the question.) Two days after Scardino's Malcolm-McGinniss piece appeared, a bloodless Max-ordered Editors' Note was published, disavowing the aforementioned passage. "Such generalizations," the note said, "were not supported by any data. They should have been attributed to those who espouse them, or omitted."

The note is fairly typical of Frankel's behavior these days, for he has increasingly taken to castigating his reporters through Editors' Notes or, occasionally, damning memos about them that he orders posted on the newsroom bulletin board. When the *New York Post* and the *Daily News* ran stories that had Scardino (while still working at the *Times*) conferring once with David Dinkins during last year's mayoral cam-

paign and twice with Dinkins's campaign manager, Frankel rushed into print a memo on Scardino's actions, its facts drawn almost entirely from what had appeared in the *Post* and the *News*—newspapers never known for the scrupulousness of their reporting. (Linda Greenhouse, the *Times*'s Supreme Court reporter, had marched in the huge spring pro-abortion rally in Washington, news of which also reached Frankel last year. Max was properly furious with Greenhouse but refrained from issuing one of his trademark memorandums.) When Scardino went to Frankel to complain about the memo, Frankel, rather than rescinding the missive, simply told him to post one of his own, which the reporter did. Frankel ignored the self-defense when he helped compose the ensuing Editors' Note, which ended, "Let there be no doubt, however, that such a clear violation of our policy would have provoked disciplinary action [had Scardino stayed around to be punished]." So angry was Scardino that he confided to friends his intention to sue the *Times* and its joyless, self-serious, timeserving editors for libel. He then thought better of it and settled into the job of being the mouthpiece for his new employer, the joyless, self-serious, timeserving mayor of New York, David Dinkins.

And finally, an Editors' Note of our own: Marty Arnold is not cultural-affairs editor but rather media editor; Joyce Purnick is not her husband Max's subordinate, since she is on the editorial page, a section of the paper that the executive editor does not technically control; and Bernard Gwertzman was diplomatic correspondent, not White House correspondent.

—J. J. Hunsecker

**Albert Scardino recognized many of his superiors for the bland nincompoops they are and was unable to mask his contempt**





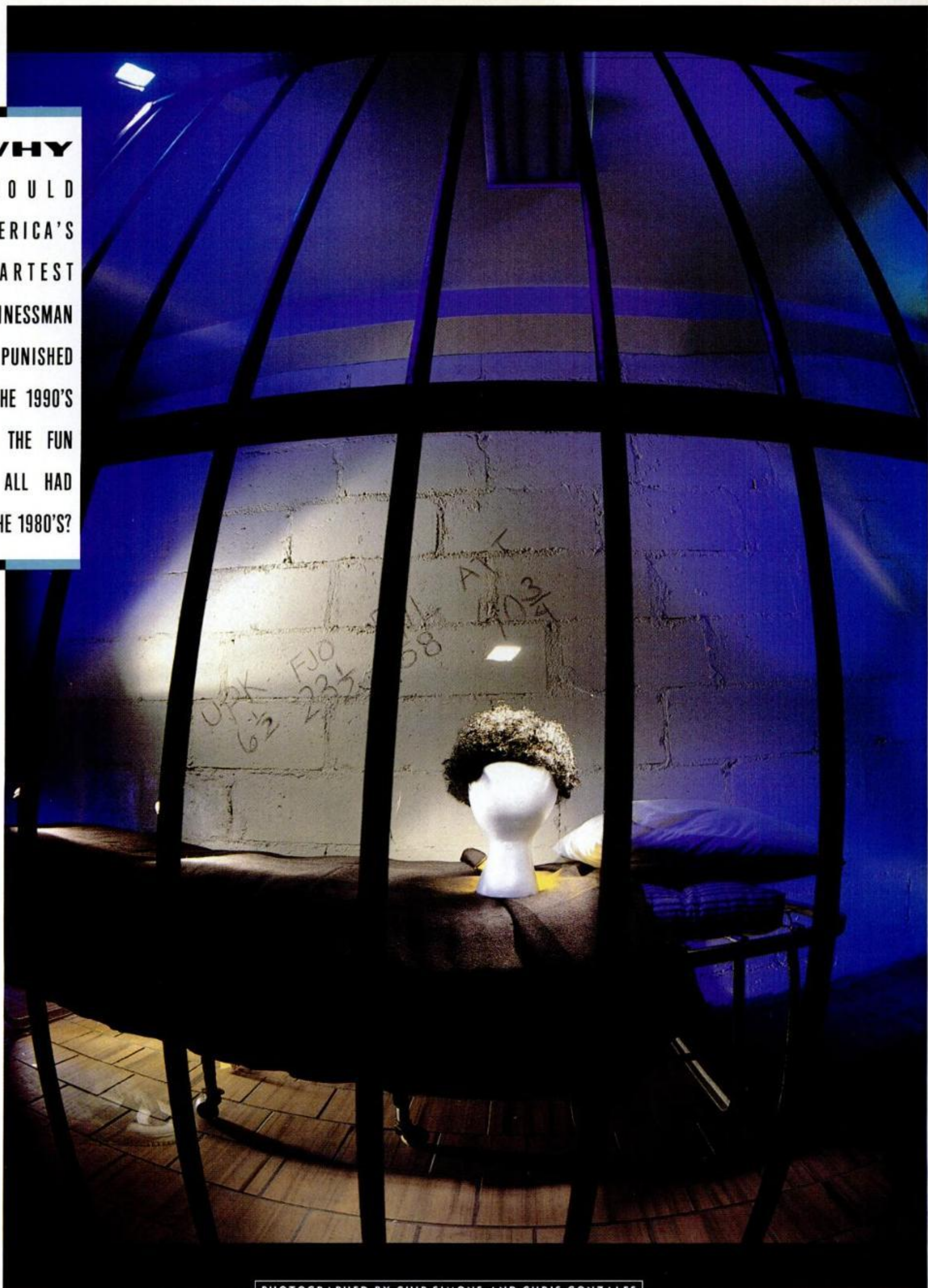
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# WHY

SHOULD  
AMERICA'S  
SMARTEST  
BUSINESSMAN  
BE PUNISHED  
IN THE 1990'S  
FOR THE FUN  
WE ALL HAD  
IN THE 1980'S?



PHOTOGRAPHED BY CHIP SIMONS AND CHRIS GONZALES



# FREE

SEPTEMBER 1991. SITTING AT A PICNIC TABLE NEXT TO THE TOPIARY HEDGES THAT SPELL OUT "ALLENWOOD," MICHAEL MILKEN IS ABSORBED IN *WHEN BAD THINGS HAPPEN TO GOOD PEOPLE*. HE SMILES INWARDLY AS THE LATE-AFTERNOON SUN GLINTS OFF HIS SHINY SCALP. SIX MONTHS INTO HIS SEVEN-YEAR PRISON TERM, MILKEN IS RELIEVED THAT HE NO LONGER HAS TO WEAR HIS SIGNATURE BLACK TOUPEE. IT WASN'T HONEST, IT WASN'T GENUINE, IT WASN'T THE REAL MIKE. — THE FORMER HIGH SCHOOL CHEERLEADER WHO USED TO BE AT HIS TRADING DESK IN BEVERLY HILLS EVERY DAY BY 4:30 A.M. HAS TAKEN TO THE LAZIER RHYTHMS OF PRISON LIFE. BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN HE HAS BEEN IDLE. HE PUT TOGETHER A FINANCIAL PLAN FOR THE PRISON COOKS TO LAUNCH A LOCAL CATERING BUSINESS. HE EVEN ADVISED THE WARDEN AND OTHER SENIOR STAFF ON ISSUING HIGH-YIELD BONDS IN ORDER TO TAKE THE PRISON PRIVATE, BUT THE BUREAUCRATS IN WASHINGTON BALKED AT THE DEAL. — ALL IS SERENE WITHIN ALLENWOOD. THE ECONOMIC PICTURE OUTSIDE THE PRISON, HOWEVER, IS MANIC, ANGUISHED, DEEPLY UNSETTLING. AMERICA IS IN A SEVERE RECESSION. INFLATION HOVERS IN THE TEENS. MILKEN'S OLD FIRM, DREXEL BURNHAM LAMBERT, HAS GONE UNDER. HUNDREDS OF COMPANIES FINANCED WITH JUNK BONDS DURING THE LATE 1980'S—DURACELL, ORION PICTURES—ARE DEFAULTING ON THEIR DEBT, AND DOZENS OF OTHERS HAVE PUT THEMSELVES UP FOR SALE. FEW AMERICAN COMPANIES CAN RAISE THE MONEY TO BUY THESE FLOUNDERING BUSINESSES, AND THE JAPANESE ARE SCOOPING UP ONE AFTER ANOTHER FOR WHAT TO THEM SEEMS LIKE PEANUTS—BEATRICE FOODS NOW REPORTS TO HOME OFFICES IN TOKYO, AS DO UNION CARBIDE AND RUPERT MURDOCH'S NEWS CORPORATION. SPEAKING OF PEANUTS, RJR NABISCO—UNABLE TO MEET ITS \$3.4 BILLION IN ANNUAL DEBT SERVICE—HAS FILED FOR CHAPTER 11 BANKRUPTCY. BELEAGUERED LBO KING HENRY KRAVIS IS LOBBYING IN WASHINGTON FOR SPECIAL PROTECTION—THE NATIONAL COMMERCIAL HERITAGE SALVATION ACT—THAT WOULD ENABLE RJR, WHICH HE TOOK PRIVATE IN 1988, TO SPIN OFF PLANTERS, RITZ CRACKERS AND OREO COOKIES AS QUASI-INDEPENDENT, NONTAXPAYING ENTITIES. MILKEN REFUSES TO GLANCE AT A NEWSPAPER. IF HE DID, HE WOULD READ ABOUT THE HUGE DEMONSTRATION THAT TOOK PLACE ON WALL STREET LAST WEEK. LED BY KRAVIS, JESSE JACKSON AND FRANCES HUMPHREYS, HEAD OF THE GRAY PANTHERS, THE THRONG, AT LEAST 100,000 PEOPLE, MARCHED UP LOWER BROADWAY SHOUTING, "FREE MIKE MILKEN! FREE MIKE MILKEN!" — JACKSON, A LONGTIME MILKEN DEFENDER, SAID THAT WITHOUT MILKEN, FLEDGLING BLACK BUSINESSES COULD NO LONGER GET LOANS. HE LED A CHANT OF "HE WAS THE KING OF JUNK/THE REST IS BUNK/NOW LET MIKE GO/WE NEED THE DOUGH." TEARS WELLING UP IN HER EYES, HUMPHREYS EXPLAINED THAT AMERICA'S PENSION FUNDS OWN A LARGE PERCENTAGE OF ALL STOCKS AND BONDS. "ELDERLY AMERICANS WILL STARVE WITHOUT MIKE," SHE TOLD THE CROWD. KRAVIS, SPORTING AN "I LIKE MIKE" BUTTON, TOLD REPORTERS, "LOOK, MIKE GOT US INTO THIS MESS—AND A LOT OF US THINK HE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO MIGHT BE ABLE TO GET US OUT OF IT."

BY  
**RICHARD  
STENGEL**

# MILKEN



ere is the boilerplate about Mike Milken, the stuff that gets mentioned up high in every feature about the boyish junk-bond wizard of Beverly Hills. Leading financier of the postwar era. Transformed the national economy. Restructured corporate America. In less than a decade, opened up some \$3 trillion to small and smallish companies. Fostered the wave of takeovers and leveraged buy-outs that came to embody the go-go eighties. Created a new caste of bumptious, preening billionaires: Saul Steinberg, Ronald Perelman, Henry Kravis, Carl Icahn. Financial genius. Economic visionary. Wears a rug.

Yes, the particulars are all true. But what did Mike Milken really do that was so himiny-jiminy remarkable? The answer is very simple, really, and it can be explained in two words. Two words that all Americans dream about. Two words that would change anyone's life: *free money*. Mike Milken created free money. Money that came out of nowhere. Money that grew on junk bond trees. Money that streamed out of your cash machine but didn't decrease your balance for years. Like the Holy Grail, the fountain of youth and a diet cola without an aftertaste, free money has been the enduring quest of mankind since Midas.

Milken created free money out of a single transforming idea—an idea that first occurred to this son of an accountant in the mid-1960s, while he was an undergraduate at the University of California in Berkeley. Mike Milken's epiphany was that debt was not bad but good, and that it was more dangerous for a corporation not to have it than to have it. To that end, Milken was personally responsible for issuing \$100 billion of debt during the 1980s. He discerned that there was a fate worse than debt—and that was to be a plump, complacent, cash-rich company, and therefore a tempting target for a takeover.

That was the meganotion, but let's backtrack a bit. Although he was voted "Friendliest" at Birmingham High School in Van Nuys, Mike didn't do much socializing at the Wharton School of the University of Pennsylvania in the late 1960s. In the Wharton library, like a medieval monk copying Scripture, he made his way through two abstruse tomes, W. Braddock Hickman's *Corporate Bond Quality and Investor Experience* and T. R. Atkinson's later work on the same subject. These books shaped Milken's guiding belief behind what became a \$200 billion market: that for an institutional investor, a large, diversified portfolio of low-grade, high-yield corporate bonds—soon to be known pejoratively, and then affectionately, as *junk*—the rewards outweighed the risks.

While not a new idea in theory, it proved to be a revolutionary one in practice. Until Milken acted on this principle at Drexel Burnham, financial institutions were essentially in the business of lend-

ing money to companies that did not need it and depriving those that did, much the way commercial banks dole out money to individuals. Big money was available only to a group of about 800 blue-chip companies, those that were highly rated by such services as Moody's and Standard & Poor's. Of course, those companies tended to have ample cash on hand—otherwise they would not have been blue-chip in the first place.

Other companies, and the bonds they issued, were considered too risky, too small, too grubby. Heck, some of the owners of those companies didn't even wear neckties to work. Milken saw that there were 23,000 American companies with sales over \$25 million that didn't have good access to capital, and that they needed to raise money to grow. Unlike the blue-chip corporations, these modest-size companies had to borrow money from banks or insurance companies, or worse. The bonds issued by these companies were considered below investment-grade, and in order for these firms to find buyers, the rate of return had to be much higher than that for traditional corporate bonds. True, such bonds did default at a slightly higher rate than investment-grade issues of the General Motorses and the Du Ponts, but the higher yields—as much as 50 percent higher—more than made up for the risk. Milken was to traditional finance in the early 1980s what Max Planck was to physics at the turn of the century: he revealed that all the prevailing assumptions were dead wrong.

Milken, at least when he first started at Drexel in the 1970s, was raising money for small companies that couldn't otherwise get the capital to expand. That's why Jesse Jackson (whose son worked for Drexel in Beverly Hills last summer) and other black leaders are still bullish on Milken. And for Jewish financiers, long excluded from white-shoe Wall Street banking houses and corporations, junk bonds were the asset-seeking missiles of finance, al-

Pity the small-time entrepreneur who latches on to the spirit of the age late in the game, for it is a law of economics as ironclad as the relationship between supply and demand: The little guy won't catch on to a trend until the big guys have pretty much tapped it out. By now Milken and the big guys have conglomeratized NBC and General Electric, Nabisco Brands and R. J. Reynolds Industries, Time Inc. and Warner Communications, Sony and Columbia Pictures Industries and nearly everything else worth owning. Only odds and ends are left. But for many of today's hopeful entrepreneurs, such scraps are the stuff of dreams. We'd like to introduce you to some of their businesses, enterprises whose inspiration resides deep in the spirit of synergy.





lowing them to capture or plausibly threaten to capture the boardroom. Before Milken, companies needed a top rating, billions in assets and contacts at the country club to get serious loans. In the 1980s all anyone needed was ambition and Mike Milken. To the financial Old Guard, Milken was a dangerous, well-armed corporate revolutionary, the wild-eyed renegade in the halls of capitalism,

against takeovers, financing recapitalizations and leveraged buyouts. The climate was perfect—an accelerating economy, higher corporate earnings, undervalued stocks, a sunny, can-do business booster in the White House. American business was junk coming and going, and Mike was behind it all.

With Mike on your side, you could buy basically

## MERGERMANIA, 1990'S-STYLE

*Introducing Your Neighborhood Conglomerateur*

**Synergistic Enterprise:** Just Around the Corner, 403 West 12th Street

**Synergized Products:** Gourmet coffee and handmade dolls

**Spokesperson:** Junior, a clerk

**Reason for Merger:** "First it was dolls. The store wasn't doing well. The owner's son was working in a coffee place that closed in the Village, so he came here to help out."

**How It Seems to Be Working:**

Hard to say. "For coffee, 99 percent of the customers are white kids from the neighborhood; the rest, I don't know where they get their coffee. For dolls, it's mostly elderly people buying for their granddaughters. Some-

times when I'm sitting out front I hear people say, 'What a combination! Coffee and dolls!'"



**Synergistic Enterprise:** Kim's Cleaners and Video Rentals, 99 Avenue A

**Synergized Services:** Dry cleaning and video rental

**Spokesperson:** Mr. Kim, the owner

**Reason for Merger:** "I researched the market. Within 14 blocks there was no video rental store, and the only dry cleaner's on Avenue A was at 14th Street."

**How It Seems to Be Working:** Well. At first "even my land-

lord was laughing. But it works. This building used to be low-rent. Now it's as high as the West Village. Soon I'm moving the video rental next door. I may put in tuxedo rental and formal-wear rental with the dry cleaning."

**Synergistic Enterprise:** G. Schoepfer Inc., 138 West 31st Street

**Synergized Ser-**

**vice/Product:** Stuffed-animal rental and glass eyes

**Spokesperson:** Jim Schoepfer, the owner

**Reason for Merger:** "The eyes came first. My grandfather was idle rich. His hobby was taxidermy. ... He had trouble finding eyes [for the animals he was stuffing], so he went to Germany, where they made glass eyes, and brought back whole families to make

glass eyes in America. ... The first rental came when someone from Warner Bros. called [to rent] an

animal from my father's collection, and that's how that side of the business got started."

**How It Seems to Be Working:** Well. "Some rather famous artists, whom I'll decline to mention, use our animals for paintings but give the impression they've done them in nature."

**Synergistic Enterprise:** Chili & Curry House, 60 Second Avenue



**Synergized Products:** Mexican and Indian food

**Spokesperson:** Labu Miah, the owner

**Reason for Merger:** "I'll tell you the truth: I used to be Indian only. Now I make a combination, and that's how I'm known."

**How It Seems to Be Working:** "People like it. The boyfriend comes with his girlfriend and the boyfriend says, 'I want to try Mexican,' and the girlfriend says, 'I want to

try Indian.' At the end of the week I think, *If the Mexican goes first, I'll just keep with* ►



Photographs by Sara Barrett



the toupeed barbarian at the gates.

In 1982, when Milken financed his first leveraged buyout with junk bonds, the junk bond market was hardly more than \$1 billion; within seven years it would be approaching \$200 billion. The leveraged buyouts and hostile takeovers of the mid-to-late 1980s changed corporate America and led to Milken's triumph, and his undoing.

Economic law had always dictated that only a big fish could swallow a small one. Junk bonds changed all that. With junk, tiny companies could buy huge ones.

Junk ruled. Raiders used junk to attack corporations and then sell off the pieces. Entrenched corporate managers used junk to defend themselves

anything. In 1986 Avery Inc. (assets: \$23 million) used junk financing to buy Uniroyal's chemical business (cost: \$760 million). That same year Lorimar bought seven TV stations for \$1.85 billion, nearly all of it financed through a junk bond offering arranged by Drexel. In 1978 Steve Wynn's Golden Nugget casino in Las Vegas had pretax profits of only \$7.7 million, but Steve knew Mike: from 1979 to 1981 Mike was able to arrange \$160-million in junk bond financing for the Golden Nugget to expand to Atlantic City. Last fall Drexel floated another \$620 million in junk that enabled Wynn to open the Mirage, one of the largest hotel-casinos in Las Vegas. In his 1988 deal for RJR Nabisco, Henry Kravis put down \$15 million of



his own money to buy the company for \$25 billion. *One-fifteenth of 1 percent down.* Fancy that \$250,000 apartment? Well, all you have to do to buy it is put down \$150. Never was so much money available to so many for so little.

In the junk bond market, Milken satisfied the Jesuit's definition of God: he was omnipotent and omniscient. Milken was researcher, buyer, seller

ican corporations, including old-fashioned stick-in-the-mud companies that borrow nary a dime. Interest payments on that debt are absorbing a fifth of all corporate cash flow. Weren't the eighties wonderful?

As the junk bond market grew exponentially, effectively doubling in size each year for most of the eighties, Milken became obsessed by market share. He wanted all of it, and he pretty much got

*the Mexican; if it's Indian, I think I would go only with that.* But all my customers say they like both. They say no to changing."

**Synergistic Enterprise:**

S. Check Cashing Corporation, 765 Sixth Avenue

**Synergized Services:** Check cashing and jewelry repair

**Spokespeople:** Various clerks

**Reason for Merger:** Woman behind jewelry counter: "Talk to one of the men at the check-cashing window."



First man at window: "Don't talk to me. I'm off duty. Talk to him."

Second man: "Don't talk to me. [Pointing to first man] Talk to him. He's the boss. I can't talk to you. I just started here. I don't know nothing about it. Quick, there he goes." As it turns out, the enterprises are not owned by the same person but just inhabit the same spot on spaceship Earth.

**How It Seems to Be Working:**

First man, an hour later: "I spoke to the owner. He doesn't want to answer any questions. He doesn't want anything. He's in Florida."

**Synergistic Enterprise:** Desert and Games, 221 East 23rd Street

**Synergized Products:** Desserts and games

**Spokesperson:** Irwin Rothleder, the owner

**Reason for Merger:** "The idea came from a friend of mine who had a game club with a bar, but the two didn't mix: the drinkers didn't play; the players didn't drink. But everybody had coffee. The grand concept here is to be the ultimate form of entertainment."

**How It Seems to Be Working:** Too soon to tell. "I'm hoping it will catch on like the new billiard halls, where people play and socialize."



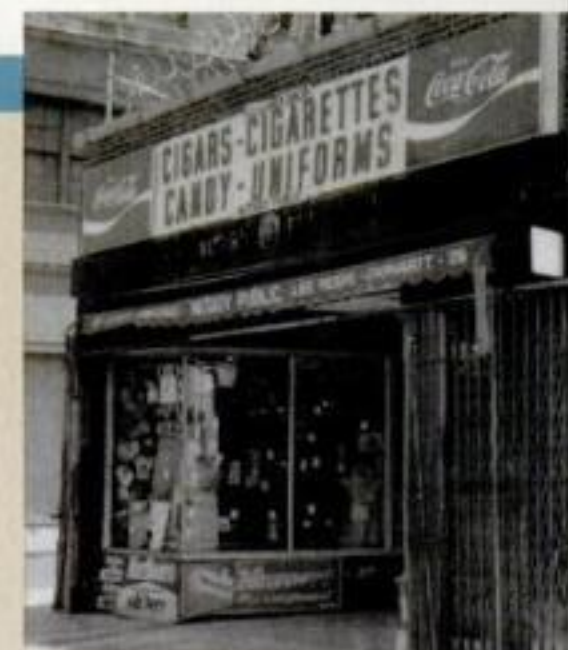
**Synergistic Enterprise:** Rhythm House, 35 East 29th Street

**Synergized Products:** Appliances and Indian, Pakistani and West Indian records

**Spokesperson:** Ashok Gupta, the owner

**Reason for Merger:** "First we had demand for Indian records, so we sold Indian records. Then demand for Indian records got slow. Then we had a demand for appliances, so we sold appliances."

**How It Seems to Be Working:** Not well. They have dropped their record department. "Wherever you can find the bread and butter, then you make the switch, like an engineer becoming a cabdriver."



**Synergistic Enterprise:** Madison Mens Shop, 26 Eleventh Avenue, at 15th Street

**Synergized Products/Service:** Army-Navy clothing, uniforms, cigarettes, candy and notary public

**Spokesperson:** Melvin Madison, the owner

**Reason for Merger:** "Everything today is specialized. I'm general. If it's raining, I got raincoats. If it's winter, I got boots and gloves. We added cutlery when the demand was for knives. I added the notary license in 1945. Why? It shows your good character. That you've never been to jail. Let's say I was disappointed I didn't go to school. This is my degree. Not long ago, we had con-

and owner. He raised \$730 million for Ronald Perelman in a blind takeover pool to buy Revlon. In order to reduce the debt incurred in the deal, Perelman wanted to sell off the company's unglamorous Technicon medical-instrument division for \$300 million. Milken turned around and raised the \$300 million in junk bonds so another Drexel client, Parker Montgomery, could buy Technicon. And all the while Milken and his associates owned a piece of Revlon. The circle was complete.

According to the Federal Reserve, the ratio of corporate debt to net worth in America rose by 56 percent during the five wonder years from 1982 to 1987—an enormous, remarkably rapid increase when you consider that it is an average for *all* Amer-

it. As many of his followers would say, Mike *was* the market. Milken's famous X-shaped desk actually marked the center of a vast and complex world that only he understood. In Milken's game plan, everyone had to be able to play everyone else's position. His pal the corporate raider had to buy his pal the chief financial officer's refinancing bonds. And his pal the pension plan manager had to buy the corporate raider's securities. Saul had to buy Henry's paper. Ron had to buy Saul's. The implicit message was, *We've all got to hang together, or we will all hang separately.* Milken had a special network of buyers that would take whatever he was offering that day. It was as if he were printing his own currency. In Mike We Trust.



And they relied on him because he never let them down. He pulled in all his chits to make sure a company did not default. He would have Drexel structure the debt and get his cabal of buyers to pick up the tab. They did it because Mike had made them rich and they knew that if, God forbid, they were ever in the same situation, Mike would rescue them too. He kept the whole game going.



struction workers coming in and saying, 'You should get hard hats.' So you start in with white, then they want red, green, yellow, blue. You listen to the demand, and if it's big enough you go full speed ahead."

#### How It Seems to Be Working:

Sort of hard to tell. "I'm here 50 years.... When I moved in here, our main source of income was from seamen, back when New York was a big port. This was a great location then. I got a lot of work here, and I'm telling you, it's getting boring, all these people coming wanting to talk to me. I really don't have the time. I opened the gates for you and now I regret it. My back hurts." — Sara Barrett

In any junk bond deal, if Milken could not sell the last \$50 million, he would buy it himself. Anything to make the deal go through. Yes, he had created a house of cards, but it was a fantastic house, and he kept it from falling.

But the world that Mike created began its slow-motion collapse in September 1988 when the SEC accused Drexel and Milken of a startling array of securities violations. When Milken was indicted by a federal grand jury last year on 98 counts of racketeering and securities fraud, the universe of junk had lost its prime mover.

Today new money isn't flowing into the market, but junk-addicted companies are still clamoring for it. Prices of high-yield bonds are depressed. Buyers have been demanding huge premiums. As defaults have increased, the return on junk bonds has

declined; it actually went into negative numbers last summer. Drexel, its own portfolio of junk sinking in value by the week, can't even afford to pay Milken the \$100 million it owes him for his 1988 bonus.

During the junk frenzy, there was always an out for overextended companies: if debt payments got too rough, you could just sell some expendable piece of the company. But now even brand-name subsidiaries up for sale are fetching lower prices, or no price at all. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich was hoping to sell Sea World late last year for \$1.5 billion. Instead it got a little over \$1 billion. The owners of Ethan Allen were expecting to get \$600 million for the company and got \$350 million. Some

thought Lily Cup would fetch \$1 billion, but it sold for around \$700 million. And it seems that half the department stores in America are for sale.

In the 1980s junk bonds accounted for more than two-thirds of the \$30 billion in corporate bond issues that defaulted. But 1989 was by far the worst year ever—at least \$5.6 billion in junk bond defaults. Resorts International could not meet interest payments on its \$925 million in junk debt. Many of last year's other problem junk bonds were issued by Milken: SCI Television, Simplicity Holdings and Southmark, which filed for bankruptcy-court protection.

But Milken is history. His own fiefdom, the Beverly Hills office of Drexel, fired 40 of its junk bond specialists just before the end of the year. And the unraveling is about to get worse. As Milken and Drexel came to dominate the junk bond market, other firms started making even nuttier deals in order to compete. Investment banks were offering more money with fewer strings attached, no interest payments for years to come—even *freer* money. Investment banker Bruce "Bid 'Em Up" Wasserstein was practically throwing in free toasters to sign up with him. Those deals were made in the mid- and late 1980s, and their balloon payments will start coming due in 1991 and 1992. At last, a surefire name for the 1990s: the Default Decade.

During the last six months, Canadian entrepreneur Robert Campeau has effectively lost control of his huge retailing empire—and he is being forced to sell Bloomingdale's, the jewel he acquired only a year and a half ago, because he could not make a mere \$75 million junk-bond debt payment. Last fall Drexel was unable to raise the \$75-million for the buyout of Colorado Prime Corporation. A lousy \$75 million. It's as if Donald Trump suddenly couldn't come up with the money for his Con Edison bill.

Last summer Integrated Resources, a Drexel client with investments in real estate, was unable to raise enough money to cover its debt payments. "Mike never would have allowed that to happen," a mutual-fund manager said. *Mike never would have allowed that to happen.* That is what Wall Street is mumbling over and over to itself. *Mike never would have allowed that to happen.* Mike—ever helpful, ever hopeful—was an expert at exchanging junk bonds on the verge of default for new bonds. He was the only one with the power to get borrower and lender, seller and buyer, to accept restructuring. He would refinance, trading shares of stock for another issue of high-yield bonds, trading earlier debt for later debt, putting off the inevitable for just a little while longer—using Visa to pay the MasterCard bill. As long as the debts were, for the moment, covered, why couldn't the inevitable be postponed forever? *Mike never would have allowed that to happen.*



**MIKE  
MILKEN CREATED  
FREE MONEY.  
MONEY THAT  
CAME OUT OF  
NOWHERE.  
MONEY THAT  
GREW ON JUNK  
BOND TREES**



Milken's fall has made it open season on the junk bond market. If not for Milken's indictment, the Bush administration wouldn't have proposed last summer to limit the tax-deductibility of interest on bonds used in leveraged buyouts. But another anti-Milken law has hurt the junk bond market even more: When Congress bailed out the savings and loan associations last year, it mandated that these institutions had to liquidate their holdings in junk bonds within five years. S&Ls were then holding \$14 billion in junk bond debt, about 7 percent of all outstanding junk bonds. Since then the S&Ls have been trying to unload junk bonds as if they were leftover bell-bottoms. In the second quarter of last year alone, the S&Ls sold off almost \$2 billion of their junk.

Nor is it just S&Ls hightailing it out of junk. Institutional investors, pension funds, insurance companies—all those sober, stalwart trustees of American wealth who lost their heads around 1986 and joined Milken's party—are now selling off junk bond holdings as feverishly as they were only very recently buying them. Small investors have stopped putting cash into junk-bond mutual funds. People with their money in pension funds are telling the managers they don't want their money in risky, high-yield bonds. Milken's great selling point to the pension funds was his assertion that there would be few defaults; he was manic about trying to live up to this promise, and when he was free to do so he hustled to make sure that defaults were rare.

Junk deals always had a caveat: *Payments will be met, interest will be repaid, everything will be hunky-dory* as long as the economy continues to grow. This was the economic mantra, the binding clause, the essential prerequisite to everything that would come after. *As long as the economy continues to grow.* Every economic scenario involving junk bonds was dependent on Panglossy American optimism. *As long as the economy continues to grow.* But no one really knows what will happen to junk-financed businesses in a recession, since junk bonds barely existed during the last one. Of course, it is a chicken-and-egg speculation. The economy has continued to grow in part because of overheated junk deals. So what happens when the economy does not continue to grow? Only Mike knows, and he is no longer in charge.

The 1980s were the decade of Reagan and Milken. Two super southern California guys. Two irresistible salesmen. Two apostles of optimism. One great head of hair. Ronnie came to personify America, and Mike was born on the Fourth of July. Both believed in the principle that more created more. Junk bonds were the perfect financial instrument of the eighties, high finance's answer to Reagan's supply-side economics, a beautiful illusion. Ron:

*Cut taxes and miraculously the government will rake in more tax revenue. Mike: Give companies much more money than they're worth and miraculously they will become leaner and better run.*

Junk bonds were the perfect symbol of what Reagan cheerleader/Bush scold Richard Darman calls Now-Nowism. But Now-Nowism was nothing new. When were Americans *not* concerned

## SMART ADVICE FOR HENRY KRAVIS:

In 1988, after spending more than a decade buying, encumbering with debt, breaking up and sometimes selling 35 large corporations at a total cost of \$62-billion, Henry Kravis and his partners purchased RJR Nabisco for \$25 billion. Wall Street immediately declared the RJR takeover brilliant. With a mere \$15 million of their own capital (less than one-fifteenth of 1 percent of the total price), Kravis and his partners had captured a company with a cash flow larger than the gross national product of Mozambique. Never mind that the process of acquiring the tobacco-and-junk-food conglomerate put the company \$25 billion in debt or that more than 2,500 RJR workers were purged in order to help finance this debt. Kravis, the most highly leveraged businessman in America, was also celebrated as one of the smartest.

But did he show any common sense? Suppose Kravis wasn't dealing with incomprehensible amounts of money. Suppose he was spending on a less fabulous scale. What would people think of a small-business man whose company was leveraged with proportional debt? To find out, we conducted an experiment. We turned RJR Nabisco into JRJ Candies & Cookies, a fictional small business recently (hypothetically) purchased by our beloved uncle Henry. JRJ's balance sheet is uncannily similar to RJR's, except

that each of our figures lacks five zeroes on the right. Here are JRJ's vital statistics:

TOTAL CURRENT ASSETS	...\$59,520
FIXED ASSETS	.....\$54,590
TOTAL OTHER ASSETS	....\$222,850
TOTAL ASSETS	.....\$336,960
CURRENT LIABILITIES	....\$74,220
LONG-TERM LIABILITIES	...\$181,440
TOTAL LIABILITIES	.....\$255,660
NET WORTH	.....\$81,300
TOTAL LIABILITIES+EQUITY	.....\$336,960

As you can see, JRJ's liabilities loom extremely large. Feigning apprehension about the company's future, we sought some advice from a bona fide counseling service run by the U.S. Small Business Administration. At their office at 26 Federal Plaza in New York, we met Harold Demarest, a successful executive now retired.

"From what I can see here, he has got big problems," said Mr. Demarest, looking down at the balance sheet and shaking his head gravely. "That debt is more than three times his net worth. What kind of rates did he borrow at?" He sounded pained.

"Well, from some sources, as high as 15 percent, about 6 points over the prime rate," we responded, thinking of the \$5 billion in junk bonds that Kravis had used to finance part of the RJR deal.

The counselor's mouth tightened. "What exactly were his plans?" he asked, glancing back down at the balance sheet. His tone betrayed mounting exasperation. "I mean, how did he expect to finance such a debt?"

"He figured the company would somehow have a big



**EVERYONE HAD TO BE ABLE TO PLAY EVERYONE ELSE'S POSITION. SAUL HAD TO BUY HENRY'S PAPER. RON HAD TO BUY SAUL'S**



more with the present than with either the past or the future? That's why the United States has always been the most *fun* country on earth. No, the now-eighties were not an aberration but rather the state toward which the country had been evolving since the end of World War II, when America began to lose the thrill of manufacturing. Who but old-timers and aging hippies wants to *make* any-

thing anymore? People want to *manage* or *consult*, not work.

The government's 184-page complaint against Milken and Drexel for violating securities laws is probably the most comprehensive enforcement action taken since those laws were passed in the 1930s. His federal trial is expected to begin next month and last forever. Mike may have violated a

few statutes, but what did he do that was morally repugnant? Greed, like charity, is a qualitative, not quantitative, value. If Ron Perelman and I each give \$10,000 to the homeless, our charitable contributions are equal in terms of quantity. But as \$10,000 constitutes approximately 20 percent of my worth and mere carfare to Perelman, my gesture represents a far more magnanimous contribution to the treasury of grace.

A similar standard applies to greed. Let's say both Mike Milken and a hair salon owner skim off 3 percent of their total business intake. The salon owner may make \$15,000 and Milken \$50-million, but the greed ratio is the same. The salon owner is equally avaricious and, I would say, just as culpable. The quantity of the fraud does not make a difference in moral terms. It's the quality that counts—and Mike Milken isn't even charged with anything so unequivocally sinful as cheating on his tax return.

When it comes to the quality of greed, where does Mike Milken stand compared with, say, Reggie Jackson? Jackson has lately been selling his own canceled checks to autograph collectors at \$500 a pop—a gratui-



**MIKE  
NEVER WOULD  
HAVE ALLOWED  
THAT TO HAPPEN. THAT IS  
WHAT WALL  
STREET IS  
MUMBLING OVER  
AND OVER  
TO ITSELF**

## MAKE SURE YOU'RE INCORPORATED

enough cash flow to service it," we answered. We knew that in truth, Kravis planned on selling off various pieces of RJR to service his debt, but somehow we just couldn't come up with a convincing analogy about Uncle Henry's buying a \$250,000 candy company that he planned to break into little pieces and sell for profit.

"Well, do you know anything about the company's cash flow?" asked the counselor.

"Uncle Henry says it's excellent," we answered, thinking of the \$2.8 billion in pretax profits RJR netted in 1988, "but the accountant has warned us that if things don't go perfectly, we might not be able to meet our obligations." We were thinking of the warning that Dr. Abraham J. Briloff, a professor emeritus of accountancy at Baruch College, had raised in *Barron's* concerning the RJR deal.

Now Mr. Demarest looked really upset. "According to the balance sheet, he hasn't got much to sell off if his cash flow is less than expected. It says here that he's only got \$55,000 in tangible assets. He didn't get too much for his \$250,000, did he?"

We couldn't disagree; the value of RJR's property, plants and equipment is a relatively paltry percentage of the purchase price. "Well, there was the goodwill. We have some brands of candy that are pretty well established."

"You mean he paid *two hundred thousand dollars* for in-

*tangibles*?" he asked incredulously, almost angrily. "It'd better be a good name if you paid \$200,000 for it. Tell me—is your uncle's experience in sales?"

"No, he was in corporate finance."

"I'll say," he laughed. "Just look at that debt!"

Suddenly his tone turned gentle. "I really can't say anything conclusive without looking at some sales figures, but from what I see on this balance sheet, nobody is going to lend you guys any more money. Perhaps it would be better if you suggest he end it before he gets in any deeper."

Thinking of the recent infusion of billions in cash RJR had received for selling Butterfinger, Baby Ruth, Del Monte, Chun King and a few corporate jets, we noted that things looked fine for now, but expressed some fear for what might happen in a recession.



"Let me tell you something. Your uncle Henry is in deep debt. He has—or maybe you have—a good deal to learn. Maybe it's for the best, though. I had to take over my father's import-export company at a young age. I got a little beaten up at first, but I learned a good deal very fast." Our counse-

lor waxed nostalgic for a few moments more before getting back to Uncle Henry and inquiring after his personal finances.

We noted that they seemed pretty solid. He seemed to have enough to support Aunt Carolyn's clothes-designing hobby as well as make generous donations to the Metropolitan Museum of Art and Mount Sinai Medical Center.

"Tell him that charity begins at home," Mr. Demarest said tartly. "Unless he has an extraordinary cash flow, he'll probably need some of his own money to finance this debt. Does he have a house?"

"Yes, he owns a cooperative apartment," we said, thinking of Kravis's \$5.5 million Park Avenue co-op.

"Well, I hope that RJR is incorporated, because if it isn't, the lenders would be entitled to take it should he default on them. Have him read these," he said, handing

us copies of the Small Business Administration's *Business Plan for Small Service Firms*, *One Year Projection of Income & Expenses* and *Researching Your Market*. "We can't offer him any loans, but we could offer some advice. From what I see on that balance sheet, he's probably going to need it."

—Eddie Stern





**NOW  
EVEN GLAMOR-  
OUS BRAND-NAME  
SUBSIDIARIES  
UP FOR SALE  
ARE FETCHING  
LOWER PRICES,  
OR NO PRICE  
AT ALL**

tous act of greed far meaner than anything ever contemplated by Milken. What contribution does a canceled Reggie Jackson check make to the economy? What is Reggie Jackson producing for American industry? Is Reggie Jackson creating jobs by the factoryful?

The government's indictment estimates that in one year, 1987, Mike Milken personally earned \$550 million. That's the GNP of a country somewhere between Chad and Botswana, more than the 1988 earnings of 451 of the *Fortune* 500 companies. But who is the government to chastise Mike? It has been in the money-printing business for a long time itself: during the magical half decade when Milken helped create \$165 billion of junk bond debt, the United States increased its own indebtedness by \$1.2 trillion. Who is the government to suggest that a \$550 million salary is excessive, just because it's more than ten times what the president, vice president, Cabinet and Congress make? Why, \$550 million is the cost of one Stealth bomber, and the plane can't even fly.

Milken's real crime, according to his critics, is

that he overleveraged the whole U.S. economy, causing our collective debt payments to become dangerously huge. Leveraged buyouts like that of RJR Nabisco, says Marty Lipton, the venerable takeover lawyer, put the nation "in great jeopardy. We are forcing an unlivable amount of leverage on American business. We are forcing every business to focus on short-term results, and we are depriving our future generations of research and development."

Well, yes and no. Lipton is suggesting that we should try to do something we are not good at: plan for the long term. What America excels at is short-term results. We are the country of the get-rich-quick scheme, the overnight sensation, the invasion of Grenada. We lead the world in inventing things like dancing flowers, packaged air and Madonna. Among the fastest-growing kinds of shops in the country are those that sell nothing essential: greeting-card stores, novelty stores, game stores. What has made this country healthy-looking of late is the credit card and the Social Security system: we invented the former, perfected the latter

## THE REVENGE OF THE REBUFFED PEN PAL

*The Queerest Letter Mike Milken Ever Received*

BENJAMIN J. STEIN  
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 900

Mr. Michael Milken  
Drexel Burnham Lambert  
Rodeo Drive  
Beverly Hills, CA. 90212

Dear Sir:

I am a lawyer, economist  
may know, I often anal-  
"going private" in  
share

-2125.

None of this means I will  
deals.

P.S. I enclose a collection of my  
not expect you to read them.

Ben Stein, in Ben Stein's view, is the journalistic conscience of corporate deal-making. A former Nixon speech writer and current Hollywood screenwriter, he composes compelling, detailed analyses of corporate mergers and acquisitions for *Barron's*. He specializes, he says, in "going private" LBO's in terms of the rights of the shareholders and the bondholders. Given that Stein casts himself as defender of the little guy, whom he invokes frequently as "Mr. Tax Loss" or "Harry Homeowner," it's intriguing to discover that Stein once made his own personal attempt to go private.

Sometime around Thanksgiving 1988, Mike Milken probably leafed through his mail and read, to his bewilderment, an unsolicited letter from Ben Stein offering his services to Drexel Burnham Lambert as a sort of

moral policeman for the firm's Beverly Hills junk-bond headquarters: "[Make me your] in-house vetter of deals from a fairness to stockholders' standpoint, and teacher of ethics to your young and bright colleagues."

Perhaps Stein really did seek to spread the good gospel of stockholders' rights to the very men who had enriched themselves by neglecting to honor them. Or perhaps Stein, sensing lean years ahead as a result of his imminent out-of-court settlement in the libel suit brought against him and *GQ* magazine by Joan Rivers, simply found himself overwhelmed by the allure of Milken's billions.

His letter makes a case for both possibilities. Stein fawns ("You, as a man of great experience..."), reminds Milken that "under law, responsibility must accompany power" and then

signs off with an awed, golly-gee-whillikers gambit in which he expresses his amazement that both Milken and Creative Artists Agency's Michael Ovitz went to Birmingham High School in Los Angeles, a place about which Stein claims to be "something of an expert." The goofiness reaches its peak as Stein asks, "What can they be putting in the water at Birmingham High School?"

Whatever Stein's motive, Milken never responded. To Stein, this was apparently an unacceptable indignity, an outrage, and for no other obvious reason his subsequent *Barron's* articles have savaged the man who only a year ago was in the running to become Benjamin J. Stein's employer. In his account of the mercurial, junk-bond-fueled rise of free-enterprisers Nelson Peltz and Peter May (*Barron's*, March 20, 1989), Stein cast Milken as a greedy

accomplice to the two executives in their vulgar, ungentlemanly takeover of National Can and subsequent sale of Triangle Industries.

Stein published another anti-Milken screed in *Barron's* last August 28, an I-told-you-so postmortem of the merger-maniacal era.



and use both as if there were literally no tomorrow. Like Popeye's friend Wimpy, we will gladly pay on Tuesday for a hamburger today.

Whether junk bonds breathed new life into the economy or tragically indebted corporate America almost doesn't matter—the point is, we are hopelessly dependent on easy money. We need Mike Milken, not to make America great again but to let America survive, to prevent it from becoming a branch office of Japan and a reunified Germany. Yes, Mike Milken may have led us into the woods. But precisely how are we going to get out without him?

February 1992. Perched at an Allenwood picnic table, bundled in a goose-down jacket and red watch cap, Mike Milken is buried in Kant's Critique of Pure Reason. Large demonstrations demanding his release have become commonplace on Wall Street and in Washington. Interest rates have continued to climb, and the stock market to decline. Nightline recently devoted an entire week of shows to the issue of whether the president should pardon Milken, and the editorial page of The New York

was indicted on 98 criminal counts. The headline read BETRAYER OF CAPITALISM: THAT IS THE ESSENCE OF THE GOVERNMENT'S CHARGES AGAINST MILKEN, but the piece itself was more an enumeration of Stein's charges against Milken. "The inventions of Michael Milken had no observable beneficial effect on American profits, productivity, or competitiveness at all," Stein wrote, and "Milken...got rich simply by taking already extant value through price-fixing and not by creating any new value, [and] his contributions to our era should be looked at as entirely selfish (and possibly criminal) acts and not as helpful to anyone outside his small loop." Unfortunately for Milken's current, concerted public-relations campaign, Stein was one of those outside his loop. —David Kamp

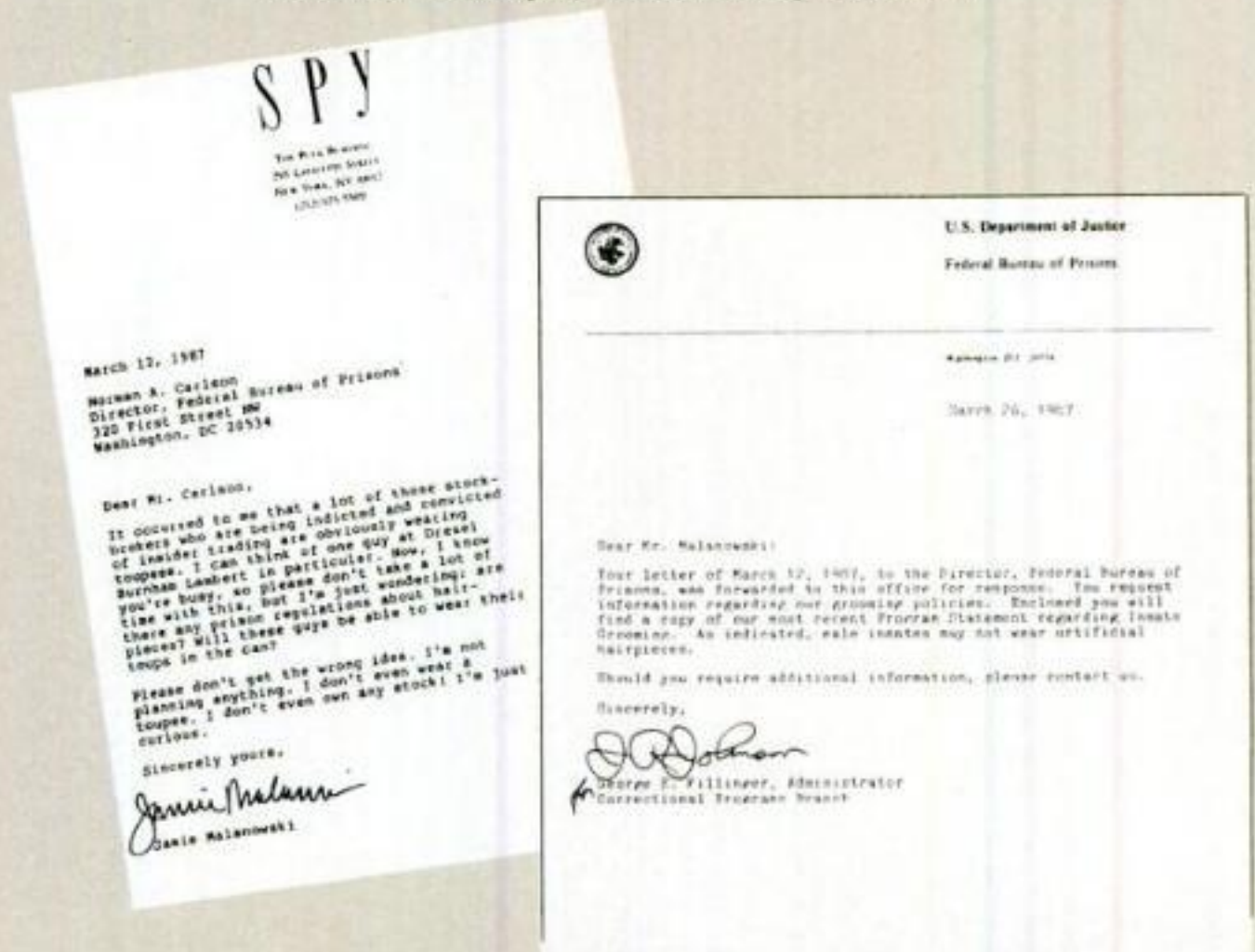
Times, like that of many other newspapers, has come out in favor of such a move. Al D'Amato has introduced a bill in the Senate recommending a pardon and a commemorative Milken postage stamp. One reporter after another has trooped up to Allenwood seeking a pronouncement from Milken. Milken is pleasant but Delphic. "If winter is here," he says, "can spring be far behind?"

The president has watched these developments closely. As inflation and interest rates have risen, George Bush's popularity has sunk. He has already dropped Dan Quayle from the ticket, but he needs an October surprise to defeat the Democrats.

Secretary of the Treasury Nicholas Brady has argued

## DOING LIFE WITHOUT PAROLE—AND WITHOUT A HAIRPIECE

A SPY Insult-to-Injury Flashback: September 1987



The no-hairpieces-for-inmates—even wig-wearing billionaire financier inmates—policy described in the letter above remains in effect, according to Rich Phillips of the Federal Bureau of Prisons.

that doing anything to help Milken will send the wrong message to the financial community. They must pull themselves up by their own bootstraps, he tells his boss. But the more pragmatic Jim Baker quietly advises the president that Milken has to be let off or all hell will break loose. Baker even whispers that perhaps Milken should be appointed secretary of the Treasury. The president does not like that idea—Nick Brady is an old buddy—but he knows he must act. Even Barbara has mentioned something. "What did this Milken fellow do?" she asks, pronouncing the name "Mil-li-kin." "Was it any worse than what everybody else was doing?" The president considers this. Perhaps a special executive position for Milken? Meet with the president every day. Advise him on economic policy.

The president, boarding the helicopter to Camp David after meeting with a delegation from Wall Street, is stopped by a reporter. "Will you pardon Milken?" he calls out. "Doing everything we can," replies the president. ☺



SEASONAL CATALOG  
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Photography: Toscani

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*I*t has been noted that some society matrons and other well-known women are maniacally, even self-destructively, obsessed with trimming fat from their bones. But many of these subscribers to the Duchess of Windsor's single memorable utterance ("You can't be too rich or too thin") apply the maxim to facial hair as well, at least facial hair in the forehead-to-nose latitudes. That is, America's most celebrated women—women who could afford impeccable, discreet, natural-looking facial-hair grooming—systematically pluck, shave, wax, bleach, electrolyze and generally denude their eyebrows into ghastly, mannerist, pencil-thin slivers. The resulting countenance is at best Kabuki-like, more often like something that belongs behind clear plastic in one of those iron-filing-and-magnet children's drawing boards called Woolly Willy.

Why do well-to-do women—high-profile women of a certain age—put themselves through this painful tribal ritual? It's clear that fuller, unravaged eyebrows are far more attractive than the skinny *faux* variety, which are the eyebrow fashion equivalent of Wayne Newton's mustache.

Like the pouf dress, the No-Brow has historically—and rather

*Continued* ►

# NO-BROW

*The Illustrated* **SPY** *Guide to Fin de  
This Month:*

FASHION NABO

FORMER FEMINIST GLORIA STEINEM





# OWS

*Siècle Style*

*Today's Peculiar Fashion for Overtweezed Bonsai Eyebrows*

*by Karen Harrison*

MARINA SCHIANO



CURIOSLY ENDURING DESIGNER MARY MCFADDEN



HYPERPROLIFIC NOVELIST JOYCE CAROL OATES



PROFESSIONAL REFORMED DRUG ADDICT BOY GEORGE



COWGIRL DALE EVANS



## *The Kabuki Splash*

An exotic and  
dramatic horizontal look  
for exotic and dramatic  
occasions!

JUMBO-SIZE COSMETICS BUFF PAT BUCKLEY



ARCHETYPE ● MR. SPOCK



ARCHETYPE ● QUEEN ELIZABETH I



ARCHETYPE ● DIVINE



ARCHETYPE ● TWEETY



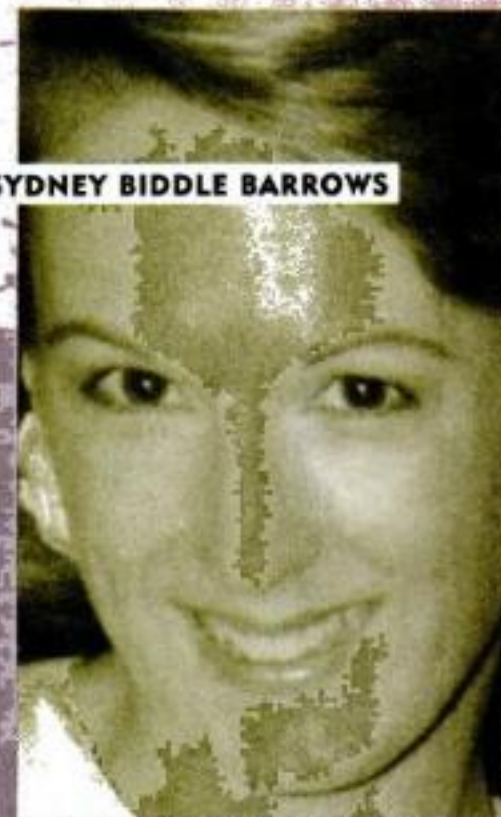
# NO-BROWS

Continued

inexplicably—enjoyed brief moments of stylishness: during the Renaissance, between the world wars, and in the early 1970s (the decade in which every *other* type of fashionable hair—sideburns, mustaches, the Afro—was of the wide variety). But as the seventies ended, normal eyebrow growth returned with redoubled force. (Who can forget the thicketlike brows that alone contrived the celebrity of six-foot disco-era spokesmodels Brooke Shields and Margaux Hemingway?) By 1986 *Vogue's* beauty professionals proclaimed that what was really making a difference was a “new emphasis on brows.”

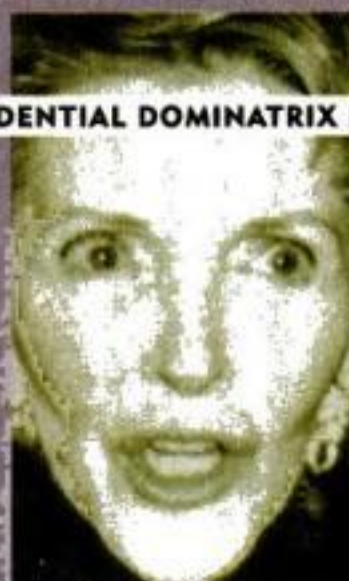
*Vogue's* authoritative edict notwithstanding, the No-Brow is currently a stylistic convention in the neighboring galaxies of *W*, *Forbes* and *Us* magazines. Considering how much money and effort these otherwise fashionable middle-aged ladies spend on their appearances, the razed, gashlike eyebrow constitutes a crucial, overlooked detail that you'd think would blow a social climber's cover, like a borough-tinged laugh, irregular bottom teeth or a Leatherette Gucci bag. Just what explains this trailer park-meets-Park Avenue glitch? We have some theories involving perpetual adolescence, self-loathing and the millennium's end, but for that discussion consult our forthcoming monograph. For now, and as ever, we've gathered up lots of silly pictures to prove the point. 3

SON-OF-SAM-LAW EXCEPTION SYDNEY BIDDLE BARROWS



CUE-CARD-

PRESIDENTIAL DOMINATRIX NANCY REAGAN



## The Stubble Brow

When the tweezer is a girl's best friend!

CAMP SIREN TURNED DISNEY HOUSEWIFE BETTE MIDLER



WESSON OIL SPOKESWOMAN



PROFESSIONAL DIETER NIKKI HASKELL



PUTATIVELY-NONFICTION-







SKILLIONAIRE HOSTESS CECILE ZILKHA



UNCEREMONIOUSLY OUSTED VOGUE EDITOR GRACE MIRABELLA



DEPENDENT TALK SHOW HOST ARSENIO HALL



ROYAL TABLOID FODDER PRINCESS ANNE



WELL-PROVIDED-FOR WIDOW RITA LACHMAN

AND NASHVILLE NETWORK CABLE STAR FLORENCE HENDERSON

*The  
Mexican Hairless  
Look*

"I Can't Believe  
I Plucked the Whole  
Thing"



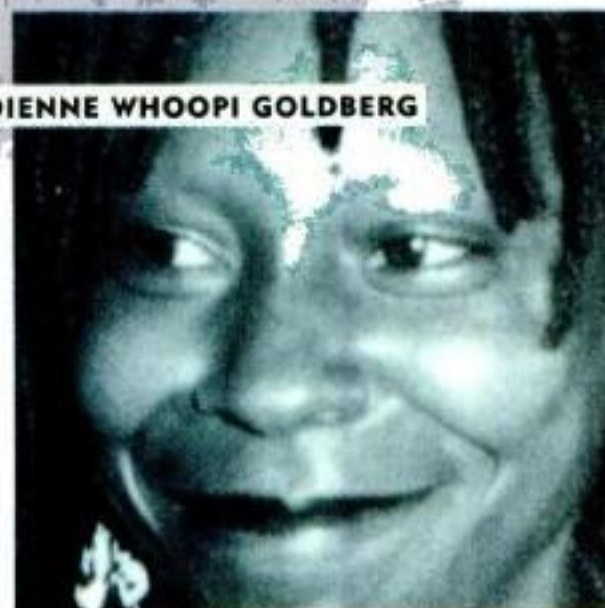
SMOOTH-AS-A-BABY'S-BEHIND DIRECTOR MIKE NICHOLS



IRONMAN CHEERLEADER MONIQUE VAN VOOREN



FORMER FIRST DAUGHTER MAUREEN REAGAN



HUMORLESS COMEDIENNE WHOOP! GOLDBERG

DIRTY-BOOK WRITER SHERE HITE

*Continued* ►



NO-BROWS  
Continued

POSH INTERIOR DESIGNER ANDRÉE PUTMAN



COSMETICS



HOME WRECKER MERCEDES BASS



GLAMMIEST-GAL-IN-WASHINGTON GEORGETTE MOSBACHER



SOTHEBY'S WIFE JUDY TAUBMAN

### *The Too-Rich-and-Too-Thin Brow*

Recommended only  
for those fashion-obsessed  
enough to know better, rich  
enough not to care



INSTANTANEOUS FASHION CELEBRITY CAROLYNE ROEHM

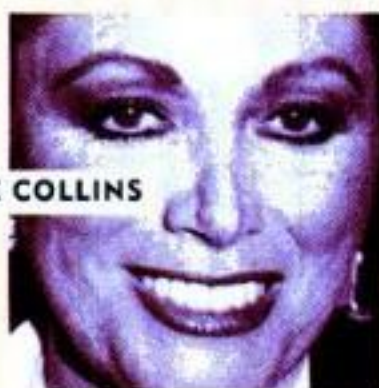
1980S CABARET



FORMER TOP MODEL IVANA TRUMP



HEP ROCK STAR LIZA MINNELLI



TAN, BOSOMY DIRTY-BOOK WRITER JACKIE COLLINS



FORMER BARRY DILLER ESCORT DIANE VON FURSTENBERG



PINK-HAIRED GARMENT-BUSINESS ODDITY ZANDRA RHODES



*The  
Half-Moon  
Glamour Arch*

A style that  
makes anyone look cutely  
curious! And curiously  
cute!



MOVIE CRITIC ROGER (THE FAT ONE) EBERT

COOGUL ESTÉE LAUDER



EX-MOVIE FOSSIL BETTE DAVIS



HOSTESS NELL CAMPBELL



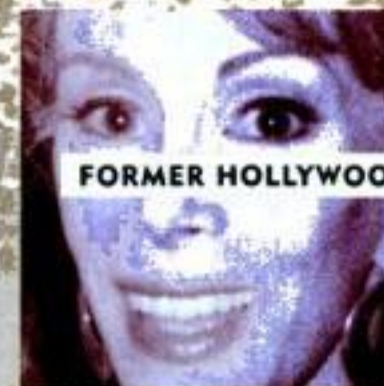
SURVIVOR ANN MILLER



1970S CABARET HOSTESS REGINE



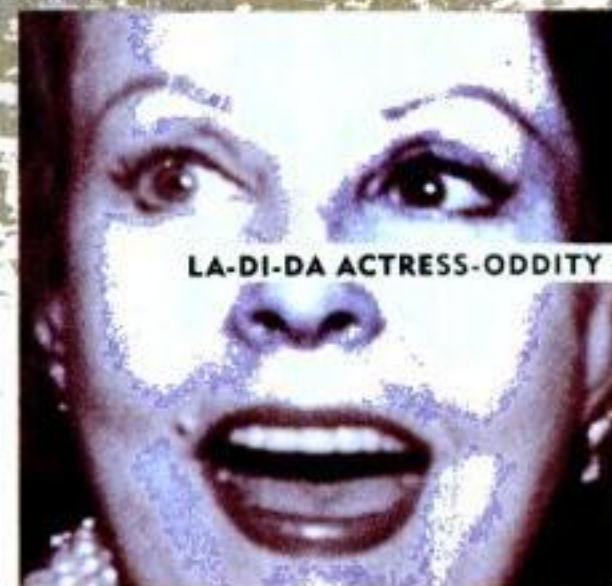
FORMER HOLLYWOOD SQUARE JOAN RIVERS



*The  
Paint-by-Numbers  
Brow*

For a  
look that's definitely not  
homegrown!

LA-DI-DA ACTRESS-ODDITY ARLENE DAHL



ONCE-FRIGID SINGER-DANCER-ACTRESS DEBBIE REYNOLDS





Nan Kempner is on the planet to throw important parties.

Part Two of **SPY's** Guide

To throw important parties with military precision. Parties with three kinds of china and perfectly cooked frozen spinach, with amusing, top-heavy guest lists, with adorable porcelain roosters arranged on the table, just so. SUSAN ORLEAN visited the hostess as she organized one of these highly important parties, and came back with a portrait of the gorgeous, doomed, teeny-tiny, completely anachronistic world of Nan Kempner,

# party animal

There are many people in the world for whom giving a party is an unnerving prospect, but Mrs. Thomas Kempner of Manhattan is not among them. Mrs. Kempner, a well-bred woman who is known to her close friends and to readers of gossip columns as Nan, is not

one to worry about burning her roast or getting stood up or not having the table set on time. She is the sort of person who can wrestle a cumbersome guest list into a salon. She knows seating arrangements and reminder cards and table

settings cold. She gives dozens of dinner parties every year, and none of them make her so much as slightly nervous. Nan Kempner, in fact, is not just a skillful hostess but an ardent and confident one who has a hostess's temperament and instincts as well as all of those

Excerpted from *Saturday Night in America*, to be published by Alfred A. Knopf in May





*La Fin de Siècle Style*



other things that go along with being good at giving nice parties, such as a big apartment on Park Avenue, an investment-banker husband, a butler, a masseuse, a cook and a horse.

Nan devotes most of her hostessing attention to the few hundred Manhattan-based multinational types who are known in cultural shorthand as "society"—a crowd that might actually be blessed with an oversupply of poised hostesses. But even among them, the party-giving skills of Nan Kempner are well known.

"Nan gives a certain kind of party that is very, very alive and very gay. They are very good parties, extremely good parties," Pat Buckley, Nan's good friend and a serious hostess herself, likes to say.

"Her guest list is amusing and her food is very good," says the socialite and interior decorator Chessy Rayner. "She's never changed her living room around in all these years, and it works terribly well for any number of guests. Nan was also the first one of us to make a big effort with her food. Then her fabulous cook left. Some people would have withered on the vine, but Nan picked herself up and found another fabulous cook and kept on."

Someone who often eats at Nan's says, "Her mix of guests is good, too. She often has Europeans, and that's fun."

As a society regular who has been invited to Nan's many times says, "Nan, in a word, is determined to be the best."

**I**n spite of her preeminence, certain facts of Nan Kempner's hostessing style clash with popularly held principles of home entertainment. For instance, most people would agree that the best night for parties is Saturday night. This is because a Saturday-night party allows a



**"You go out every other night of the week, so you must take the weekend off from**

full day for the host to prepare and for the guests to work up enthusiasm, and everyone is comforted by knowing they have all of Sunday to clean up or recover. While this is certainly true for most of America, it is not the case for Nan Kempner. Not only are Saturday-night parties infrequent in high

society, they actually represent a breach of the basic tenets of upper-class behavior.

"I can hardly imagine giving a party on a Saturday night," Nan has said. "I'm always out in the country riding my horse and so forth on the weekends, and even if I weren't, I can't imagine who would be around to *invite* for a *Saturday* party. I honestly can't imagine it."

A friend of Nan's, a woman who lives on Fifth Avenue, offers the same observation. "Saturday night is for amateurs," she declares. "We aren't amateurs. So naturally, our social lives don't revolve around Saturday night."

"No one would think of giving a party on a Saturday night," yet another New York socialite

true. You really should keep that in mind."

"I think people need to rest now and then, don't you?" says Aileen Mehle, known in her syndicated gossip column as Suzy. "You go out every other night of the week, so you *must* take the weekend off from the party circuit. Otherwise

you simply get too much of muchness and not enough fun."

Another hostess of some renown, who once hired a bagpiper to play at her dinner party for Prince Philip and another time had a beer-drinking Russian bear named Rosie entertain her guests, told me, "I certainly understand that Saturday night is an important night to many people. I'm sure it's very important to—how shall I say this?—'Middle America.'" Then she shrugged her shoulders and added, "But to *us*, dear, it simply doesn't mean a thing."

There are a few circumstances under which a society hostess will break rank and give a party on a Saturday night. What might qualify would be a weekend visit from titled or recently deposed European royalty, or if Johnny Carson were in town on a weekend, or if one were asked to give a Saturday-night party by the kind of friend who really knows how to ask—Henry Kissinger, say. When I first interviewed Nan Kempner, a very dear friend of hers from Paris, Countess Isabelle d'Ornano, had just announced her intention to zip in and out of New York for a few days. The countess is one of those people whose visits don't come and go without notice. In the case of countesses, the standard notice is a formal dinner party for 16 or 20 people. The prospect of such a party would ordinarily have delighted Nan. The trouble with this occasion was that the countess's schedule was open only on Saturday. No matter what her

*I know the kitchen is around here somewhere. Nan wanders her Park Avenue duplex in search of some crabmeat in aspic.*



says. "It's absolutely hopeless. I have an ironclad rule about being out of the city by Friday at five. Have you ever heard the expression 'Saturday night is for amateurs'? It's absolutely



instincts and breeding told her, Nan was going to have to give a regulation-size full-bore dinner party on a Saturday night.

Being something of a congenital optimist, Nan was still able to find a few things to be thankful for. For instance, the countess's visit would take place after everyone—that is,

before that Thursday, but I'd spoken to her on the phone, and that voice had led me to expect an ample, MGM-style gal. Actually, Nan is 100 percent ectomorph. She was perhaps the least overstuffed item in the library, a large, square room paneled in burnished dark wood, carpeted with a number of

Saturday night," she said into the phone.

"....."

"Yes, yes. You've got all day. The party isn't until Saturday night."

"....."

"Yes, *Saturday*. This Saturday. Darling, I want something *pretty*. Lilies, maybe. Lilies last.

**the party circuit," says Suzy. "Otherwise you simply get too much of muchness and not enough fun"**

that tiny universe of everyone's who were potential guests at the affair—was back from the couture collections in Paris, and just after the Aspen ski season and just before everyone

densely patterned Persian rugs and otherwise filled with bulbous chintz-covered couches, chintz pillows, needlepoint and bargello pillows, antique Bombay chests, life-size porcelain dogs, china fish, china birds, wooden apples and pears, narcissi in terra-cotta pots, exotic grasses in terra-cotta planters, bowlegged end tables, batches of oil paintings leaning against the wall, watercolor paintings in stacks, charcoal sketches, cigarette boxes, and ivory netsuke in the shapes of fish, fishermen, dogs and wild animals. One wall was entirely given over to books—among them, books about Chinese painting, Antonio Gaudí, Cole Porter, orchids, Balthus, Botticelli, Degas, Africa, Japan, France, how to quit smoking, and Odilon Redon. It was a little busy. Beyond the library there was a large, curving stairway with a dark, shiny banister that sprouted off the formal entrance hall, and a few rooms that looked as if they might sprout other rooms and other stairways. The vastness of the place made it seem as if there might be whole industries being built and destroyed in various outlying parts of the apartment.

"Hello, darling! Did you get my message?" Nan was saying into the phone as I sat down. She waved at me distractedly as she held her ear to the receiver. After a minute she covered the mouthpiece with her hand, arched her eyebrows and mouthed the words "My florist."

"No? Yes? Good, wonderful. Darling, I need flowers for

Darling, just make it something that will *last*. I've a luncheon here on Wednesday. It would be nice if they would stay nice until then."

"....."

"Wonderful. Good, darling. Love you! Byyyeee!"

She hung up the phone and then immediately lifted it again and dialed the intercom in her personal secretary's office.

"Barbara, did you hear from Peter Sharp yet? Is he coming? You sent him a reminder card?" (Peter Sharp is president of the Pierre hotel.)

"Are you certain? Call him and remind him, please."

"....."

"Yes, I suppose. It's already Thursday."

She pressed a button on the phone and dialed her chef.

"Margaret? Yes, hello, dear! How is everything?"

"....."

"Yes, dear, I want the apple brown Betty. Oh, you know how much I love dessert. I want this whole meal to be very American, you know. It will be a lovely thing for the countess. Oh, Margaret, you're going to make your crabmeat in aspic, aren't you, dear?"

"....."

"Terrific! Good, darling. See you Saturday. Byyyyye!"

This time when she hung up, she pushed the phone aside and leaned back into the couch cushions, which bulged up around her like rising dough. Though Nan is almost as well known for her wardrobe as for her parties, this morning she



Andy Warhol's portrait of Nan looks as lifelike as Nan herself!

would be leaving for Nassau, the standard site of society's spring break. Considering that there might not have been anyone in town at all, let alone on a weekend, this was some consolation for having to give a party on a Saturday.

**O**n the Thursday morning before the party, Nan was lounging in the library of her Park Avenue apartment while she worked the phone. She has a low, strong, gravelly voice that sounds simultaneously energetic and bored—an oxymoronic quality that is extremely rare except in people who don't like parties on Saturday nights. It is a voice that is both cultured and brash, like the ones you hear in old MGM movies in which everyone drinks a lot of neat-looking cocktails and has clever arguments.

I'd never met Nan in person



was dressed plainly in a mint-green flannel bathrobe wrapped tightly around her and cinched to a choke hold with a matching belt. She has ashy blond hair, a wide, flat mouth, and a long, skinny, permanently tanned neck. She moves her hands often. She is famous for her extreme thinness. In photographs, she gives the impression of bright, barely contained energy and hunger. In person, she has the strong-featured look of command.

"We're running late today, and I *hate* that," she said. "I've just finished my pedicure, and that was late, and I've got a luncheon at noon that I must go to, and I still have to make these calls. It might be a rather hectic day."

I asked if she was finding a Saturday-night party particularly hard to put together.

"Well, it's *certainly* not my favorite night for parties," she said, and then she gave a hoarse, robust laugh. "I definitely prefer the middle of the week. I absolutely *hate* to go out on Saturday night. I think that's when most people go out, though, isn't it? And Tommy, my husband, is a real Joe College type, you know, and he so hates to go out any night of the week. And on Saturday? Oh, my!" She slapped her knee. "I especially hate to give a *party* on a Saturday night, but we simply had to schedule this for a Saturday. A few people can't come because they're away for the weekend. I'm usually in the country every weekend, of course. But I imagine this will have to do. The countess is a great and dear and wonderful and charming friend of mine, and she's just the prettiest and most lovely person and has just the greatest taste of anyone I know, really—or at least, she has taste that is as wonderful as anyone's I know—and really, she's just so *pretty*, and such a dear person,

and her family is so lovely. Her cousins have done so much for Deauville and that part of France, you know. She and her husband, Count Hubert d'Ornano, have this lovely



Neck and neck: Nan does her "turtle stretch" to the delight of all of fashionable society.

company that makes natural perfumes and bath products that they sell at Bergdorf's that is the most wonderful stuff I've

**"I can give a party at the drop of a hat. That's why I don't give many black-tie dinners,**

ever used. Have you ever tried it? It's wonderful. At any rate, when I saw Isabelle in Paris in September, she told me that she would be coming and would like to see some of her friends. I love my apartment, you know, and one does love seeing one's friends in one's apartment. I'd much rather have people here than go out, absolutely."

The phone rang. "Hellooooo?" Nan said.

"....."

"Yes, oh, Glenn, darling!"

"....."

"Yes, yes, Wednesday for lunch."

(Glenn was, of course, Glenn Bernbaum, the restaurateur who serves in the unofficial but widely recognized position of the hostess's host and upper-crust confidant. Nan was planning to give a small lunch party at Glenn's restaurant, Mortimer's, a few days after her Saturday-night affair.)

"Around one o'clock," Nan

said to Glenn. "Three of us."

"....."

"Nooo. Just three, darling. Oh, and Monday I'm giving a lunch, too. There will be eight on Monday."

"....."

"Yes, darling, I am. Yes, Saturday night. Sixteen. Love you, darling. Byeeeee!"

Nan says that she can't remember how many parties she's given, but she still remembers her first one: London, 1952, roast beef. At that time she was a recent bride who had come to New York society by way of a wealthy, upright San Francisco upbringing. The ancestors of her husband, Tom, had exercised caution and daring at the respectively pertinent moments on Wall Street and had thus provided their descendants with certain fungible advantages in life. Before Tom and Nan Kempner stepped into New



York society, they spent the year in London that is standard with those people who want to polish their graces.

"It was the first year we were married," she said. "Food was still rationed then in England. I used to have roast beef shipped in. Can you imagine? The first night I would have friends over and run the beef through the grinder and serve it as steak tartare, and the second night I would have other people over and serve it as regular roast beef, and the third night, I'd have a few more people over and serve it as roast-beef hash. We had to use ingenuity then, and it worked." Today Nan believes a party of real quality depends more on mastery of details than on the ability to stretch cuts of beef. "Naturally, when one has a dinner in Manhattan, one buys one's basics at Butterfield Market," she said. "Fish we get at Leonards', of course. And these



Korean markets"—her voice suddenly rose—"well, my, they are marvelous, really. Do you ever go to them? They really have the most wonderful stuff, and they're open all the time, and if we find we're short a head of lettuce or a banana, we can just pop over to the Korean market and grab it." She clasped her hands in her lap.

"How do I actually put together my party? Of course, one calls with an invitation and I have Barbara send out reminder cards, and I just try to put together the most amusing and fascinating people I know."

She leaned back into the cushions and then stretched her long, thin feet out on the coffee table, pushing aside a dozen or so priceless little things. Her legs looked about as thick as small mailing tubes. Her toenails had a pearly polish. Just then, a nervous-looking housekeeper with a soft grayish face padded

On the table I put my collection of antique porcelain birds, and I move them around at whim until they look just right.

"I think the magic number for dinner is eight or ten, but I'm very, very bad, and once I get started I just can't stop. I can seat 30 at my dining-room table, and quite a lot more if I break it into several smaller tables, although I really like having a party seated at a single table. I love giving spaghetti parties on Sunday nights, and those are big, oh, informal things, where everyone takes a tray and they're just so much fun! This Saturday I'm having 16 guests. Of course, everyone has an assigned place at the table. I make up the seating plan ten minutes before they come, when I'm still in the bathtub, and then I'll just go to the closet and just pull out something to wear. That's exactly when I'll start preparing. On

hat. That's why I don't give many black-tie dinners at home, except if it's absolutely necessary. I just think black-tie puts a thud-dull thing on a party, don't you?"

Hostessing, at least as it is practiced by Nan Kempner, is not a real growth industry. "The day of the top New York hostess is over," says Suzy, the gossip columnist, who has written about dozens and dozens of Nan Kempner's parties. "The lovely, graceful days when there were wonderful hostesses who knew everything about food and manners are over. Now everything is a mob scene. It's an ego trip to have so many people and such large events. I never judge a good party by that. When I judge a party, I go by fun. I go by laughs. I go by amusing. That is not what you get in these huge public spectacles. It's so rare to have a little private party now that

**except if it's absolutely necessary. I just think black-tie puts a thud-dull thing on a party, don't you?"**

into the library, set down a silver tea set and padded out to some remote outpost north-northeast of the entrance hall. A car honked somewhere on Park Avenue.

"I like to pick out something special for the table first, of course. For this Saturday night, I have a very special embroidered cloth from Italy that some cousins gave us," Nan said, pointing toward the dining room. "I'm fortunate because I don't use a caterer. Margaret, my special chef, comes in for parties, and she and I have already arranged the menu. I love thinking about what we're going to eat. I also have some wonderful waiters, one of whom is my former butler, and they come in to help, and they make sure there are fresh cigarettes out in the cigarette holders and fresh candy in all the dishes, and we put a few flowers all around to make the place a bit more gala.

Saturday morning I'm planning to go to the country and play tennis and ride my horse and then I'll have my daily massage in the late afternoon. I don't get nervous in the least when I'm

whenever there is one, everyone shouts for glee."

When a table is set properly, it is a harmony of many elements. Nan's table, on the night of her party for Countess d'Ornano, had 16 place settings arranged on a dark, heavy-legged dining table that had been draped with white handkerchief-linen tablecloths embroidered with sprays of tiny wildflowers. Each place setting had three different-size bubble-thin crystal goblets, three forks, three knives and two spoons. The silver was placed precisely around a white porcelain plate edged in gold leaf. The white plate was just a marker; it would never have food on it. It would be lifted and replaced with a floral Royal Doulton plate on which the first course would be served, and that in turn would be replaced with a cream-colored

Even in the Age of Aquarius, Nan was famous for her flair with clothes: here, her *National-Geographic-by-way-of-Yellow-Submarine* look.



giving a party. I've always felt the best parties are the ones that just happen, not the ones that are overly planned. I can give a party at the drop of a



piece of Spode for the main course. Dessert would be served on small plates of antique Chinese porcelain. Nan has other sets of china piled in cupboards in the butler's pantry, but she had earlier that day decided this was the combination that would work tonight. Two large arrangements of flowers—including lilies—were set on the sideboards. In the center of the table were cigarettes and four porcelain roosters set in a row.

As I was admiring the table, one of the waiters began to lift one of the roosters. Someone in the kitchen called out, "Just *leave the roosters alone*. Nan will do that." The waiter, one of four who had been setting the table, put the bird down and walked out of the dining room and into the kitchen. The chef—a sturdy, dark-haired young woman named Margaret Hartnett, who left a job at the restaurant Roxanne's to cook for Nan and several other hostesses—murmured something to him and then went back to defrosting frozen spinach.

"That's Nan's thing—the roosters," Margaret explained. "They're fine how they are. That's something she likes to do herself. All the hostesses have something they like to do themselves. We just leave them as they are and she'll fix them when she comes down." The intercom buzzed.

"Yes, Nan?" Margaret said into the receiver.

"....."

"The ham looks fine. It looks great. It's 20 pounds. I'm sure it will be enough."

"....."

"Everything's set. The waiters are already dressed."

As she was saying this the waiters looked at her sheepishly, pulled their neckties out of their pockets and put them on. Margaret hung up the intercom and looked at her watch. "Seven-fifteen, guys," she said in a loud voice, and then she picked up a

list and said, "Let's see, ham, okay, crabmeat in aspic, yep, lemon mayonnaise sauce, okay, yams, fine, spinach over there, corn muffins. Corn muffins! Damn!" She skipped over to the oven and took out a tray of pale muffins, poked them and put them back in. Then she surveyed the kitchen, a huge, white L-shaped room with a tall old stove, glass-front cabinets that went all the way to the ceiling,

Of course Nan chain-smokes. How do you think she gets her voice to sound that way?



and several worktables. Off the far end of the kitchen was a stairway that led to the servants' quarters.

"I'm usually in the country with Nan over the weekend, cooking out there," Margaret said. "Nan got home from there at five. She's upstairs having a bath. Mr. Kempner's getting ready, too. Maybe I'm a little out of sync because I'm never here on the weekend. Okay, let's see, muffins, apple brown Betty. Fine. You think it's weird to use frozen spinach? Come on,

for the guests already. It's not just a matter of adding someone in just like that. These things involve a little planning."

She did agree, though, to let me drop by before the party to observe the last-minute preparations. When I arrived, the apartment had been overrun by a phalanx of waiters, cooks, housekeepers and butlers. Nan's usual schedule allowed for her to come down a minute or two before the guests arrived so she could approve the final details. The intercom helped with any intermediate concerns. The effect was not unlike Mission Control radioing commands to a space capsule.

"It's important to keep all of this going smoothly," Margaret said. "Hostessing is unforgiving work. I realize that the secretary does all the inviting, and the chef does the ordering and the cooking, and the butler and waiters do all the serving, but you just don't get to the top by screwing up. Nan's at the top. She's consummate. She is one of the great hostesses. She gives it a special touch. She comes down and arranges the birds. She brings people together. Nobody does this anymore. Nobody knows how important these things are to this kind of society. It's a very formal thing. People are introduced into high society this way. It's going to end someday, because nobody does it like this anymore. I feel like I am cooking for the final march of the dinosaurs."

At 7:45, Bernardo, who is Nan's ex-butler and is now her



**"Nan's at the top. She's consummate. She is one of the last great hostesses. She gives it**

*everyone* uses frozen spinach."

Earlier in the week I had asked Nan if I could come to her dinner party. At the time, she'd looked baffled, as if I had said something in Chinese. After my question sank in, she gave her hoarse laugh and said, "Oh, well, it would be lovely, but, you know, everything is set

waiter when she has parties, closed the heavy swinging door between the dining room and the kitchen. Margaret finished with the spinach and dumped the dirty pots and pans into the sink, checked her list again and started to whistle. "This isn't a biggie. We're all under control," she said. "The guests are set to



arrive in three minutes. The waiters will get out there with the hors d'oeuvres, and then we'll wait a bit and serve supper. I'll be home by midnight. This isn't a late-night kind of crowd." The intercom buzzed again. "Yes, Nan?" Margaret said.

"....."  
 "Okay, Bernardo took out the wine."  
 "....."  
 "All done."

Party-giving and party-going have long been subjects of academic scrutiny because they are viewed as behaviors that signal society's direction. A sociological study of suburbia conducted in 1934 suggested that the nation's newly minted middle class was likely to ape the leisure pursuits of the idle rich, particularly their "explosive and orgiastic parties." But by 1960 admiration for the upper class and the upper-class party had waned. A University of Chicago study published that year concluded that most Americans no longer wished to emulate the formal, carefully arranged, detail-specific upper-class dinner party. The study said that the party in America was now dominated by the "mode of documentary realism." The distinctions between host and guest and between real-life behavior and party behavior that had been the hallmarks of the upper-class dinner party were now blurred or abandoned or just forgotten. So when Nan Kempner

minority—those who buck the doctrine of the documentarily realistic party.

I had expected Nan's party for the countess to get some

the most in-demand attaché in the city at the time; Lady Dudley; and a few others less well known. Of course, the guest of honor was the Countess Isabelle

## "I'll just *die* if you don't come to my party"



*How New York's Top Hostess Stacks Up Against Other Extinct and Endangered Species*



NAN KEMPNER	EXTINCT/ENDANGERED WILDLIFE
Nan places handwritten cards on dining table to serve as seating-plan markers	Rhinoceroses place dung deposits in piles to serve as territorial markers
Nan follows up her telephoned invitations with mailed reminder cards	The Tasmanian wolf follows its prey tirelessly until prey is exhausted
Nan can throw a dinner party with relatively little effort because of her specialized staff	The short-tailed albatross can drink seawater without harm because of its specialized nasal gland
Nan and her husband do not shop for food but send staff out to many different specialty shops	The male huia bird tunnels into a decaying log to extract grubs; female inserts bill and sucks out insect larvae
Nan can throw a fabulous party without having to lift a bony finger	The aye-aye drinks by flicking liquids into its mouth with its elongated middle finger
Nan is rarely seen with her husband, except during dinner parties at their home	The grizzly bear is rarely seen with its mate, except during feeding periods and mating season
Nan's personal appearance requires the constant application of makeup to attract paparazzi during the party season	The male prairie chicken adopts a bright facial coloration in order to attract females during mating season
Spindly-legged Nan eats like a horse but remains curiously skeletal	The spindly-legged whooping crane eats prodigiously but weighs just 14 to 16 pounds
—Henry Alford	

mention in the press, as Nan's parties ordinarily do. This time, though, there wasn't a word. The party had taken place on a Saturday night, so naturally, none of the columnists who usually keep track of these things would have known there was anything of note going on.

A few days after the dinner

d'Ornano, who for a brief, queer moment on Park Avenue had managed to make Saturday night into what it is everywhere else in the country. I asked Nan how she thought it turned out. She said she found it very amusing. "Just a wonderful good time, with lots of conversation and laughs," she added. "This

**special touch. I feel like I am cooking for the final march of the dinosaurs," says Margaret, the cook**

orchestrates a guest list, and has her girl send out reminder cards, and hires her waiters, and chooses her tablecloth, and orders her flowers, and draws up her seating chart, and rearranges her porcelain birds, and shepherds every detail, as she does a few dozen times each year, she represents a shrinking

party, I called Nan. She felt she had invited a group that was solid and important and had a nice amount of variety. Pat Kennedy Lawford was there; three Radziwills; Ambassador and Mrs. William Luers of the Metropolitan Museum of Art; Ambassador Julio Santo Domingo, who was, Nan told me,

was, you see, just a marvelous group. It was really wonderful. It was a lot of great old pals." By her description, I guessed that the party was a success. But then, I had to take her word for it. After all, just before the guests arrived I had been firmly escorted out of the apartment by the back door. ☛



# THIS LAND IS YOUR

## 1. Strasburg, North Dakota

Lawrence Welk born here March 11, 1903. Welk Park features a large cardboard cutout of its namesake.

## 2. Tabor, South Dakota

Every June, cries of "Let's polka!" resound across the plains as Tabor celebrates its annual Czech Days and 10,000 people assemble to dance and to eat kolacky, a tasty Czech pastry.

## 3. Golden, Colorado

Last June 27 the Coors brewing company, caving in to pressure from polka lobbyists, pulled TV commercials that featured a lout who cleared out a bar just by selecting a polka on the jukebox.

## 4. Los Angeles, California

In 1987 labels for Lawrence Welk's "World's Greatest Polkas" were mistakenly placed on thousands of CDs of the *Sid and Nancy* soundtrack, leaving many Welk fans wondering what the heck happened to the Lennon Sisters.

## 5. Chisholm, Minnesota

During the twelfth annual International Polka Fest in 1989, Lawrence Welk's Champagne Music-maker Myron Floren was inducted into the Ironworld U.S.A. Polka Hall of Fame. According to the *Los Angeles Times*, Floren and polka king Frankie Yankovic are the only accordionists to be so honored. They are also the only people inducted.

## 6. Minneapolis, Minnesota

Last year the Reverend Robert Karpoun, known in the Twin Cities as "the Polka Padre," was accused of sexual misconduct with a 12-year-old parishioner. His associate, the Reverend Joseph Wajda, was charged with the same crime after the abused boy sought his counsel and Wajda allegedly told him to remove his clothing and fondle himself.

## 7. New Ulm, Minnesota

Harold Loeffelmacher, polka hall of famer and founder of the Six Fat Dutchmen, died here. Among Loeffelmacher's 200-odd recordings was "Too Fat Polka."

## 8. Roseville, California

Every Thanksgiving weekend thousands gather to do the Slovenian twirl—and participate in a polka Mass—at Polka Days California.

## 9. Madison, Wisconsin

In August 1988, after a New York State cheese coalition a cappella group calling itself the Wisconsin Cheese Busters implied in song that Wisconsin

cheese is inferior to New York cheese, a Wisconsin state senator recorded his "Cheese Barrel Polka" in response.

## 10. Dunfermline, Illinois

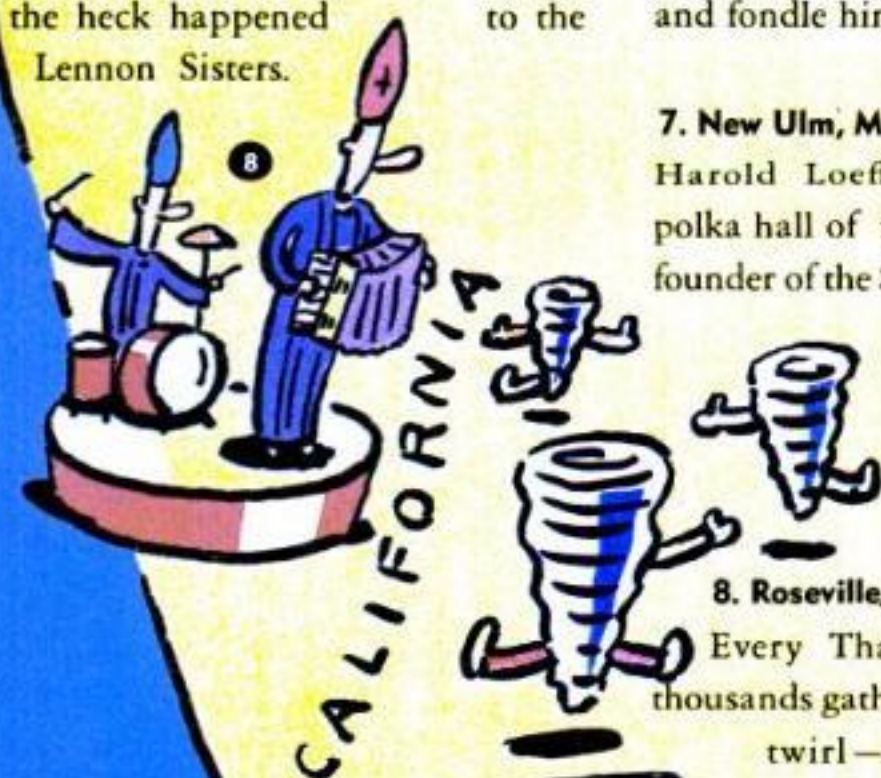
In lieu of collecting taxes, Dunfermline devotes one weekend every year to a big polka-dance-and-fried-chicken-dinner fundraiser.

## 11. Denton, Texas

Home of Brave Combo, a new-wave band that has two songs on the Disney studio's album tribute to Gumby—"Pokey's Polka" and "Zydeco Gumby Ya-Ya."

## 12. Chicago, Illinois

Home of the International Polka Association Polka Music Hall of Fame and Museum, which has inducted such polka giants as "Whoopie" John Wilfahrt, Li'l Wally Jagiello and "Cousin Fuzzy" Earl McNellis.



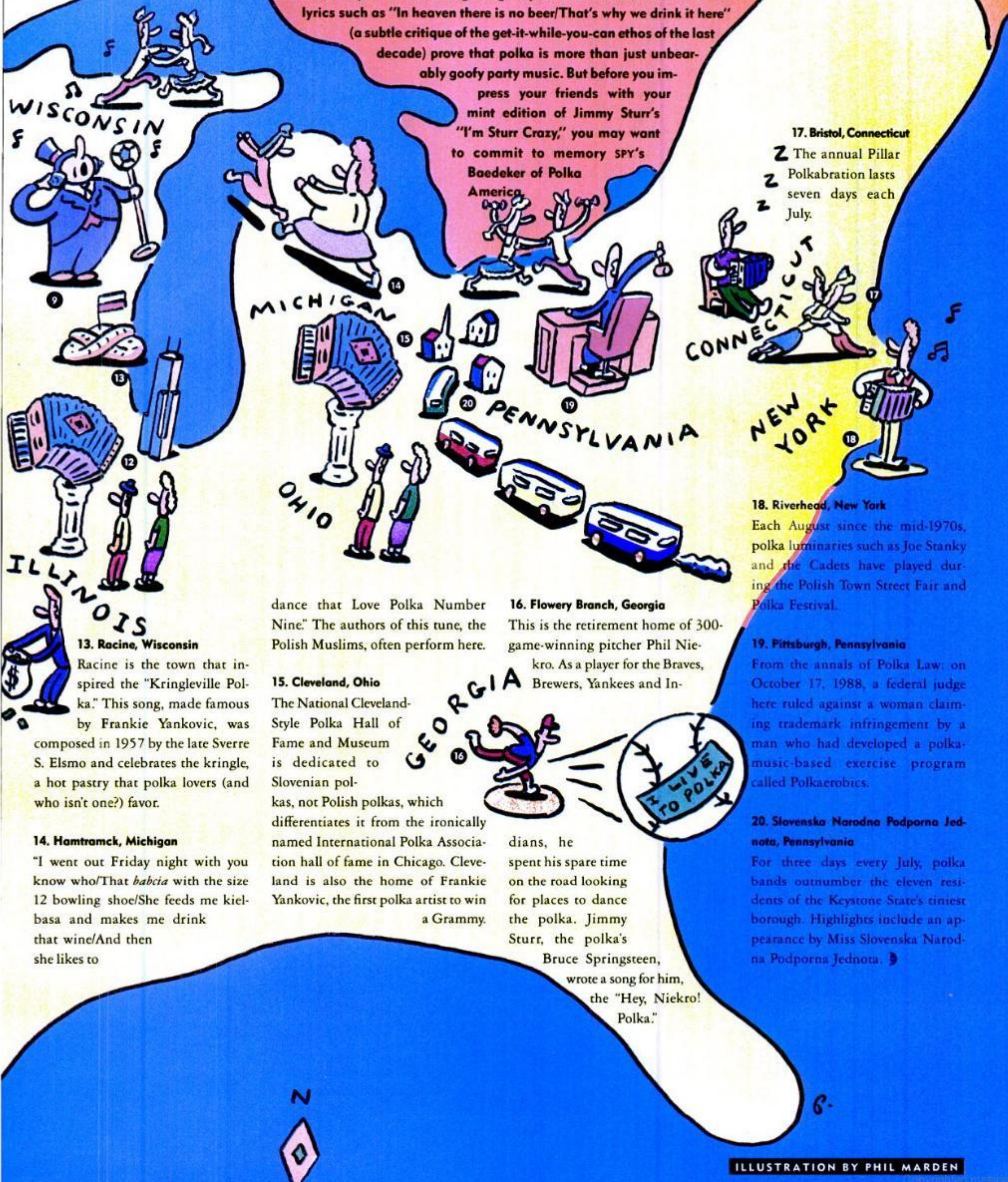
The SPY Map  
of Polka America  
by JOHN  
BRODIE



# LAND,

# BOBBY VINTON

Polka is no longer solely the province of blowsy women from the Great Lakes states and retired German military officers. The new-wave establishment is desperate to make the polka the next big thing—Zydeco for the nineties. Provocative lyrics such as “In heaven there is no beer/That’s why we drink it here” (a subtle critique of the get-it-while-you-can ethos of the last decade) prove that polka is more than just unbearably goofy party music. But before you impress your friends with your mint edition of Jimmy Sturr’s “I’m Sturr Crazy,” you may want to commit to memory SPY’s Baedeker of Polka America.



## 17. Bristol, Connecticut

The annual Pillar Polkabration lasts seven days each July.

## 18. Riverhead, New York

Each August since the mid-1970s, polka luminaries such as Joe Stanky and the Cadets have played during the Polish Town Street Fair and Polka Festival.

## 19. Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

From the annals of Polka Law: on October 17, 1988, a federal judge here ruled against a woman claiming trademark infringement by a man who had developed a polka-music-based exercise program called Polkaerobics.

## 20. Slovenska Narodna Podpora Jednota, Pennsylvania

For three days every July, polka bands outnumber the eleven residents of the Keystone State’s tiniest borough. Highlights include an appearance by Miss Slovenska Narodna Podpora Jednota. ☺

## 13. Racine, Wisconsin

Racine is the town that inspired the “Kringleville Polka.” This song, made famous by Frankie Yankovic, was composed in 1957 by the late Sverre S. Elsmo and celebrates the kringle, a hot pastry that polka lovers (and who isn’t one?) favor.

## 14. Hamtramck, Michigan

“I went out Friday night with you know who/That *babcia* with the size 12 bowling shoe/She feeds me kielbasa and makes me drink that wine/And then she likes to

dance that Love Polka Number Nine.” The authors of this tune, the Polish Muslims, often perform here.

## 15. Cleveland, Ohio

The National Cleveland-Style Polka Hall of Fame and Museum is dedicated to Slovenian polkas, not Polish polkas, which differentiates it from the ironically named International Polka Association hall of fame in Chicago. Cleveland is also the home of Frankie Yankovic, the first polka artist to win a Grammy.

## 16. Flowery Branch, Georgia

This is the retirement home of 300-game-winning pitcher Phil Niekro. As a player for the Braves, Brewers, Yankees and In-

dians, he spent his spare time on the road looking for places to dance the polka. Jimmy Sturr, the polka’s Bruce Springsteen, wrote a song for him, the “Hey, Niekro! Polka.”



HOW I PARLAYED THE EDITORSHIP OF  
INTO A HALF DECADE OF FREE FOOD,  
LESS CONVERSATION WITH THE LEADERS

by Joe Queenan



*If it comes by Federal Express—especially from next door—that means it's important,  
which means I'm important.*



THREE HORRIBLE PUBLICATIONS

FREE TRAVEL AND POINT-

OF THE FREE WORLD

From 1982 to 1987 I was the editor of various magazines. Laden with paid endorsements for penis extenders, studded condoms, ultrasonic anti-rodent devices and personalized voodoo services, these magazines—*American Business*, *Better Living* and *Moneysworth*—had almost no reason to exist other than to accrete mailing lists their owner, Ralph Ginzburg, could rent over and over to direct-mail marketers.

Because of the deceptively innocuous titles and the deceptively impressive circulations of the magazines—*Better Living* at one point had 1.5 million subscribers—I was on the same mailing lists as the editors of such publications as *The New Yorker*, *Connoisseur* and *Business Week*. So even though my magazines were crammed with stories about remote-control genital stimulators, investment tips from beyond the grave and “homosexual beer,” I soon found myself on posh junkets to Cannes; at luncheons addressed by Ronald Reagan, Walter Cronkite, Bill Bradley and Bob Hope; attending breakfast press conferences with Mary Lou Retton; lunching at the Friars Club with Henny Youngman; and having dinner at the Russian Tea Room with economist Lester Thurow. I got to discuss Iowa’s embryonic ice cream industry with Governor Terry Branstad at the Metropolitan Club. At a March Of Dimes fundraiser at the Pierre, Julius Erving gave me a Cabbage Patch Kid for my daughter.

I was at the Pierre—I was everywhere—because

someone at a PR firm had spent countless hours and dollars setting up the interviews, inviting me to the luncheons, organizing the junkets.

ON FIRST INSPECTION, YOU MIGHT PUT GINZBURG’S magazines just a cut below the *National Enquirer* and the *Star* and just a cut above the *Weekly World News* and the *Globe*. But this wouldn’t be accurate. Despite the obsession of those better-known magazines with cheerful paraplegics, unhappy movie stars, and space aliens in the Department of the Interior, the supermarket tabloids are really quite demure when it comes to sex.

The magazines I worked for were not.

Barbara Ann Blake’s guide to “male discipline and petticoat punishment” advertised in our magazines, as did Diana, a producer of scented worn panties, and the fellow who could teach you how to autofellate. None of the supermarket tabloids, as far as I know, has ever run a front-page story speculating that Ronald Reagan still has a full head of hair because he was castrated as a youth. And no supermarket tabloid has ever used its front cover to ask readers, DOES SPERM REALLY TASTE LIKE ASPARAGUS?

It wasn’t as if Ginzburg had no reputation. Railroaded by the government on an obscenity charge in the 1963 *Eros* magazine case (his conviction was upheld by the Supreme Court) and the founder of the authentically countercultural *Avant-Garde* in 1974, Ginzburg had by the late 1970s forsaken all artistic pretensions and was churning out bizarre tabloids chockablock with sleazy advertisers and zany stories. His company, Avant-Garde Media, was regularly savaged by state attorneys general with complaints about deceptive advertising, failure to deliver products and refusal to grant refunds.

Indeed, Ginzburg’s reputation was well established when I started working for him. Coming aboard such a dicey enterprise seemed to many of my friends foolish, a résumé blot that would do me and American journalism no good. And yet it turned out to be the opportunity of a lifetime, an eighties entertainment beyond price.

For the better part of five years, I got to masquerade as the editorial director of a tight-knit regiment of financial journalists, consumer advocates and seasoned life-style writers—that’s what our ad-rate cards said we were. In fact, I was the entire editorial staff of all three magazines, writing every story in exchange for a good salary (\$14,000 when I began, \$50,000 by the time I left) and the chance to embark on an extraordinary joyride—a joyride only somewhat more pointless and profligate than the one thousands of other, ostensibly legitimate journalists spend entire careers pursuing.

Once your publication has made it into a few media-contacts guides, the PR system finds you



within a year or so and then never lets go—your name will start turning up on dozens and then hundreds of PR mailing lists, and soon you can go wherever you want and do whatever you want, almost no questions asked. Never mind that the last issue of your magazine had on its cover a black-and-white photo of a man reaming a woman; in all likelihood, no one's ever going to bother to look closely enough to notice. No one's going to say, *Gee, I don't think the president of Martin Marietta would really want to be profiled in this kind of magazine.*

The first few months, when PR people called me to suggest interviews with the CEO of ITT or the president of the American Stock Exchange, I'd usually tell them frankly what sort of operation we were running—the sort that covers nude houseboat trips and speculates about whether a self-impregnated hermaphrodite's offspring would call

it Mommy or Daddy—and make it clear that an interview with any of our magazines might cost them their job. But as I was besieged by calls and letters from shameless flacks, my scruples were overridden by the conviction that these guys were asking to be taken advantage

of (see “Remember, There's No Such Thing as Bad Publicity,” page 78).

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**American Business?**  
**Moneysworth?**  
**Better Living? Take**  
**your pick. What**  
**flock would**  
**not want his client's**  
**portrait printed**  
**beneath headlines**  
**such as HORMONE**  
**TO HELP EXTEND**  
**LIFE SPAN TO 100—**  
**OR MORE; TINY**  
**SEX MANUAL IN A**  
**BOX SURPRISES**  
**CRACKER JACK CO.;**  
**and WITCHES HAVE**  
**FORTUNE 500**  
**UNDER THEIR SPELL?**

Let me make it clear that I never contacted anyone to request an interview, a junket, a meal or a product sample; a publicist always contacted me first. I simply waited by the phone and the mailbox for the invitations to spend days in a Berkshires cottage with my whole family and go on South African safaris and Aegean cruises. Not to mention to the Four Seasons, the Rainbow Room, the Pierre, The '21' Club, Le Cirque, The Plaza, the Waldorf-Astoria, Tavern on the Green. And to polo clubs, yacht races, golf-club parties. The whole gamut of PR firms were involved in this lunacy, from mammoth machines like Hill & Knowlton and Burson-Marsteller to one-person firms in Kansas.

JUST HOW DID I MANAGE TO PRODUCE THE NECESSARY quota of lurid material for Ginzburg's magazines—some 16,000 words a month? Ginzburg subscribed to the UPI wire service, which has a



*Better Homes and Gardens*, *Nation's Business*—certainly didn't hurt. And they were astoundingly cheap: a one-year subscription could often be had for 50 cents—and sometimes for nothing at all; a lifetime subscription went for as little as \$4.95. Ralph virtually gave his magazines away so he could compile enormous mailing lists and rent the names, at 6 cents apiece, again and again to other mail-order operations. And with his bald-faced promotions, he *did* get millions of names. "Respond to Me," pleaded a young woman with her miniskirted legs spread in one ad. "Sock It to Me," said a bare-breasted model with her tight shorts unzipped in another.

GIVEN THE NATURE OF OUR MAGAZINES, YOU wouldn't have thought that my schedule for a typical week in November 1986 would look like this:

- MONDAY Princeton University's "Business Tomorrow." Luncheon at Sheraton Centre with David Roderick (chairman, USX), Senator William Proxmire and Dr. Martin Feldstein (chairman, president's Council of Economic Advisers).
- TUESDAY Breakfast with the mayor of Barcelona at the Helmsley Palace.
- WEDNESDAY Phone interview with investment adviser Howard Ruff.
- THURSDAY Lunch with mayor of Fresno, California.
- FRIDAY Lunch with Tom Peters, author of *In Search of Excellence*.

For freeloading journalists, as for nearly all professionals, the importance of behaving self-importantly—acting always as if you *belong*—cannot be overstated. Once, at an event in honor of the Halston fragrance at the New York Yacht Club, I overheard the PR person handling registration tell a rather timid writer from a legitimate business magazine—*Savvy* or *Entrepreneur*—with as much chilly New York impoliteness as she could muster that the event had "an exclusive guest list" and that people who hadn't RSVP'd couldn't just walk in off the street. Yet the editor of the magazine with Harry Reems on the front cover impaling some blond *had* RSVP'd, so of course he *was* on the exclusive list.

In 1988 I attended a press conference held by one of those no-frills international airlines that has two planes but a very positive attitude and serves brunch. When I arrived, I told the functionary my name and affiliation, and she wrote it on an ID badge. But she took up so much space with *American* that she had to abbreviate *Business*. Later the airline's chief financial officer approached me.

"*American Bus*," he said, eyeing my badge. "I can't



*True, Bob Hope has relatively little to do with methane-powered seagoing dairies. But who was I to turn down an audience with a man who has given so much joy to so many?*

say I'm all that familiar with your publication."

"Deregulation of the airline industry has impacted on major bus routes at both the local and national levels," I told him. "Wherever there's a major transportation story breaking—on land, at sea or in the air—if it is relevant to bus travel, *American Bus* will be there covering it."

Although I was putatively a business journalist, my freeloading life was not circumscribed by the likes of Martin Feldstein and Howard Ruff. I got to play tennis with Bjorn Borg's coach, chat with Jake LaMotta about his 1949 victory over Marcel Cerdan and pepper Walter Cronkite with questions about journalistic ethics. I was asked to meet Mayor Koch (at the inauguration of a new Brooklyn newspaper), Tom Brokaw (at the John Hancock Awards for Excellence in Business and Financial Journalism), New Jersey governor Thomas Kean (at the opening of a swamplands marina). I spent an afternoon drinking "Award Winning Wines" from Pat Paulsen Vineyards and chatting with Paulsen's wife. I met Boston Celtics president and ex-coach Red Auerbach at an event at the St. Regis sponsored by the Cigar Association of America. (The sponsors were apparently unable to lure cigar-smoking legends such as George Burns and Bill Cosby to celebrate the first annual Cigar Lovers Day, so they had to settle for Auerbach, Alan King and Alan Thicke.)

When I was growing up in the tough streets of north Philadelphia, one of my most jealously guarded dreams was to one day stand toe-to-toe with the president of Campbell Soup, domestic division, and talk about current soup tonnage. On September 30, 1986, that boyhood dream was finally realized. At a cocktail reception held at the



RCA Recording Studios on West 44th Street, I walked up to Herb Baum, Campbell Soup president, domestic division, and cited some statistics from MRCA Information Services claiming that Americans had collectively skipped 13 billion lunches the previous year, and that soup was one of the prime victims of the trend. Baum countered that soup tonnage was actually up at Campbell,

at The Plaza. Landers periodically comes to New York, telling jokes that appear in *USA Today* three days before she arrives so that her PR flacks can rehearse their hysterical laughter 72 hours in advance. On this occasion, she told the audience she'd decided to donate her body to the Harvard Medical School when she died but "unfortunately, they want it now." Declaring that she had "a direct

## how about doing a story on me and my professional peers?

### THE THINGS I OCCASIONALLY LOVED BUT MAINLY LOATHED ABOUT PUBLIC RELATIONS

The breathtaking incompetence of PR people often irked me, but after all, where would I be without them? At the corner coffee shop instead of Lutèce. But it was not all annoyance and vexation; there were things about the profession of public relations that I truly admired.

*Everybody's named Amy.* A while back, I developed a mathematical story-selection formula called the Amy Quotient. This grew out of my theory that at least half the account executives in the U.S. are named Amy. Moreover, story ideas pitched by people named Amy tend

to have an *Amyness* about them: a sort of perky, buoyant, zesty inanity. Amys pitch a lot of stories about the outpatient counseling corporations are subsidizing to help employees cope with information overload.

To ensure that our magazines wouldn't get a *reputation* for being susceptible to story ideas pitched by people named Amy, I came up with the AQ, which stipulates that in any given issue, the number of stories generated by Amys divided by the number of story ideas pitched by people named Lori should be roughly proportional to

the square root of story ideas proposed by people named Jason, Shawn, Vicki, Jeffrey and Shari.

*California firms.* East Coast PR offices handle clients in telecommunications, energy, insurance, manufacturing and food processing. West Coast agencies, true to caricature, handle the doctors who pick you up in a helicopter and surgically remove 50 pounds of fat and your colon while you're on your way to meet the man who designs the singing toilet seats of the stars.

*Promiscuous use of Federal Express.* On three occasions, I have had press

kits Federal Expressed to me from the building I worked in. Once, I got a kit from the PR firm on the 19th floor, and just to make sure it wasn't a fluke, I called downstairs and asked if they could send it again. They did. The package went all the way from the 19th floor of 1775 Broadway to Memphis, then came all the way back to the 26th floor of 1775 Broadway.

*PR food.* The most imaginative food I've ever eaten was at a luncheon at '21' given by the Ralston Purina Company, Rice Chex division. They had persuaded the chef to prepare about 19 dishes according to reci-

pes sent in by the nation's cereal lovers. Each contained Rice, Wheat or Bran Chex cunningly disguised as respectable food. I munched on Torta Ricotta Italiana with Chex; shrimp-spiced salad bowl, Chex-style; Chicken Acapulco à la Chexo; and sausage-stuffed mushroom caps à la Chex.

*Unembarrassed unprofessionalism.* There's nothing like receiving a press release covered with Wite Out and yellow highlighter ink, nasty comments from a barely literate superior, and a note at the top reading

THIRD DRAFT.

—J.Q.

but thanked me for coming to the press event. (Thank *you*, Mr. Baum—thank you for making a small boy's dream come true.)

Sometimes, with all the one-on-one lunches I was being asked to endure, I would simply pick a street with a lot of restaurants on it and work my way systematically up and down the block. I did this with 56th Street, 45th Street and 47th Street, and I also did quite a bit of work over in the East Sixties. I tried to have at least two events scheduled for every working day of the year, so that if I felt like getting out of the office I'd always have somewhere to go. At the busiest times of the year there would be easily a half dozen major press events taking place in New York City on the same day; and as the editor of three legitimate-sounding national magazines, I was always welcome.

Even at events devoted in part to deriding magazines like mine. Case in point: Ann Landers's speech to the Family Physicians Care for America

line to the masses," she attacked quacks, wackos and purveyors of miracle cures. In fact, Landers had written several columns warning her readers to steer clear of mail-order con artists.

The croissants were exquisite.

IT WAS ONE THING TO GO TO SEVERAL THOUSAND luncheons, parties and press conferences in which I had no plausible journalistic interest—indeed, such a routine is part of being a journalist—and quite another actually to interview corporate swells. During my stay at *American Business*, I spoke with Norman Augustine, president of the Martin Marietta Corporation, and Robert Mullane, CEO of Bally Manufacturing, among many others.

When the occasion demanded, I'd ask superficially pertinent questions and take notes, but often I didn't bother to write the story, for a very good reason: anything intelligent or authentically informative would have been out of place in a magazine



featuring Rent-a-Witch and catfish insurance.

In truth, one of the things I most admired about the people I interviewed was their forbearance in the face of my astoundingly dumb questions about their products, strategies and backgrounds. When I asked Mullane if he went to the casinos on his days off, he told me it was against the law for Bally employees to gamble in Bally casinos. My preparation was similarly poor for my conversation with Major General William F. Ward, chief of the U.S. Army Reserve, who spoke to me of the need to enlist corporate support for our reservists, touching upon such topics as overseas deployment training and increased readiness. I asked him about those people up in Minnesota who were protesting the use of reservists to build roads in Nicaragua. He said the demonstrations were about National Guardsmen, not reservists, and they were building roads in Honduras, not Nicaragua.

One day I got a note from a PR agency encouraging me to call if I ever, for any reason, needed to talk to singer Carol Lawrence. Recalling that I'd read somewhere that Lawrence and her ex-husband, Robert Goulet, had assembled an impressive ceramic-frog collection, I arranged an interview. A few days later I got a call from Lawrence. We spoke of this and that before I finally mustered the courage to ask, *Carol, why the ceramic frogs?*

"That was Bob's hobby, not mine," she explained.

In 1987 Governor Edward DiPrete of Rhode Island called—at the behest of his PR coordinator—to discuss his "Opportunity Agenda" to revitalize his state. "Let's challenge ourselves to be the best," he was quoted in his press kit as saying. DiPrete was just as much of an exciting, fire-breathing iconoclast in our conversation, speaking of educational innovations, tax reform, incentives to attract foreign corporations, and legislation to curtail frivolous litigation. This bold visionary spoke of the Rhode Island dream for a full 20 minutes, at the end of which I could feel the receiver burning in my hand, inflamed by the governor's passion.

When I interviewed Buck Rogers, the former corporate VP of marketing at IBM who'd become one of the country's most frequently requested public speakers, I was interested purely in seeing how much of his valuable time I could waste. Rogers was on a tour to plug his new book, *Getting the Best Out of Yourself and Others*, and his publisher, Harper & Row, claimed he commanded \$12,500 for his motivational talks. Estimating that a motivational talk, plus a few motivational questions and answers, took an hour, I figured that if I could keep Buck on the phone for 20 minutes, I'd have wasted about \$4,000 worth of his time. This was a piddling sum compared with the five minutes of T. Boone Pickens's time I wasted in 1987 talking about high school basketball. But anytime you have the opportunity to waste \$4,000

worth of another human being's time, I say go for it.

Only once did a freebie backfire. One night I had dinner with Lester Thurow, who publishes best-sellers, teaches at MIT and used to write an economics column for *Newsweek*. Thurow was plugging a book called *Dangerous Currents*, so his publicist booked the two of us for dinner at the Russian Tea Room. About 20 minutes into the meal, Thurow said he had to dash downtown to another appointment but I could call him in the morning. Then he asked if I'd like some money to help with the check.

"You bet," I said, realizing that I, with no credit card and \$12 in my pocket, was expected to pay for the \$70 meal. When he put his 30 bucks on the table and left (*Zero-sum society, indeed*, I thought), I ordered dessert, straightened my tie and scurried out of there. I've always wondered if I should have taken his money with me, because if I'd been caught skipping out, I might as well have been hung for a sheep as for a lamb. Just to be on the safe side, I've never gone back to the Tea Room (and when you're in town, Lester, I think you should give it a wide berth, too).

Incidentally, when I interviewed Thurow I knew absolutely nothing about economics, so I stuck to a tried-and-true series of questions I asked all businesspeople, whether in manufacturing, finance, the stock market, real estate or marketing. I first asked them during the 1983 bull market, when I was interviewing the VP of a Wall Street brokerage house. As we sat in the cavernous corporate penthouse overlooking New York Harbor, she explained that her company had no interest in clients with less than \$100,000 in assets—in short, all readers of *American Business*.

I tried to make as much small talk as I could, but



Crazy-like-a-fox publisher Ralph Ginzburg performs a celebratory jig upon his release from prison on an obscenity conviction.



At a Florida spa, I shared a naked herbal wrap with Claus von Bülow. I never closed my eyes.



# remember, there's no such

## SPY PRESENTS

### ROBIN LEACH'S FORECAST FOR THE 1990'S

"Forget the future, when everyone will be famous for 15 minutes. In the nineties, everyone will be fabulous for 10 full years! This swan song of the century will start out hot and get hotter fast, as the thawing Cold War and greater friendship between East and West bring new meaning to global warming. Then, in 1992, it's Howdy, Gaudi, and Hello, Dalí, as the greatest world-class athletes in the world converge for a ramble on Las Ramblas in Barcelona for the Summer Olympics. For four years, runners and jumpers, swimmers and vaulters have risked sprain and strain to train mainly for Spain, and a chance to test their mettle for medals in this Spanish city by the sea.

"Of course, there'll be some big shots mingling amongst the shot-putters. Look for Malcolm Forbes to trade in his Kilmarnock kilts for Catalonian castanets. He and lady love Liz will have mucho to make music about — after all, it's not every decade that bells ring for billionaires in the Sagrada Familia! Can-do developer Donald Trump will see to it that the unfinished drip-castle cathedral is finished just in time for the nineties nuptials — a century behind schedule, but definitely under budget! And with Charles+Di+Andrew+Fergie in attendance, you can bet a peseta that the Forbes fete will be a truly royal affair.

"As for the younger generation: The sun-drenched young girls of the Paris of Spain will be paying attention to those teen dreams, exotically handsome Sean Ono Lennon and dashing Donald Trump Jr., the two-headed second coming of international playboyism! As thirtysomething sirens like Madonna and Princess Stephanie hunger for increasingly young toy boys, they'll surely reach into this Mediterranean grab bag and find the pickings very generous!

"Look for Barcelona to set the style, the pace and the pleasures for the rest of the decade. The melody will linger on in a veritable bolero barceloniano as the rich and the famous join the rest of humanity in welcoming the year 2000 in a distinctly Spanish accent. Ole!"

## THE MAKING OF "SPY PRESENTS

### ROBIN LEACH'S FORECAST FOR THE 1990'S"

#### I. November 1: We get a call from Mitch Zamarin, Robin Leach's publicist

"I'm calling about Robin Leach. The indefatigable, one and only Robin Leach. I was wondering what you thought we might be able to work out. I was thinking maybe 'Robin Leach Looks at the Nineties,' that sort of thing. You know, he's very plugged into this *nouvelle* society, he could do forecasts. You know, the same people he's covered in the past, he could say where they'll be going in the nineties. It could even be tongue-in-cheek. Well, with your mag-

when she finally indicated that brass tacks needed to be got down to, I opened fire with my five foolproof, all-purpose financial-journalist questions. No matter what the interviewee is trying to sell, exhort, put into a proper context or explain the ramifications of, always ask:

1. How will this impact on gold?
2. Will it play in Peoria?
3. What's the upside potential?
4. What's the downside risk?
5. Hey, what about the Japanese?

These are the only questions a financial journalist ever needs to know. Knowing them enabled me to talk convincingly to customs lawyers, executives from the Shipbuilders Council of America, presidents of artificial-intelligence corporations, heads of computerized horse-breeding companies and politicians. I always asked the same banal questions. And I usually got the same banal answers.

ASKING QUESTIONS requires a certain gumption, but it doesn't take much nerve to embark on luxurious junkets you have no business being a part of. I got the idea for this article, for example, while lying on a beach in Cannes back in October 1985. I was there

courtesy of the French Energy Ministry, which had been nice enough to invite me

over for a one-week, all-expenses-paid stay in a four-star hotel, ostensibly to participate in an international conference on high technology. I later found out my stay cost the French government \$5,600. The extent of the French coverage in our magazines before my trip had been oddball items plucked out of the *National Enquirer* — a story, for instance, about an organization of French stutterers trying to get rebates from the phone company because of all the extra time it took them to complete their calls.

Quinn/Harris Communications, Inc.

500 North Michigan Avenue  
Chicago, Illinois 60611  
312 526-7100

October 14, 1986

Joseph Quennan, Editor  
AMERICAN BUSINESS  
1775 Broadway  
New York, New York 10019

Dear Mr. Quennan:

The Mayor of Barcelona, Spain, will be in New York on Tuesday, November 18 as part of an effort to attract American companies to Barcelona.

Mayor Pasqual Maragall will be joined by representatives of Barcelona's economic development agency. The attached news items in the

## FIRESTONE ASSOCIATES

ing Mayor  
as breakfast  
Tuesday,  
with a

You have any  
questions on the  
call Peter

RE: PRESIDENT'S LUNCHEON

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Tuesday, November 4, 1986  
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New York, New York

1305 YORK AVENUE, NEW YORK, NY



State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations  
EXECUTIVE COUNCIL, PROVISIONAL

July 19, 1985

Mr. Joe Quennan, Editor  
American Business  
1775 Broadway  
New York, NY 10019

Dear Mr. Quennan:

I am sending the enclosed materials to you to inform you and your readers about the changes and improvements made to Rhode Island's business climate during the first six months of my administration. Included are the following: an outline of policy and legislative actions; a White Paper which explains, in greater detail, the economic development strategy I have pursued; and a selection of clippings highlighting news coverage of Rhode Island's dramatically improving business climate.

I am proud of the progress made during the first phase of my administration in making Rhode Island a pro-business state. We have succeeded in removing obstacles to economic growth and business investment, breaking down the old barriers, and planting the seeds for future growth. We have also succeeded in projecting a new, pro-business image, which I am pleased to convey to you through this information package.

I am sure that after reading the report you will agree that Rhode Island has undergone a dramatic change and that we are projecting a new, pro-business image. If you have any questions concerning the progress Rhode Island has made, please feel free to contact my Press Secretary, Nancy Martin, at (401) 277-2000.

I hope that I have an opportunity to meet with you concerning these and other issues in the near future.

Sincerely,  
Edward D. DiPrete  
Governor

Enclosures

Important  
journalists from  
important  
magazines get  
the chance  
to enjoy lively  
conversation  
with the likes  
of the governor  
of Rhode Island,  
the mayor  
of Barcelona  
and Diane  
Sawyer — not  
to mention  
the president of  
the United States.



# thing as bad publicity: *spy* goes on its own joyride, of sorts



azine I guess it would *have* to be tongue-in-cheek! [Pause.] You're not going to make me sorry I called, are you? Make fun of me? Ruin me out here? I mean, I'm just jumping off the deep end here."

## II. November 2: We call Mitch back to find out more about this intriguing proposal

*We were just wondering what kind of thing {Robin} would be interested in writing.*

"No. Wait. He doesn't have time, nor can he write anything under his own byline... If somebody there wants to write something, you know, *for* him... but he's not a writer... Now, I suggest kind of two things. One is his look back at the eighties as far as, you know, how he saw it. I mean, he'll be viewed as kind of an icon of this whole *nouvelle* society era... *Lifestyles* aired all through the eighties... so it's kind of encompassed all that. Um, then... something that would be funny is his look at those people in the eighties, what he sees for them in the nineties. Something like that. Um, I'm just proposing this, and if you're interested, we could pursue it. But he doesn't have time, nor can he pen anything for himself. You see, he doesn't write... Maybe you could come up with some pretty nifty ideas yourself."

*Did he suggest you call us?*

"No! No, no, no, no. I called. I'm a publicist. I mean, I call on my own."

*Has he ever written anything for anyone else?*

"No. Not at all. [Shortly after this conversation, *New York* reported that Leach had recently been asked by editors at *Premiere* to write a review of *Valmont* and had turned in the work of a *Lifestyles* staffer as his own; Leach hadn't even seen the film.]... If you're going to do this, it would *have* to be shown to him for approval... There's no way he's gonna let his name be attached to something in the sense that he wrote it unless of course he sees it... That wouldn't be too smart. Although, of course, he has to realize this is something that's going to poke fun. There's no question about that... I mean—your *magazine*! I know what I'm talking about here. It's not like I haven't read your magazine... So now I'm not gonna pick up *SPY* next month and find my name in it... I don't want to regret this phone call. Fear. Definite fear. Okay, so you'll get back to me, then?"

## III. November 10: We fax Mitch our first draft of "SPY Presents Robin Leach's Forecast for the 1990s"

"In the Roaring Nineties the hip greeting for the Rich and Famous is going to be *Hola, Barcelona!* Whatever your pleasure—whether it be film, fashion or tripping the lights fandango under the Pyrenees—this Spanish

port poised on the verge of a nervous breakout is hotter than a salsa-spiked mariscada! The seafaring set will thrill to the harbor views, and they don't come any fresher than the mussels at the *tapas* bars! The whole world will be watching—and cheering—when this Mediterranean metropolis plays host to the Olympics in '92. And art lovers will find much to muse about in Dalí's lifelong playground; dig those crazy cathedrals by Gaudí—anything but *gandy* to a Barcelonan! Indeed, Madrid's little sister is a magnet for bohemians from all four corners of the world, so get ready for plenty of the three C's: culture, couture and Catalanian charm!"

## IV. November 13: Mitch calls us back

"I don't mean to be insulting, but this particular... it's just not that *funny*, or *clever*... I mean... he wouldn't want to attach his name to it as it is right now, but he would if it was maybe rewritten a little better... He's saying it would be fine if it could be rewritten... It could be sarcastic, fun, whatever, but I mean, it *is* *SPY*. This is a little bland. I'm just being honest. But Barcelona's fine."

## V. Later that day: We fax Mitch our second draft

"The twentieth century will close out with a postmodern pastiche that will draw liberally from the best of each decade! Be it a revival of Teddy Roosevelt specs and trolley-car transit or a reappraisal of the international language of boogie, the Funky Nineties (for isn't 'funky' what postmodernism is all about?) will be terra terrifica for the Rich and Famous! And where will it all touch down? Barcelona! This Spanish port poised on the verge of a nervous breakout is already hotter than a salsa-spiked mariscada, and a few more visits from Princess Stephanie and her latest beau can only make this hot spot hot-hot-hotter! The seafaring set will thrill to the gorgeous harbor views in the city that George Orwell immortalized in *Homage to Catalonia*, and the mussels at the *tapas* bars are sure to induce tongueasm! And the whole world will be watching come '92, when the world's sleekest bodies jump, sprint and swim into town for the Summer Olympics. But nonathletic types shouldn't despair. Barcelona means never having to deny you're sensitive. Art lovers, wax your mustaches and contemplate the landscape as Dalí did for so many years—you are his heirs! Architecture enthusiasts, puzzle over Gaudí's dreamy, anthropomorphic structures—is that chimney really shaped like a soldier, or did someone spike the sangría? Ah, the possibilities, like my ravings, seem endless! So get ready for plenty of the three C's: culture, couture and Catalanian charm!"

## VI. November 14: Mitch calls us back

"This is to be quite honest with you... We'd really like it to sound like it authentically comes from Robin, but this is so, um, *hip*, like 'postmodern pastiche'... 'Boogies'? *Robin*? *Forget* about it! I mean, *you* guys *are* hip, there's no question about it, but, um, you know what I mean?... 'Tongueasm'—is that orgasm of the tongue? God, there I am looking it up in my dictionary, would you *believe* it?!... We don't want to aggravate you guys—God forbid we should aggravate anyone at *SPY*... Anyway, we'd love to work something out, something that sounds more like Robin. *Obnoxious* it could be, *disgusting* it could be, but—not this hip. The way *he* would talk."

## VII. November 17: We fax Mitch our third draft

"Forget the future, when everyone will be famous for 15 minutes. In the nineties, everyone will be fabulous for 10 full years! This swan song of the century will start out hot and get hotter fast, as greater friendship between East and West brings new meaning to global warming. Then, in 1992, it's Howdy, Gaudí, and Hello, Dalí, as the greatest world-class athletes in the world converge for a ramble on Las Ramblas in Barcelona for the Summer Olympics. For four years, runners and jumpers, swimmers and vaulters have risked sprain and strain to train mainly for Spain. And you can bet a peseta it won't stop there. From the drip-castle cathedral of the Sagrada Familia to the Surrealist master's sumptuous concoctions of boiled beans and crippled lobsters, Barcelona will set the style, the pace and the pleasures for the rest of the decade. The melody will linger on in a veritable bolero barceloniano as the rich and the famous join the rest of humanity in welcoming the year 2000 in a distinctly Spanish accent."

## VIII. December 1: Mitch calls us back

"Robin's out of town, but... Tell me something. I was thinking along a whole different angle altogether... This just seems like so much fuss, you know, uh, Barcelona or whatever. They weren't interested in doing where the people of the eighties will be in the nineties?"

*But you said Robin liked Barcelona.*

"The only thing is the wordage... I just think there's potential for something a lot wittier, more catchy... You know what I mean? I just think that with Robin, you could do something wittier, more interesting. He said Barcelona was fine, but I just wonder, isn't there something more that they could do?... I must be getting on your nerves already with this."

## IX. December 6: We fax Mitch our fourth and final draft

## X. Vic Damone! We have lift-off! ☸



## SOCK IT TO ME!



## RESPOND TO ME



The seventies live forever for two of *Better Living's* many, many upscale advertisers—The Erotic Art Book Society (demographics withheld on request) and the stylish, sophisticated publication itself.

Despite the manifest inappropriateness of my presence, I was wine and dined in the company of the president of France's largest computer company, the director general of the French banking association, the president of the French equivalent of General Electric and the head of the French rail-

road system, as well as dozens of other high-powered French businessmen and politicians. In addition to airfare, the hotel, all meals, taxis and gratuities, the French also gave me and everyone in attendance a special magnetic "memory card" that let us telephone anywhere in the world. When I had used up the credits imprinted on the card, I just had to ask for another one. The

whole week, I spent \$6.75 of my own money.

The conference itself was a joke. I was by no means the most ludicrous invitee (there was the 20-year-old editor of a Danish student newspaper, who came with her boyfriend). Most of the professional journalists there were general-interest writers who understood almost nothing about fiber optics, memory cards or propulsor jet engines, and the few specialists who did understand these things said the French had absolutely nothing new to say and were merely peeved that they hadn't got more press attention for their versions of the technology.

But there was still fun to be had, and we had it. After the second day, most of the 200 or so international journalists stopped going to the daily conferences altogether. The Soviets hit the rue

d'Antibes, the Chinese went looking for better suits, the Danes and Dutch stayed in their hotel rooms drinking. I hit the beach.

When I got back to the United States, nobody ever contacted me about writing a story. A large hardcover book, *Colloque International: Recherche et Technologie; La France en Regard des Pays Industriels*, arrived in the mail about a year later, but that was the last I heard from the French Energy Ministry.

IN JULY 1986 I RECEIVED THIS LETTER:

Dear Mr. Queenan:

You're invited, as part of a select group of male journalists, July 24–26, to experience the Palm-Aire Spa in Pompano Beach, Fla. More men than ever are choosing the "spa vacation" as an alternative to the traditional respite. In fact, at the world-famous spa at Palm-Aire in Pompano Beach, Fla., about one quarter of those who go through the program are now men, a dramatic increase of recent years. . . . Today the Spa at Palm-Aire is a favorite among business executives, politicians and entertainers. (Mike Wallace, David Rockefeller and many other celebrities are frequent Palm-Aire Spa guests.)

It went on to describe the resort's particular niceties, but I had read enough. I called to say I was very interested in visiting, even though I had some doubts about just how much stress reduction could be achieved in southern Florida in late July. A few days later Palm-Aire's PR representative called back and said I was the *only* journalist interested in going in July, so the tour was being canceled—but rain checks were being given. The following March I called and arranged a four-day visit.

In conjunction with nutritionists from places such as Tufts University, the spa had developed a two-week program to change fat people's attitudes toward their bodies and themselves. It consisted of exercise, dieting and consultations with psychologists and nutritionists. It was supposed to cost \$4,250.

Because I wasn't fat, old or wealthy, I looked somewhat incongruous there. In the locker room, dozens of flabby rich men would sit around all day in the altogether watching the latest stock quotes from Financial News Network. One day while I was lying alone in a dark room having something called an herbal wrap, the door swung open and a voice asked the attendant, "Is it too late to have a wrap?"

"It's never too late for *you*, Mr. Von Bülow," the attendant simpered. Seconds later Claus himself was lying next to me, his body swathed in towels. As he took off his towel I was speechless with gratitude to the public-relations community of America for allowing me—ne'er-do-well, reprobate, clown—to lie in the same bower of herbal delight as this



Let the freeloader beware. After I dined with economist Lester Thurow at the Russian Tea Room, Thurow scrambled without paying his full share. I followed.



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*The total cost of a week at Cannes: \$6.75 for me and \$5,600 for my host, the French government*

respected public figure and alleged attempted murderer. But I never closed my eyes.

I also saw (but did not share herbal wraps with) Liza Minnelli, Brooke Shields and Martin Luther King Jr.'s rather portly daughter Yolanda.

THE ARCHITECTS OF ALL THIS MAD, POINTLESS profligacy are, of course, public-relations executives. Why they so energetically sought to have their clients documented in our horrid magazines is still something of a mystery to me, but I do have some theories. The most obvious explanation is that few people in public relations ever bother to familiarize themselves with the publications they're wheedling. A second is our huge subscriber lists. *Better Living's* onetime circulation of more than 1 million made us, inadvertently, the nation's most effective vehicle for reaching the people you didn't want to reach. *Moneysworth's* circulation was also over 1 million, and *American Business's* was around 450,000.

But the most plausible explanation is that public-relations account executives, desperate to get their interchangeable clients written about, consider *no* magazine too crummy to approach. And PR firms also need warm bodies at press conferences. Often I'd be the only business journalist to turn up at an event; all the others in the room would be stringers for provincial newspapers, professional moochers, PR people brought along to paper the house. Besides, somebody had to eat the canapés.

Some may say that all public relations is bribery. This may or may not be true, but the claim is irrelevant in this case. It probably makes sense to try to

bribe your way into publications such as *Ladies' Home Journal*, *The Wall Street Journal* and *Town and Country*. It doesn't make sense to try to bribe your way into magazines read almost exclusively by credulous doughnut addicts and trailer-park conspiracy theorists. Only about 10 percent of the time did the flacks make any effort, postbribe, to see if a story ran. When they did, I would simply say, "The publisher bumped it," or "The story didn't have any meat to it," or "We're saving it for the next issue," or "Yes." When they asked for copies, I'd say, "I'll send them over as soon as the magazines come back from the printers." Usually they'd forget about it, and I'd forget about it. But if they did remember and I sent it over, I assume that most of them clipped the story, crossed their fingers and hoped the client would never get his hands on a copy of the entire magazine, complete with photos of naked men and women locked in carnal embrace.

During my years editing *American Business*, *Better Living* and *Moneysworth* I continually wondered, *Do these people know what they're doing?* The question was inevitable when the editor of a magazine that asked its readers "Is it possible to become pregnant with your underwear on?" received an invitation to a luncheon featuring the president of the United States as the guest speaker. (The luncheon, honoring successful women, had been sponsored by a company that manufactured a very popular glue.)

This article was outlined during a junket to the Berkshires. Some of the early revisions were done at large, four-figure lunches at swank midtown restaurants. It was written using software that came to me free, in the mail, and was printed on a computer printer that also came free, in the mail.

But in this celebration-cum-exposé, I have perhaps exaggerated the effortlessness—and glamour—of my job. Do you know how many times I've had to listen to a man with tortoiseshell eyeglasses effervesce about a company's market repositioning? Or how many times I've heard *Also Sprach Zarathustra* accompany a product introduction? How many times I've heard Yogi Berra quoted, with the speaker always acting as if this were the first time anyone had ever been told that it was not over until it was over? No, it wasn't all a picnic. I've probably had to force down more dried-out chicken breasts and broccoli spears than any non-office-seeker in the republic. And I've had to interview Dr. Joyce Brothers—twice. I've paid my dues.

If the way of life I have described appeals to you, my advice is to get on some public-relations mailing lists of your own. Concoct a vaguely plausible magazine title, print up stationery, claim some extravagant circulation base and watch the fun begin. Because there's no one out there to stop you. There's no one minding the store. ☛



**March 1988**

**THE FILOFAX GENERATION**

"They're always jotting, jotting, jotting, seemingly intent on committing to paper every facet of their existence and systematically cramming it all between the covers of their bulging 'planners.'"



**April 1988**

**OUR NICE ISSUE**

"Donald Trump—a heck of a guy. Glamorous Gals . . . Who Never Age. It's Fun . . . to live in Queens."

**May 1988**

**WELCOME TO RAT CITY!**

"It munches concrete, it swims like a fish, it multiplies faster than a rabbit. It can leap from rooftop to rooftop, it can pop in through the toilet. It's Rat; it numbers in the millions."



**June 1988**

**COASTERS**

"For the world's Coasters, there is no statute of limitations on the rewards and privileges of early success."

**July/August 1988**

**PARTY GUYS!**

"Nightlife Decathlon." SPY private eyes tailed the city's most relentless night crawlers for an evening and kept score. And the winner is . . .



**September 1988**

**LIFE-STYLE HELL! OUR SPECIAL LOS ANGELES ISSUE**

"The sex, the spandex, the pastels, the car phones, the irony shortage and the general uncensored dudeosity that make Los Angeles a shrine to vapid fun."

**October 1988**

**THE SPY 100**

"Our annual census of the 100 most annoying, alarming and appalling people, places and things."



**November 1988**

**FEUDS!**

"It's not enough for some people to be well-to-do and well known; they need to be well-to-do and well known and belligerent."

**December 1988**

**SEVENTIES-SOMETHING**

"A return to the decade of the mood rings, ultrasuede, sideburns and disco sex-machine Tony Orlando."



**January/February 1989**

**MR. STUPID GOES TO WASHINGTON**

"America's ten dopest law-makers—all those in favor, say *dub*."

**March 1989**

**ISN'T IT IRONIC?**

"How everything in the world turned 'funny'—from Joe Franklin to Joey Heatherton, Twister to



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**Late?**

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Twinkies and Hawaiian shirts to Hawaii Five-O."



**April 1989**

**CELEBRITY GARBAGE**

"Coffee grounds of the rich and interoffice memos of the famous—a scientific, sanitary and not at all unseemly SPY investigation."

**May 1989**

**IVANARAMA!**

"You know her as an Olympic skier, fashion leader, licensed interior designer, hotel executive and wife to a certain billionaire casino operator from Queens. But of course, there's more. With Ivana, there's *always* more."



**June 1989**

**LET'S MAKE A DEAL WITH THE DEVIL!**

"Ed Koch did it. Time Inc. did it. Barbara Walters did it. A SPY audit of Faustian bargains, Mephistophelian transactions and the current bull market for selling one's soul."



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BUCKLE UP AND

# WRITE

*Sometimes, composing a boffo lead is  
as easy as starting your car*

BY HENRY "DUTCH" HOLLAND

A couple of months back, when the downtrodden French peasants were rising as one on PBS's *Tale of Two Cities* and, simultaneously, New York's oppressed Broadway producers were shouting for the head of Frank Rich, the two rebellions seemed briefly to merge. Maybe it was just the added ingredient of excessive holiday cheer—too many pink ladies over too few weeks—but it really seemed that Madame DeFarge's ominous knitting meant trouble not for the French nobility but for all kumquat-shaped chief theater critics for *The New York Times*.

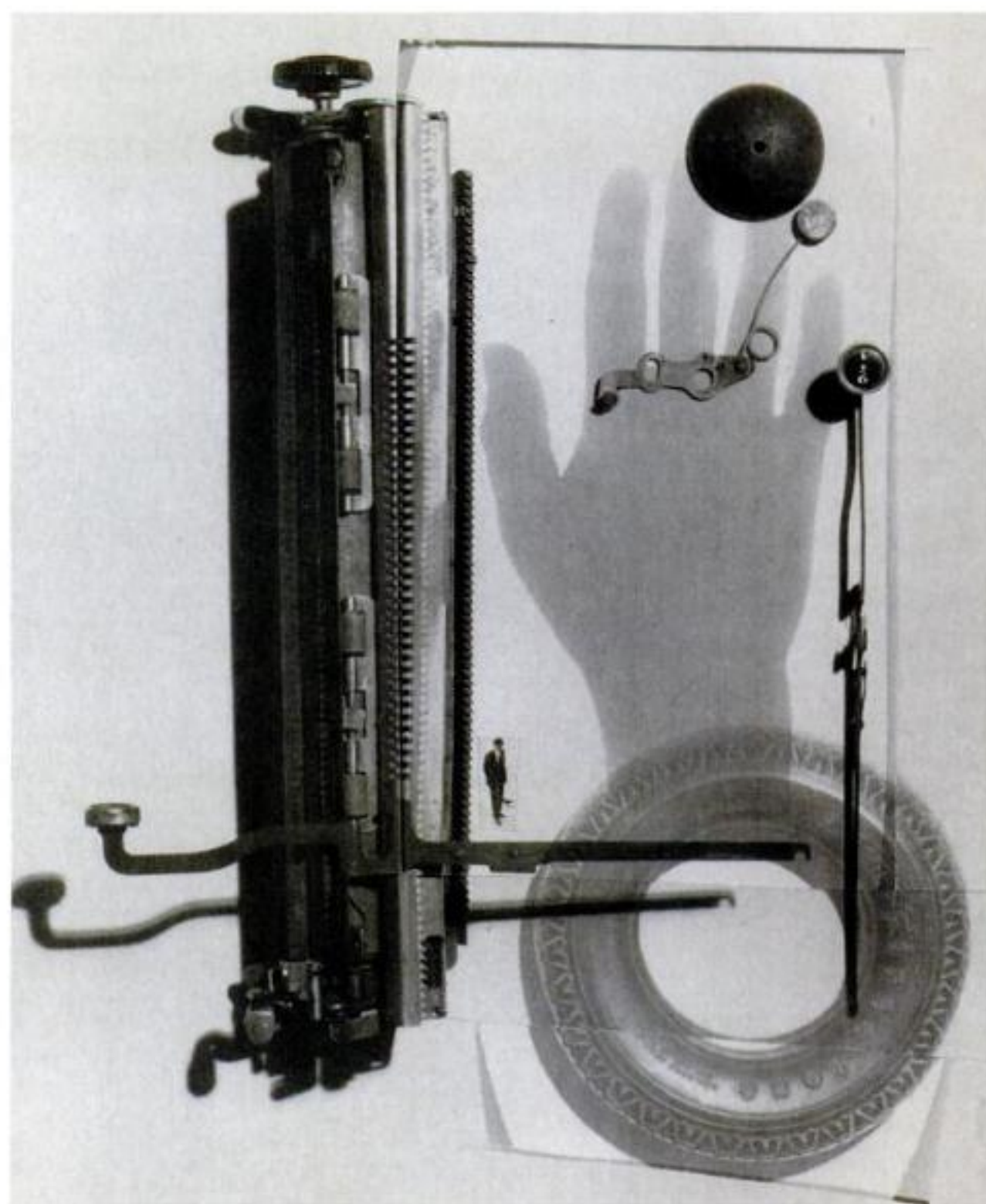
As you'll recall, after the *Times* ran Rich's insufficiently gushy review of *The Secret Rapture*, playwright David Hare became his aggrieved pen pal in what turned out to be a very public correspondence. Even that creaky flagship of journalistic integrity, Liz Smith, sounded off in the *Daily News*, in the process cloning herself for added critical heft ("We have often inveighed here against the power of the *Times* and of Frank Rich..."). Hare and the rest of the bloodthirsty mob charged that when Rich lowers himself into his chair and turns on his word processor, it's time to strike the set and notify the investors. In short, the general mood suggested that in the foreseeable future a Broadway theater is likelier to be renamed for Joel Siegel than for the *cochon* from the *Times*, and the stirring cry of "*Liberté! Égalité! Gussow!*" echoed through the West Forties.

But the multitudes had the wrong guy. By my reckoning, the critics who *really* have the power to make or break a theatrical production in New York these days

are at *The West Side Spirit*. Yes, the evidence points overwhelmingly at the neighborhood weekly with the (free) circulation of 85,000, distributed primarily by gusts of wind coming in off the Hudson. "*Love Letters*' format is not gratuitous," raved Erika Milvy in the *Spirit*, and in no time at all A. R. Gurney's spare Off-Broadway play had moved to Broadway. (Coincidence? Don't be naive.) Milvy's cryptic review of *Orpheus Descending* ("My advice is to let sleeping dogs lie. And don't ask them to howl") was correctly interpreted by producers as a sign to extend the run of the Vanessa Redgrave vehicle—but just once. And the fact that Milvy's colleague at the paper, Brian Maxwell, called Larry Gelbart's *Mastergate* a "brilliant new political satire" is the only plausible explanation for that exhausting, heavy-handed play's lasting 68 regular performances. Finally, what do *Legs Diamond*, *The Secret Rapture*, *The Threepenny Opera* and *Sid Caesar & Company* have in common, apart from short Broadway runs? Exactly: none was even deemed worthy of a review in the influential *West Side Spirit*.

As second-string theater reviewer at the *Times*, Laurie Winer doesn't wield the power of an Erika Milvy or a Brian

REVIEW  
OF  
REVIEWERS



PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEOFF KERN

Illustrations by Natasha Lessnig



Maxwell, and it's a good thing. Winer can be an astute critic, but to hear her tell it in her review of the Roundabout Theater's production of *The Tempest*, the drug plague has spread beyond suburbia, beyond rural America and into the realm of time travel. "The shipwrecked royals en route to Naples are 18th-century gentlemen in powdered wigs, skirted coats and knee breeches," Winer wrote. "The most jaded ones among them snort cocaine." Uh-huh. Paradoxically, in the inner cities of late-twentieth-century America, more and more people are turning tragically to snuff, and those handsome little engraved snuff "boxes" (as they are known on the street), which used to fetch so much at auction, now litter every second corner—the discarded paraphernalia of a terrible nasal tobacco habit. *Yo. Pinch. Check it out.*

Laurie Winer's more than competent *Newsday* peer, Linda Winer (no relation), tried gamely but could not outgush the *New York Post's* Clive Barnes in the battle of hysterical tributes to Suzanne Farrell and her farewell performance. Winer scored points for praising the retiring ballerina's "limby sensuality," "coltish guts" and "endless arms," and especially for her interesting artist-by-association confession that "for years, City Ballet has been the place many have gone to remember why we got into the arts in the first place." But Barnes met the challenge, opening his review with a simple and eloquent "It was her last waltz." Later on, this nugget: "It is an odd thing about ballet—by the time you are old enough to give your best, the time has come to give your last!" And finally, to close: "Dear Suzanne—I like to think of her entrances rather than this exit....And this entrance...Vibrant with the expectation of the dance. Dance-ready for the long littleness of a night...or a career!"

Doesn't anyone sit still for interviews anymore? Readers of *The New York Times Magazine* have lately been treated to a series of mobile profilees, subjects who handle steering wheels and reporters simultaneously. "Wearing an Indiana Jones fedora and sunglasses, Russell Banks maneuvers his mint-green Mercedes-Benz 300 D through the streets of Princeton, N.J.," began one story this past autumn. On the next page another article opened with "Let me tell you about Toni," says Stephen Shapiro, as he kills the engine

of his black BMW 750iL with the dark glass, the black leather seats and, of course, the phone."

Hastily called meetings must have been held at West 43rd Street—or perhaps in cars circling the block—because the make-and-model motif as a way to *pull the reader in* vanished from the magazine section for several weeks. Then, presumably while the editor in charge of Suppression of Vehicular Leads was on vacation, the article-starting device resurfaced several times in a single issue. First: "Under the brilliant blue Arizona sky, an air-conditioned GMC Sierra bumps along a weed-choked wagon track near the main road to Kaibito." Second (with an aquatic twist): "Bill Johnson kills the engine of his ruby-red Mercury Astro and lets the sleek fiberglass bass boat drift along the steep northern shore of the Monongahela River." And there was also "As I was driving through Nevada recently..." These last words opened a *food column*. Soon William Safire will be downshifting his ruby-red VW Jetta GL, or whatever, before dealing with that particularly vexing nominative-absolute issue raised by the pedant from Columbus, Ohio. *Vroom, vroom. Next question?*

As autumn turned into winter most self-respecting magazines and newspapers began adhering to an unspoken pact prohibiting further variations on the phrase *sex, lies and videotape* in their headlines (see this column, November 1989). Most, but not all. Long after the movie had opened, *New York* magazine was still on a creative roll with "Sex, Lies and a Gentleman's Agreement" (a story on Steven Soderbergh and a friend) and "GRINS, GORE, AND VIDEOTAPE" (a story on local TV news), really hitting its stride with "SEX, LIES, AND VIDEOTAPE" (a review of *The Preppie Murder*). The *New York Post* all too recently used "sex, lies & dance" and "Sex, lies and those video sweeps," and the *Daily News* gave the world "Cynicism, lies & the Social Security system," "Sex lives and ticker tape" and "Sex, video and suicide." Other late offenders: "Sex, Lives and Videotape" (*Savvy Woman*); "sex, lies and the N.E.A." (*The New Common Good*); "Sex, Spies and Videotape" (*Newsweek*); "sex, lies and the book version" (*Publishers Weekly*); "sex, drugs, and videotape" (the influential *West Side Spirit*); "sex, lies, and celluloid" (*Premiere*); and "SEX, LIES AND AUDIO-

TAPE" (*GQ*). The grace period is over; play on those words at your peril.

In 1968 *New York* magazine was founded. In 1980 Ed Kosner became its editor, and later he became its publisher. In late 1989, having finally found, in Kosner's words, "a writer good enough to do it," *New York* began a regular pop music column, Sounds. Let's see how the young (but already highly unpopular) Elizabeth Wurtzel has succeeded where all others failed:

"The funny thing about *glasnost* is that much of what it lets us see of Soviet culture is pretty awful. Rock and roll is a case in point. Many young Soviet musicians want to sound just like Us, not Them."

Wasn't that worth waiting 21 years for? This surely was:

"*Poi Dog Pondering* sounds like a backyard party on Labor Day weekend where everyone is drinking Rolling Rock and dancing around in flowered skirts and Bermudas, shivering in their windbreakers while their bare legs get goose bumps as the chilly air of autumn first sets in."

Rolling Rock from a can or a bottle? Because if it's a can, then forget it—I'd rather get the recent Flamin' Groovies collection. *That* sounds, if you recall, like an alumni fundraiser on Presidents' Day where everyone is drinking grain alcohol and falling across end tables, sweating in their tweeds as the first mild breeze of what will become spring goes unnoticed. (One track—"Shake Some Action"—sounds exactly like someone reaching for a glass of Knockando on a morning in July. Go figure.)

Finally, a disturbing statistic from *Variety's* regular roundup of New York movie critics' opinions: recently, in just one week, *Rolling Stone's* overassigned Peter Travers emitted four unfavorable reviews, three "ambivalent" ones and only a single favorable one. Steady, now, Peter: what will the studio publicists do without you? Does this mean you're turning into the Frank Rich of film criticism? Or maybe the Erika Milvy or the Brian Maxwell? Time will tell whether Travers is really trying to bring down the industry or is simply off his game. In the meantime, keep off the snuff, remember that the best interviews are conducted from the passenger seat and—wherever you are—stay ever dance-ready for the long littleness of a night. **D**



# PILLAGE

## TALK

*Hollywood's candid savages  
get sacked*

BY CELIA BRADY

*The Day of the Zimmer:* "The big agencies are all like animals, raping and pillaging one another day in and day out."



Sounds like a pretty accurate description of an agent's day to me. And so it was for the agent who uttered those words, MGM

tycoon Dore Schary's grandson, the preternaturally aggressive Jeremy Zimmer. Or at least it was when Zimmer was twirling his phone cord as a ten-percenter at International Creative Management. The day after Zimmer's remarks—at a local "How to Get an Agent" seminar for movie business wanna-bes—were picked up by *Variety*, ICM chairman Jeff "Ice" Berg and president Jim Wiatt told Zimmer he was through at the agency.

Zimmer had earlier incurred Ice Berg's wrath by "accidentally" leaking *Regarding Henry*, a script written by a client of fellow ICM agent David Lonner, to Scott Rudin, now an independent producer at Paramount and at that time (incidentally) the employer of Zimmer's wife, Romi Straussman. When Rudin bought the script with a \$450,000 preemptive bid, Zimmer (now a partner at the tiny but powerful Bauer Benedek agency) angered not only Lonner and Berg but also Disney chairman Sparky Katzenberg, who had a first-look deal with the writer.

When Zimmer's raping-and-pillaging comments became public, Berg issued a pious boilerplate disavowal and curiously followed that up by sending a letter to Creative Artists Agency *Überführer* Mike "the Manipulator" Ovitz restating his assertion that ICM, for its part, does not

act like an animal, raping and pillaging all day long. No sooner had Berg's letter been delivered to CAA than a junior ICM agent, Scott Schwartz, launched a recruitment offensive on the clients of InterTalent (run by ex-ICM agent Bill Block and ex-CAA ninjas Judy Hofflund and David Greenblatt). Schwartz spent most of his day calling InterTalent clients (the agency represents Emilio Estevez, Laura Dern and Kiefer Sutherland), saying, "You're underrepresented," and "Bill Block isn't doing a good job for you." So, is it rape and pillage if it's done over the phone? And will all this be the subject of a seminar at the USC film school next year?

*Back to the Drawing Board:* Based on the first 15 minutes of box office reports, *Back to the Future, Part II* looked like it was going to be an enormous hit. There were some critical gushes, and \$43 million poured in over the Thanksgiving weekend. The word in the Beverly Hills pizza bistros was that Universal had scored a brilliant production-and-marketing coup by having *Part III* all lined up and ready for release next summer.

But on the eleventh floor of the Universal Tower, things weren't so jubilant. Research had shown that audiences who loved *Back to the Future* would be profoundly disappointed with the sequel. And at least one executive at the company shook his head in disbelief at the positive reviews: "Some of these people have been reviewing films for too long. Especially Gary Franklin, Joel Siegel, Michael Medved and Janet Maslin. The picture's a stinker," he said of his own film, "but the critics don't want to be caught pan-ning a hit. Particularly the television guys. It makes their management worry they're out of touch with the audience."

Audiences, of course, decided for themselves, and by the all-important second weekend, *Part II* had dropped a ferocious 72 percent at the box office.

At least one man had predicted this debacle: Steven Spielberg, mentor and promoter of the film's writing-directing team of Bob Gale and Robert Zemeckis. During preproduction on the sequel, Spielberg argued over whether they should make one sequel or two; he felt the *II* story was thin and uninspired. Gale, Zemeckis and Universal president Tom Pollock chose to make *II* and *III* at the same time. Spielberg was, of course, right. See you Monday night at Mortons, alas. ☹

## PRIME-TIME

# DEAD

*The making of a cancellation*

BY RING NORRIS

Remember "documentaries"? Remember those long, public-minded stories produced by fully funded news divisions



back in the days before simulations, "magazine" shows, live infotainment fests and Geraldo Rivera?

Well, CBS remembers—or at least it did for a moment or two last fall. In one of the guilt-ridden spasms of idealism that sometimes grip the wastrel heirs of the Edward R. Murrow tradition, network executives got it in mind to develop a comprehensive five-hour series on the world environmental crisis. Intended to be as global in scope as the greenhouse effect itself, the monumental prime-time opus was set to do nothing less than *wake a sleeping nation*.

Feverish preparations began. A budget of several million dollars was discussed. The respected veteran producer David Browning was put at the helm of the vast effort. And as if to reinforce the message that here was a project worthy of CBS News in its glory days, the network gave curmudgeonly old-timer Robert "Shad" Northshield, the creator of *Sunday Morning*, a deputy role. Painters and carpenters went to work fashioning an office for the project. A support staff was assembled in New York, its members abruptly reassigned from less pressing, less historic tasks. *Ready...*

There were a few small problems, of course, but nothing insurmountable. For one thing, Northshield (known as Shad the Mad by co-workers familiar with his rages) started terrorizing other people's secretaries, shouting *You work for me!* whenever he sensed that his grizzled-veteran-hood wasn't being properly revered.



When Northshield tried to confiscate one vice president's entire staff, Browning decided it was time to act. *How would you like to go to Zimbabwe?* Browning asked Northshield, naming one of the documentary's most remote locations. Old Shad accepted the offer, possibly tantalized by the prospect of exercising Kurtz-like sway over a profoundly isolated jungle production crew. With his network-producer-issue safari jacket cleaned and pressed, he plunged into darkest Africa. *Get set...*

Then, in late October—with crews already in place around the globe—second-banana-made-good David Burke, CBS News president, had an eleventh-hour realization: *Wait a minute, this is CBS. We don't have any money!* When Burke abruptly canceled the project, executive producer Browning reportedly threw an epic fit and demanded that someone else break the news to his dedicated, far-flung foot soldiers. But recalling the troops did not prove easy. With their lines of communication hopelessly overextended and their network commanders in full retreat, whole battalions of CBS employees—including Northshield's Zimbabwe crew—wandered for days in the forests and jungles, fighting to get a story that had long since been surrendered. Given CBS's disarray, it is not inconceivable that some producers may still be out there somewhere, sheltering in caves and foraging for nuts and berries.

Dan Rather, CBS *Evening News's* chief newsreader—sorry, managing editor—now in a perpetual fit over his beloved broadcast's permanent second-place standing, demanded changes in the network hierarchy. Not in the news division,

mind you, but in the entertainment-programming area. Convinced that it must be the shows on CBS *after* the news that had been turning viewers away from his broadcast, he demanded and received from CBS chairman Laurence Tisch the resignation of Kim LeMasters, the nominal head of the network's entertainment programming. But don't expect CBS to crawl out of the cellar anytime soon. The architect for much of the prime-time lineup at CBS was not LeMasters anyway, but the self-styled master programmer Tisch.

Donaldson and Diane Sawyer are pulling the show in opposite directions. The pretentiously literary Sawyer, who likes to congratulate herself on a successful broadcast by saying *It had the texture of a novel*, has a fondness for soft human-interest stories, while the pretentiously gritty Donaldson is comfortable only with the hardest sort of hard news. That Sawyer often prevails in this philosophical battle may be due to her tradition of power-flirting with her higher-ups. At the White House it was press secretary Ronald Ziegler and Nixon himself. At

CBS it was Tisch and the ambitious, oily president Howard Stringer. At ABC her toadying is manifested in mid-day walks with news president Roone Arledge. These schmoozy strolls may also account for the hiring of Jay Schadler, a 40-ish white male correspondent, on a show that already has two of them. "What we need," a *PrimeTime* insider told me, "is a hip young woman, maybe a black. But people here think that Diane doesn't want the competition."

There is one arena in which the jealous (and, thanks to modern technology, curiously Asian-looking) Sawyer truly has

nothing to fear: scriptwriting. According to people on the show, she composes with unequalled slowness. While Donaldson is said to tap out scripts with the speed of a tabloid newshound, Diane likes to *savor* the process of creation, often locking herself in her office for hours on end and later emerging, drawn and haggard, with her two- or three-sentence introduction. The fact that her little tele-poems haven't done a thing for *PrimeTime's* ratings doesn't faze Sawyer at all. *Just wait till we're up against reruns*, she has taken to telling skeptical acquaintances. *Then you'll see.* ☛



C'est kwān-trō my lüv.

Jur-nees ende en lüv-rrs meetings  
Ore sew le Bard doth saye  
Kwān-trō et la red-redde rōs  
Complet le purr-fek daye

Kwān-trō my lüv, kwān-trō my lüv  
Az we lī en eech üthers arms  
Kwān-trō my lüv, kwān-trō my lüv  
Abuv alle-n -en-E charmz

C'est Kwān-trō onde rox.

**COINTREAU**

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A knack for internal chaos is not limited to CBS. Staffers at ABC's *PrimeTime Live* (who say they "laughed until they cried" during the particularly inept Thanksgiving broadcast) report that executive producer Rick Kaplan just can't make up his mind when it comes to choosing stories. Local network bureaus fear the arrival of one of Kaplan's notoriously disorganized teams, who are famous for commandeering inordinate numbers of vehicles and phone lines in their helter-skelter pursuit of pseudonews.

It doesn't help matters any that Sam



## TIDE

*Donald Trump hosts his own very  
special disaster at sea*

BY JOHN SHAFIT

One death, three broken backs, one severe concussion and two other, slightly less serious injuries: that was the final casualty toll when the Trump



Castle World Power Boat Championships reached their glorious, bloody close last October in Atlantic

City. True to Donald Trump's reputation for doing the unprecedented, the death marked the first-ever fatality in 20 years of New Jersey offshore racing—the inevitable conclusion, perhaps, to a week of horrible weather and questionable planning and supervision. Yet despite one competitor's warning that "there will be a mass walkout if he ever holds another race," Trump was heard voicing plans not only to sponsor another speedboat contest but to host the America's Cup. As a review of last fall's race will demonstrate, this is an exciting prospect indeed.

A year ago, when Trump announced he would sponsor the powerboat tournament, a leading driver questioned the wisdom of moving the race from the placid, protected waters off Key West, Florida (which had been its U.S. home for the previous 18 years), to the North Atlantic during hurricane season. Trump brushed aside these grumblings—he even used the weather scare as a drawing card for spectators, promising in an open letter to racing fans, "This week the fierce October sea becomes a battleground for some of the fastest boats in the water as they challenge nature and each other." Later, when the battleground was littered with bodies, Trump would claim that the

violent waters he'd gleefully predicted were "atypical."

On October 17, despite occasional swells higher than eight feet, the long-awaited races began. As did the carnage. On the first lap, Stefano Casiraghi, husband of Princess Caroline of Monaco, missed the first turn and plowed through a field of spectator boats at over 70 mph; he was blindly followed by five members of the Italian team. (Casiraghi protested his disqualification afterward, claiming the turn was poorly marked.) Elsewhere on the course, John Antonelli's *Spirit of America* hurtled 30 feet into the trough of an oncoming wave. (Antonelli and two crew members suffered identical fractures of the lumbar vertebra.) The Trump-sponsored *Team USA*, piloted by Don Johnson, had steering problems and nearly sank. It finished in seventh place.

By the end of the first day of competition, out of a field of 60 boats, 4 had sunk and only 27 had finished the race—a truly remarkable statistic, even for a

**I** *have an empathy for Donald,*

*Don Johnson told one paper. "What*

*people don't realize is Donald*

*is sensitive to the human condition"*

high-risk pseudosport dominated by excessively tanned, speed-crazed playboys.

From Wednesday until Friday, gale-force winds battered the coast, forcing the cancellation of the midweek races and blowing away a number of the tents pitched to protect the million-dollar powerboats. Well-connected boats such as *Popeyes Fried Chicken* were allocated precious space in the Trump Castle parking garage, and their crews were put up at the hotel upstairs. Less influential teams (whose entry fees had contributed to the championships' prize money) had to manage for themselves. Don Johnson stayed on board the *Trump Princess* and spent the week working high-roller parties and shilling the baccarat tables for his host-employer. "I have an empathy for Donald,"

Johnson told an Atlantic City newspaper. "He takes a big rap, I think unduly.... What people don't realize is Donald is *sensitive to the human condition*."

But not *too* sensitive, as Trump proved by remarking midway through the mayhem, "I hate to sound overly optimistic, but from a truly cynical financial standpoint [the relentless rain] makes it a better event for the Castle. I just walked through the Castle and it's booming in there." Trump's luck continued to hold through Saturday, when race officials, nervous about the dark horizon, canceled yet another round. Back inside the bustling casino, Michael Redpath—the veteran racing official hired to legitimize Trump's hastily formed Atlantic City Offshore Power Boat Racing Association—repeated his boss's line of the week: "These weather patterns are unusual for this time of the year."

On Sunday—the last possible day for racing—an abbreviated "storm course" was set up. On the first lap, Don Johnson and *Team USA* were forced to drop out when the boat's batteries came loose. *Yes-X-Press* of Saddle River, New Jersey, took the lead briefly, before being flipped and then crushed like a beer can by a wave; both driver and throttleman were hospitalized. Farther out at sea, a mile from the starting line and the "world's largest video screen" (erected by Trump to serve a projected 1 million spectators, most of whom never materialized), the boat *Team Skater* bounced off a wave, landed nose-first and barrel-rolled, landing upright—killing the driver, Kevin Brown, instantly.

At the awards ceremony—which Trump wisely failed to attend, and during which his name was booed—there was no official mention of the death. Even some of the winners were disgusted. "Thank God they'll never have the world championships here again," said Robert Schug, who took the Class C trophy. Bob Metzler, another driver, said, "Having the race in Atlantic City was an irresponsible move, but money speaks. The ceremony was the crowning touch."

No fan of dreary postmortems, Donald Trump was focused on the future, envisioning far more prestigious maritime catastrophes. Of his plans to bring the America's Cup race to New Jersey, Trump recently told an interviewer, "From what I understand, the waters off Atlantic City are virtually perfect." ■



# UN-BRITISH CROSSWORD ANSWERS

## A C R O S S

17. *Muse* rearranged ("peculiarly").  
20. Sounds like "Paris idyll."  
27. *Minisouls* rearranged ("somehow"). Whenever I read about what an amiable, folksy fellow Ronald Reagan or George Bush is, I think of Will Rogers's 1926 interview with Mussolini. In 1926 Mussolini had been running Italy fascistically for only four years, and many Americans somehow found him refreshing, from a distance. Still, it is hard to understand how Il Duce could have deceived old Will so thoroughly. "Dictator form of government is the greatest form of government there is, if you have the right Dictator," wrote the celebratedly democratic Rogers. "Well, these folks have certainly got him.... I told him that I knew lots of Italians over home and that I wanted to have some message for them. Well he laughed and put his hands on both my shoulders and said in English, 'You can tell 'em Mussolini, R-e-g-u-l-a-r G-u-y.... Mussolini no Napoleon, want fight, always look mad; Mussolini laugh, gay, like good time same as everybody else—maybe more so,' and he winked...."

"This Guy keeps on getting better all the time.... Some over home say a Dictator is no good! Yet every successful line of business is run by a Dictator."

Business was big back then before the Depression, as it is today. If I weren't tied up in this puzzle, I would write a book called *Galloping Capitalism*. In *New York Newsday's* City Business section recently there was a story explaining the demise of *Ms.* as a monthly magazine. Here was one paragraph: "From its origins under Gloria Steinem, it had a history of advocacy," said Joel Kushins, media director at Bozell Inc. "You didn't want to position your advertisement adjacent to editorial that was loud and took strong positions."

A bad sign when business interests become so blithely up-front about the immiscibility of marketing and free speech. Didn't this Kushins even say "Let's face it" or something? Every so often someone is surprised that I, a freelance writer, have never incorporated myself. Maybe if I did, I could say I don't want to position my editorial next to advertisements that are loud and take strong positions. But hey, I've always figured live and let live.

29. The head of *dead* is *d*, followed by *nowhere* rearranged ("strange").

## D O W N

1. While Don Quixote tilted at windmills on bony horseback, Sancho Panza rode an ass. In the interest of solidarity with the average reader, let me emphasize that I do not for one moment deny that I am sitting here on mine, too.

6. To peruse is to *read*, and the opening of *You Can't Take It With You* is *Y*.

8. The original clue here was "Game of mutual masturbation," but that seemed coarse. Now that I have mentioned it, though, it gives me an occasion to quote a passage from *The New York Times* that I have long wanted to quote. It is from Christopher Lehmann-Haupt's April 21, 1986, review of *Death of the Soul*, by William Barrett. Here it is:

Part of the reason for my suspicion is [Barrett's] heavy-handed way of illustrating his argument. In one example, which even he admits is "as plain and grotesque as possible," he asks the reader to imagine that "you are approaching a moment of tenderness and passion with the woman you love, but for a moment you stop to reflect that theoretically you can treat her words and caresses as if there were no consciousness or mind behind them." He concludes dramatically, "That way madness lies!" Yet why should we be impressed when the issue of consciousness is no more important to lovemaking than it is to herding swine? Mr. Barrett's example is unnecessarily sentimental. It is a flourish of rhetoric behind which one senses the religious proselyter.

Well, I am no fan of proselytism, but— isn't the issue of consciousness important to lovemaking? I have never herded swine; maybe the issue of consciousness is important there too, but surely it is *less* important there, at least to people. Call me unnecessarily sentimental, but more and more often, as this "conservative" era advances, I read statements that startle me and make me wonder, *Shouldn't that at least be prefaced by "Let's face it" or something?* ☺



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## JAILHOUSE

# SCHLOCK

*Mr. Blackwell takes his act to  
some very lucky ladies behind bars*

BY HARRY SHEARER

Several hundred blue-smocked inmates have just filed into the jail auditorium of the Sybil Brand Institute for Women, tucked in the unfashionable hills east of Los Angeles. They are about to be the audience for a very special entertainment extravaganza. But even to those still behind the prison's purple and peach bars ("They're always painting something around here," says a guard, "to keep it looking nice"), word seems to have spread.

"What is this?" a young blond inmate from Boston asks the sheriff's youth coordinator. The inmate is sitting right behind the equally blond law enforcer, only a single row of folding chairs describing the line between who gets to leave after the show and who has to stay. "The Mr. Blackwell show," the sheriff's youth coordinator answers. "Mr. Blackwell?" the prisoner says. "Are you kidding?"

"Mediocrity and complacency run for cover when Mr. Blackwell makes his entrance." We're reading now from his press packet. And he's not kidding. "He lights up the sky. He flashes searing comments across the heavens." Best known—or more accurately, only known—for his Worst Dressed List, a life-style-section editor's perennial that brightens the post-holiday news holes every January, Mr. Blackwell had until a few years ago treated the matronly customers of L.A.'s Bullocks Wilshire to semiannual fashion shows of his own latest designs. "He is a rarity," the press kit reminds, "a man who completely understands the feminine mystique." You know the mystique: sequins, frills,

flounces, bugle beads, slits—*that* mystique.

Tonight Mr. Blackwell has hauled a closetful of mystique into the gals' yard, the little big house, past the barbed wire, past a locked cabinet labeled CONTAMINATED WASTE, past the deserted Hobby Shop. And the feeling that permeates the auditorium once all the inmates have taken their seats is a combination of high school assembly and Bob-Hope-brings-Angie-Dickinson-on-board-the-U.S.S.-Coral-Sea. In fact, if you closed your eyes, you wouldn't know this crowd was female. They do the Arsenio bark, they're as innocently rowdy as sailors on near beer, and whenever a man appears—Blackwell's publicist, for example—they whistle and whoop their approval of his maleness.

It's a big night for Blackwell's publicist, former actor-model Michael Sands ("You can use me in your story," he assures me before explaining Blackwell's upcoming trip to the Soviet Union, where a publishing house, he says with a straight face, is very eager to publish



Blackwell's memoirs). Another of Sands's clients has just dropped by the correctional facility, and we're introduced. "This is Dr. Stephen Pincus," the publicist says, smelling double-barreled column inches. Dr. Pincus, it turns out, is a plastic surgeon who's done plenty of work behind prison walls. But that's the past. "He has a new technique called lip advancement," Sands enthuses. "It's going to be the biggest thing for women with thin lips, much bigger than collagen implants—you know, like Barbara Hershey."

Before we can explore what the good doctor puts into, you know, like Barbara

Hershey's lips, or where he gets it from, Mr. Blackwell does a show biz trot onto the auditorium's humble stage. He flashes his diamond rings and tells a joke. "The only way I could show off my last good season in the dress business is to pick... my... nose!" he says, mock-picking with the right pinkie. Then he launches into a piece of *special material*—the show biz, not the rag biz, variety: "*Loovee prison, it's chic and it's camp... That's why this designer is a tramp!*" Backed by a well-aged musical trio, Blackwell is Rex Harrison-ing the song. He's walking the song upstairs. He's bugle-beading the song.

And then come the clothes. A black model, the favorite of the 50 percent black crowd, struts out in purple. "A little thing I whipped up for hooking," Blackwell jokes. Then he introduces a model with a sentence that has within it a mini-series: "This is Marit. She was lead show girl at the Lido in Paris for years and years and years. And here she is today."

An audience of young female inmates is not necessarily easy to please, but it does know what it likes. It likes *red*. These hundreds of girls wearing the duller-blue, loose-fitting uniforms holler and applaud especially hard for any red dress, even for Blackwell's red vest. The decor here at the Sybil Brand Institute includes some subtler colors in the red scale, but *real* red just might arouse the criminal passions. Tonight, however, the gates are down. A prisoner behind me yells at Carolyn, the model draped in crimson, "Wear it, girl. *Wear that dress!*"

Remember the peculiarly late-seventies phrase *gender bending*? That's what's going on here. First the inmates confound one's sense of how women behave, but then there's also Mr. Blackwell careening across the gender-stereotype line from the other direction. "This look *works*. Ask me how I know," he says. The criminals comply. "Because I wore it last night!"

"Here's Richard. He's my arranger, my conductor," says Blackwell. "He put this whole thing together, and he is one of my very best friends." After jokingly offering up each of the other musicians to the man-starved audience, he adds, "But you can't have Dick. Ask me why." They do. "Because"—and the voice drops to a provocative growl—"because he's *mine!*"

Part of the charm of a Mr. Blackwell is the way he tiptoes on the median strip of the genderway. A trademark line in his



shows, always uttered just as the chiffoniest, most diaphanous piece of glitzkrieg emerges onstage, is "If I were a woman, *this* is how I would want to enter a room." Tonight, behind the purple and peach bars, his grip on the conditional is definitely loosening. Carolyn comes out in a black gown, and Blackwell confides, "Would you believe—I could go *straight* for that."

Like the architect who must dream up cities as well as buildings, Blackwell designs not only fabric but also the flesh beneath. "I have lifted everything from my toes to my nose. How do you think it looks—\$22,000 worth?" They give him the applause he's asked for. "I had liposuction in my stomach. They took some of the bulge out, and I didn't want to waste it. Now, I used to have the flattest fanny in town. So I had it taken out *here*, and put *back there*, and now I have the cutest fanny in town. What do you think?" (We think it *works*.)

What reminds you that this is not in fact a noontime assembly at Rocky Horror High School is the sudden appearance of some inmates on the stage. Three previously selected prisoners are plucked from the audience to get up and sing. Another one has been awarded a full beauty make-over, 15 minutes of makeup and a rainbow-colored gown that will be kept in storage for her, along with the cosmetics, pending her release.

And now, as Paul Anka said, the end is near. Wanda, one of the singing inmates, presents the designer with a commemorative plate in appreciation of his visit. There's one last moment to savor. As the only visible he-sheriff in a jail full of she-sheriffs gets up onstage to master the closing of the ceremonies, the women yell "Song!" at him. And he responds, good-naturedly, "Sorry, I only know one song: 'Please release me, let me go....'" In a county where a significant percentage of the sheriff's antidrug task force is under investigation for siphoning off seized moneys, this is a most welcome glimpse at the goofier side of sheriffing.

The inmates are no longer an audience. They have re-formed as a line of prisoners waiting to be returned to their cells. We few visitors are whisked by, and at a point where the hallway narrows, a deputy barks at the inmates to stand closer to the wall to let us through. It's not the Arsenio bark she's doing. Show's over. ☎

# CLASS CLOWN?

*Or anarchoguerrilla liberator  
of youth?*

BY ELLIS WEINER

The bad boys of one's youth—not the bad-bad ones, who swatted books out of kids' hands and smoked in the bathrooms,



but the good-bad ones, those wise guys constantly threatened with having things appear on their permanent record—where are they now? I ask because I cannot see the number 407—as a page number, a digital time, a flight number—without thinking of eighth grade, Phil Scalia and a campaign of mischief-making that, while feeble by today's standards, burned the figure into my nice-boy's consciousness, where it will remain for the rest of my nice-grown-up's life.

Yes, mischief. True, the word is an embarrassment today, combining as it does the no-longer-credible innocence of Tom Sawyer with the never-remotely-credible warmth of Diane Sawyer and the all-but-incredible cuteness of Forrest Sawyer. (Why drag Forrest Sawyer into this? Because in a healthy society, a man with his name would not read ABC News briefs—he'd work in a lumber mill. Every surname would be descriptive of its bearer's trade and modified by a first name denoting that job's principal object—e.g., *chef de cuisine* "Veal Cook," ethnic-breakfast-food preparer "Bagel Baker," Roberta publicist "Roberta Flack.") Today, of course, mischief has given way to...well, crime. Youthful misbehavior encompasses everything from narcotics distribution to voluntary manslaughter, and "Boys will be boys" has yielded to "The boys will be tried as adults."

But back in 1964 mischief was still

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Mr. Kerley—Go KLAZY...SCL.

Marty—I'm so glad our relationship is blossoming. If you want me, send me flowers. Stinkweed.

Mom: Happy Valentine's Day. Michael.

DRH—Leave some beef stew for me.



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credible. So when Phil Scalia took to scrawling this provocative numeral on blackboards, everyone wanted to know what it meant. Select individuals were told in stage whispers after tendering vows of confidentiality. Cognoscenti invoked it with knowing leers. Combining a potentially dirty punch line (by then anything secret was potentially, if not probably, dirty) with a rigorous in-group/out-group dichotomy, it was catnip to our hormone-ravaged, peer-group-tyrannized sensibilities. I was more or less dying to be let in on the secret.

Not that I asked. Its creator was too charismatic, too dynamic, too (in the eighth-grade sense) glamorous. This was the kid, after all, who led small teams in shouting the nonsense syllables *Ba-rroom!* in the cafeteria (in open defiance of the rule against the shouting of any syllables whatsoever) and coordinated synchronized pencil drops in various classes.

This wasn't immature or anything, be-

it stays with me in a way others have not. Admittedly, I was mute with admiration when proto-Belushi Arthur Levy dashed into classes in progress and scribbled the word *orgasm* on the board, then ran away (to where? Was he cutting class? What guts!); yet today I hardly ever think of Arthur Levy when I think of orgasm. Significantly, though, 407 endures—and for reasons that have everything to do with how to be a grown-up.

In creating a tantalizing enigma out of a number that might otherwise have languished in obscurity (at best it might have known an ephemeral fame for being two formulas shy of a household cleaner), Scalia fashioned nothing less than a work of primitive conceptual art. It forced us to confront the questions explored by adult artists in more sophisticated forms: *Are we stupid? Can we figure it out? Are we cool enough to merit being told?* The number disrupted—no, transformed—routine school consciousness and its prefab lessons, its rote systems of symbol and explanation, its quiet humiliation at the knowledge that one did not own any Cox Moore sweaters.

The grown-up, if he is to be himself and not some other guy, must resist institutions that seek to infantilize him—the kind of organization represented in school life by school and in postschool life by Lee Atwater and Dan Quayle. Thus, with the creation of 407, did Phil Scalia strike a blow for all eighth graders who wanted to be grown-ups when they grew up.

Granted, the lesson of 407 (*Don't be afraid to be creative and goof around and stuff*) is that of every grand-finale number of every Muppet movie ever made. But it is no less valid for that—particularly considering its actual meaning, eventually disclosed to me by none other than the artist himself. I was flattered; I wasn't, after all, one of the with-it, adventuresome kids. I was just a nice boy with big ears shown to disadvantage by a Johnny Unitas crew cut, a tonsorial novelty across which certain girls found it amusing to rub their hands. I therefore remember quite clearly the moment when Scalia swore me to secrecy, leaned in and let me in on the secret of 407. What did it mean? "Nothing," he whispered.

Big deal, right? But if Duchamp did it, you'd chuckle and swoon. You'd think it was genius. ☺

# SIMPLE

## PLEASURES

*If you can't say something nice,  
don't worry about it*

BY ROY BLOUNT JR.

Eric Zorn of the *Chicago Tribune* has sent along a clipping from that newspaper, with the following headline:

STUFFED GARFIELD DEFLECTS BULLET, SAVES GIRL. So as not to drag the actual child involved into smarty-pants commentary, I will change her name:



CORPUS CHRISTI, Texas—A stuffed comic Garfield toy attached by suction cups to the window of a family's pickup truck deflected a gunshot and saved a five-year-old girl from serious injury, police said.

Maria Lopez suffered from facial cuts Sunday night when the window was shattered by the .22-caliber bullet. Police don't know who fired the shot.

Police said the bullet apparently changed direction when it struck the stuffed Garfield toy.

And now, an excerpt from Zorn's version of "the story as it might have read":

"Just two days ago, we had a stuffed Garfield toy suction-cupped right up against the window where the bullet came in," sobbed grief-stricken Pancho Lopez, a hubcap maintenance engineer.

"But then we read Roy Blount Jr. in the September 1989 *SPY*. He said Garfield isn't funny, he isn't engaging, he isn't like a cat. He said Garfields in the window were a stupid craze, with italics on *stupid*, and said he doubted people who had them were college-educated. We took the cat down. It would have saved her."

"We wanted only the best for our little girl," added Consuela Lopez, who has been working two jobs so that Maria, their only child, might someday attend college. "We tried so hard to be sophisticated—for her benefit. That's why we subscribed to *SPY*."

**T**

oday, of course, mischief has given way to...well, crime. "Boys will be boys" has yielded to "The boys will be tried as adults"

cause Scalia was smart and got good grades. Had the same stunt been ringled by one of the less smart, more smart-alecky dudes who in high school would date the prettiest girls and later would grow up to be Lee Atwater or Dan Quayle, I'd have disdained it and felt superior in the process. But Phil Scalia validated subversive messing-around for good students. He was, as teachers said in the fifties, an "instigator," whereas I was incapable of instigating so much as a Chinese fire drill. Did I take part in these pencil drops, nudging and giggling in anticipation of the ecstatic moment? I don't remember. But I hope to God I did.

As for 407, I wonder today not at its code word "meaning" but at its *meaning*. As an anarchoguerrilla action against the forces of public-educational tedium,

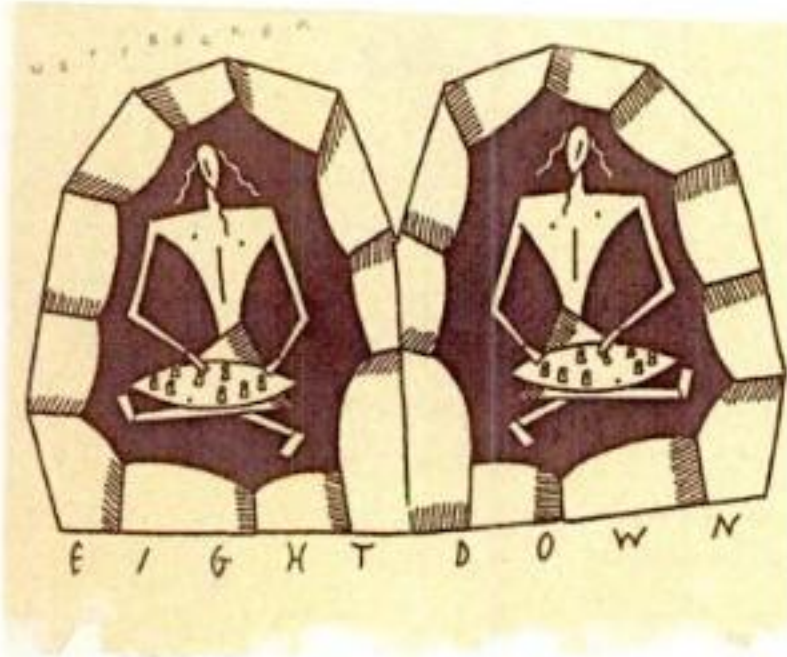


Blount, busy skewering other trends and the simple pleasures of simple people, could not be reached for comment.

So. Perhaps this puzzle has been guilty of elitism. This isn't a puzzle of the people. This isn't a puzzle that knows the lottery number, or what the new sitcoms are, or what Trix Fruity Frosted Corn Puffs with "New! Brighter, Fruit Colors!" taste like. This puzzle never saved a child's life.

Perhaps this puzzle isn't big-business enough to provide simple pleasure. Today, corporations package and broadcast simple pleasures, to maximize profits, to tax the ingenuity of junk-bonding raiders who are scheming to leverage those corporations away from the raiders who leveraged them away last year.

For the example of weird processed food above, I went to the nearest supermarket. "They're cutting off my water," a shopper was saying. "I have to buy water. I'm an old lady from Chicago. I have to buy French water for \$1.79 a bottle?"



"I tell you what, lady," said the manager. "I'm from Chicago, too. Go to a mom-and-pop store, get some Naya water, American. Same size bottle, \$1.19."

"An honest man from Chicago," she said. "From you I'm buying all my noodles and butter."

From *The New York Times*:

**5 MILLION POUNDS OF BUTTER MELTED IN WAREHOUSE BLAZE**  
CAMBRIDGE, Md.—Firefighters sloshed through five inches of melted butter in battling a warehouse fire that burned out of control for nearly 21 hours.

More than 300 firefighters from Maryland and Delaware had to contend with slippery floors and a dwindling water supply to put out the blaze...where food was being stored for shipment to Poland and the Soviet Union.

This puzzle can't compete with that kind of operation, but here you can melt a few words and slip around in them.

## ACROSS

.....

**1, 5.** Wasting time on promiscuity? (8,6)

**10.** Couple in their cups have British tête-à-tête. (3,3,3)

**11.** The last thing to say to a French god. (5)

**12.** Where couple resides without benefit of clergy. (2,3)

**13.** Cheating where the unwashed swim. (5,4)

**14.** What you last thought about in college, and what 1 and 5 Across and drugs seemed like at the time. (5,5)

**17.** Birds down under muse peculiarly. (4)

**19.** Critics pick them, monkeys too. (4)

**20.** It may sound like a romantic interlude in France, but to parents it's fatal. (10)

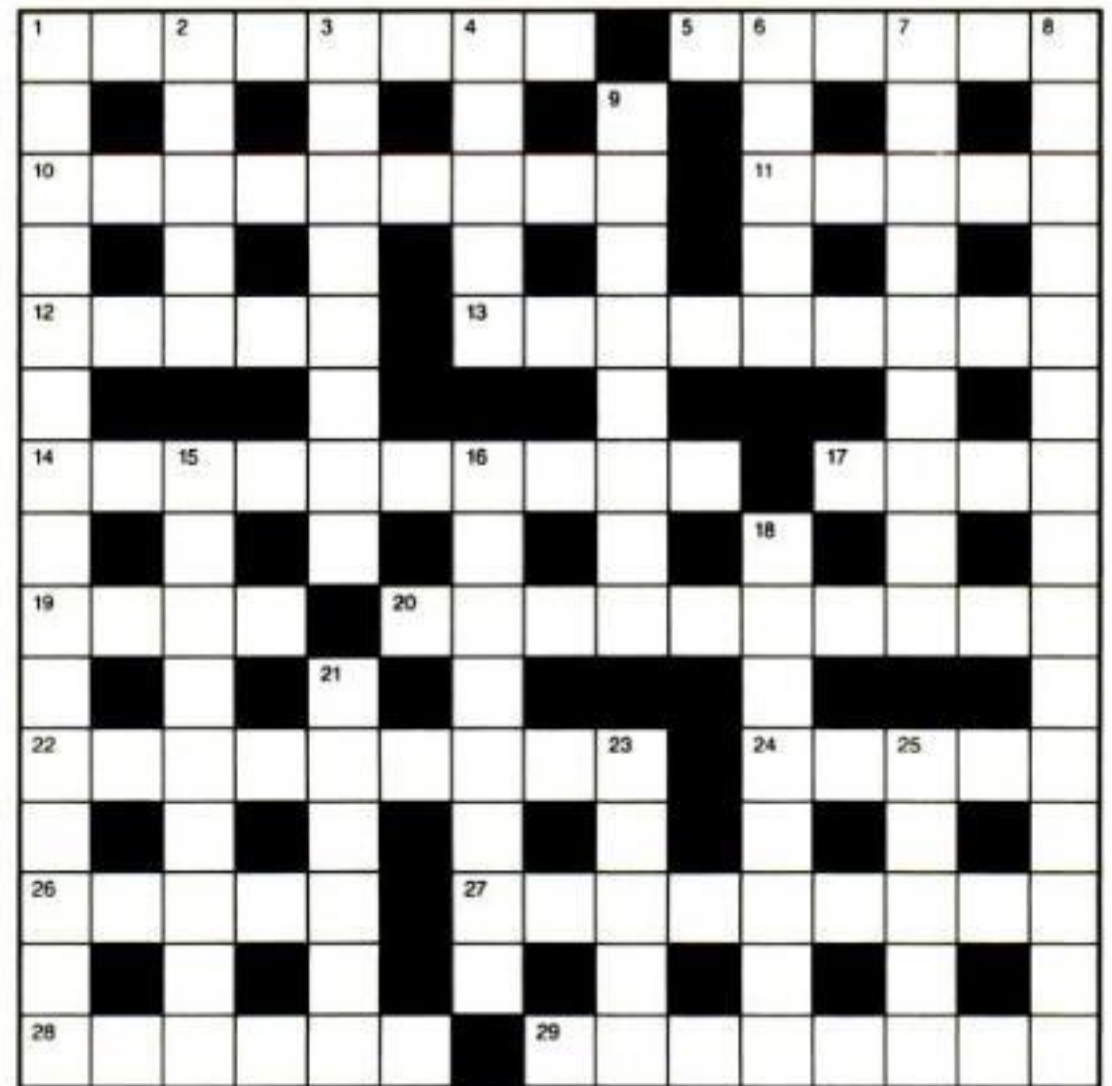
**22.** I, Gus, embrace weird Roman numskull. (9)

**24.** Where scene is shot, in beginning. (5)

**26.** A foot-sore source of oak. (5)

**27.** Minisouls somehow made the trains run on time. (9)

**28.** Put golfing device in place on couch. (6)



**29.** Where does the answer to this go, deadhead? Nowhere strange. (4,4)

## DOWN

.....

**1.** What Sancho was doing while the don tilted, and what the average male SPY reader is doing right now. (7,2,3,3)

**2.** Cheers for underparts. (5)

**3.** Would we hear message in bit of sylvan music? (8)

**4.** "No!" Koppel observed. (5)

**6.** Prepared to peruse the opening of *You Can't Take It With You*. (5)

**7.** Vague around one in

livery. (9)

**8.** Game for twin hermits. (6,9)

**9.** Blonds have this? Just over a tiny fraction. (4,4)

**15.** Patronizing a restaurant with unusual tea, in inflammatory condition. (6,3)

**16.** Dime made oddly by one who can neither speak nor do dumb show. (4,4)

**18.** Decapitated physician has nothing on old racist category. (8)

**21.** Canter dementedly in hypnotic state. (6)

**23.** Butt in so the Duke's right-hand man... (5)

**25.** ...finds Ghostbusters gunk in crooked smile. (5)

The answers to the Un-British Crossword appear on page 89.





**Additional Cover Credits:** Hair and grooming: Hiro and Greco for la Coupe. Suit: Armani. Tie: Hermès. Barbara Frank is represented by Olive Head. Cover background: Berenholtz/The Stock Market.

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**Page 79:** Chris Dougherty/LGI (Leach).

**Page 94:** Anthony Savignano/Ron Galella, Ltd. (Tyson); Ron Galella, Ltd. (Trump); Patrick McMullan (Trump with Mosbacher).

**Page 95:** Mary Allen/Nice Press (Christie's auction); Patrick McMullan (Ertegun), Heatherton).

**FEEDING TIME** At this year's March of Dimes Gourmet Gala at The Plaza, which annually provides a way for a flock of restaurant-fed people to put on aprons, roll up their sleeves and cook, *just like regular people do!*, (1,2) wife-beating chump Mike Tyson flips flapjacks with — and oops! *onto* — oil-rich Texas housewife Lynn Wyatt; (3) and joyless punk millionaire Donald Trump shoves a superspecial tip-top Trumpburger into former journalist Barbara Walters's celebrated mouth.



**IF THEY MADE SAUSAGE IN OZ...** (1) At an event intended to generate publicity for the newly gilt-encrusted Plaza hotel (where one room has been rechristened Le

Petite Trianon), surgically retrofitted licensed decorator turned metaconcierge Ivana Trump instructs fellow power wife Georgette Mosbacher how to pose for photographs the way top models do it—by pivoting one super-skinny leg an alluring 45 degrees to one side. (2,3) Ivana, once an ironfisted top ski instructor, has a knack for attracting willing pupils—she seems to have given



Barbara Walters point-

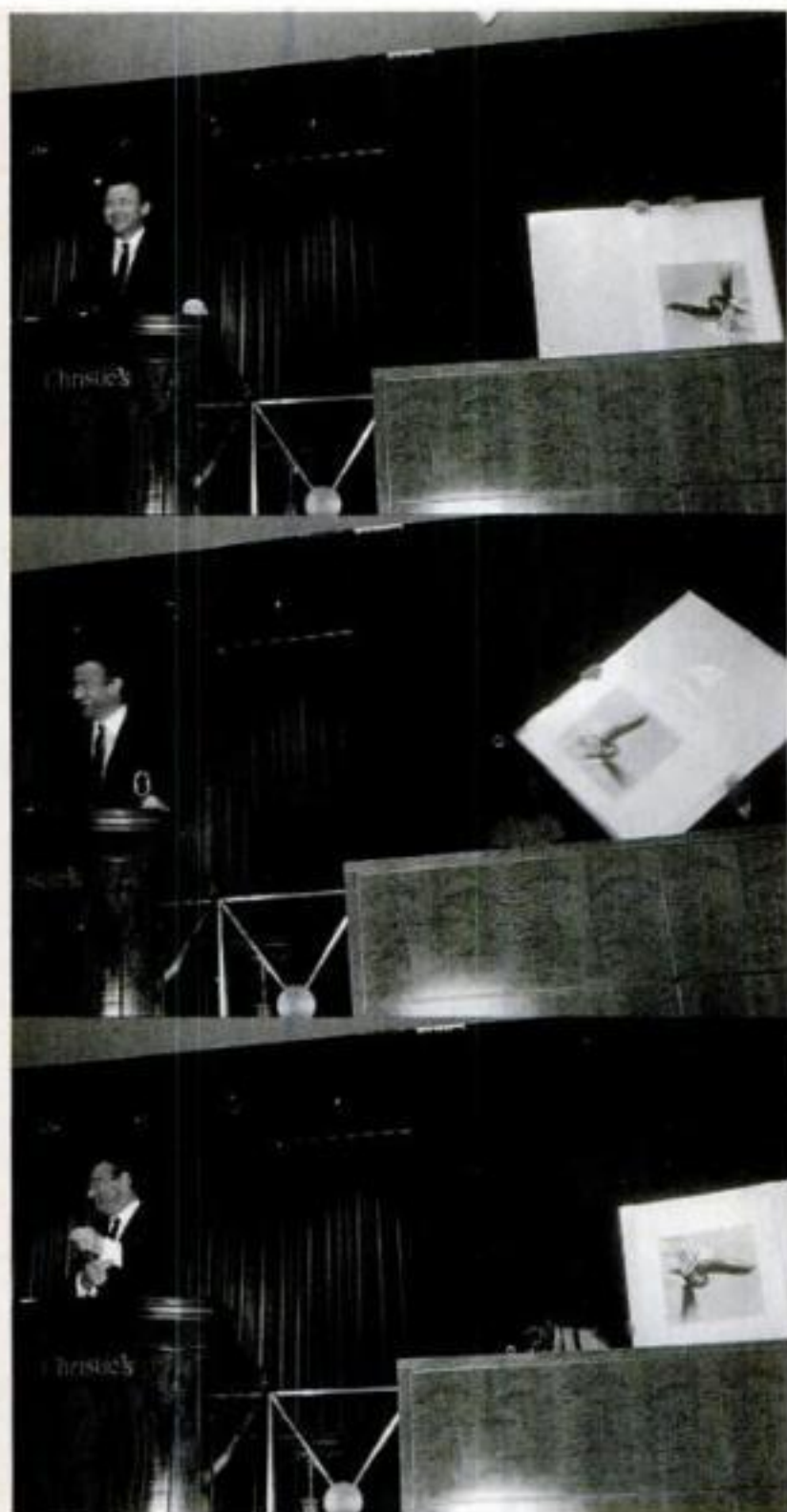
ing? Ivana, after all, once told a reporter that sometimes, on nice days, she *walks* the three blocks home to Trump Tower from her Plaza office to "get the fresh air and the nice exercise."



**UNINVITED GUESTS** Outside the church where fashion designer Carolina Herrera's daughter Ana Luisa was being married, buffet grazer and *Überpaparazzo* Hy Simon discussed the semiotics of today's garishly excessive society weddings with befuddled passerby Murray Kempton.

**PARTY**



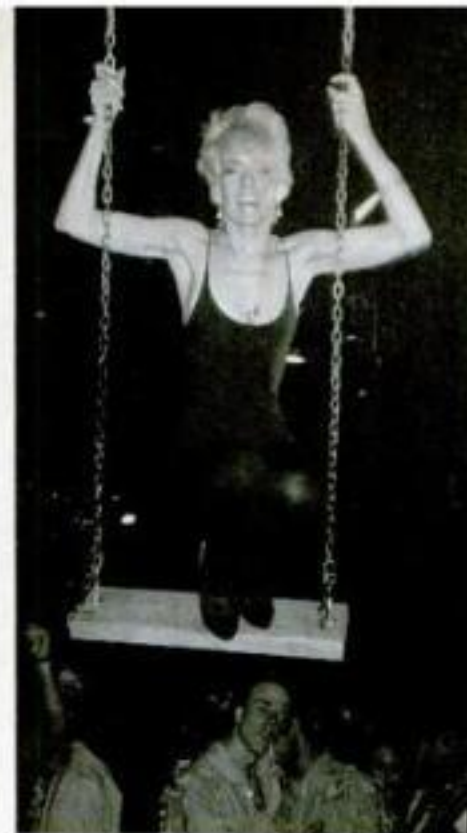


**THIS END UP** At the Christie's sale of Robert Mapplethorpe photographs, the auctioneer learned that in moments of unexpected anxiety, a dependable nervous giggle and a pair of cuff links to fiddle with are a tremendous help.



**TURKISH DAFFY** (1) At a Lincoln Center City Ballet tribute to Jerome Robbins, wily Atlantic Records chairman Ahmet Ertegun delights blowsy gossipeuse Suzy with an old-world facial massage: Ertegun simply rolls the old girl's head between his hand and his bald scalp. And (2) a little later, evidently having convinced the benign Lady Slim Keith that she is not at a charity benefit but in fact on *Let's Make a Deal*, Ertegun, with the help of his wife, Mica, plays Monty Hall by rummaging through Keith's purse.

**CORRECTION** Party Poop has had it wrong — Joey Heatherton is *not* a singer-dancer-shut-in-tigress-survivor. She's a singer-dancer-shut-in-spider monkey-survivor. SPY regrets the error.



Hopped up about the millions he will pocket by having three extremely dumb books on the best-seller list simultaneously (Danielle Steel's *Daddy*, Nancy Reagan's *My Turn* and Sidney Sheldon's *Sands of Time*), agent-to-bosomy-dirty-book-writers Mort Janklow does a bit of breakdancing outside Le Cirque. (Did he learn this from disqualified Ironman contender Walter Monheit, SPY's own messenger/critic-at-large (inset)?



**CHEEK TO CHEEK, BUT NOT EYE TO EYE** (1) Perhaps presaging the separation that enabled their friends to begin the new decade muttering *I told you so*, No-Brow fashion designer (see page 56) Mary McFadden and her ex-child-groom-to-be, Kohle Yohannan, studiously avoid making eye contact while dancing. (2) At the Waldorf-Astoria, social-climbing fixer Peter Tufo and his wife, Francesca, only have eyes for the walls, too. (3,4) And when teensy over-leveraged billionaire Henry Kravis dances with his heavily subsidized working wife,Carolyn Roehm, he gets a good view of her neck, and she is forced to contemplate his retreating hairline—unless he contorts his neck backward and looks up into her eyes.





## THE ICEMAN GOETH!,

read the headlines in our New, Improved New York, where Grumman F6F Hellcats catapult off the deck of the recommissioned aircraft carrier Intrepid in search of drug dealers who prowl the avenues and mean streets of the West Side. And when the fly-boys on recon spot a nomadic band of crack-and-ice-peddling urban marauders, a few bursts of machine-gun fire render the streets safe and sightly once again for tourists and neighborhood residents alike. But the gunners of the Intrepid's SCNS (Street-Crime Neutralization Squadron) never aim to kill; they have strict orders merely to scare the dudes and dudettes. To scare them farther west and uptown. Toward, say, New Jersey. ☛



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